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1814

February 28

Handwritten text, likely a signature or name, written in cursive script on aged, stained paper. The text is difficult to decipher due to fading and bleed-through from the reverse side. The visible words appear to be "John" and "Hood".





HYMNS

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

FOR THE USE OF

CHRISTIANS.

By Elias Smith & Abner Jones.

*And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation: And hast made us unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth.....*REV. v. 9, 10.

FIFTH EDITION—CORRECTED.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED AND SOLD AT THE HERALD OFFICE,

By JOHN HUNTER, Esq. No. 186, South Fifth Street,—and by the Booksellers in different parts of the United States.

1812.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT :

BE it Remembered, that on the thirty-first day of January, in the twenty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America, ABNER JONES, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit : "Hymns, Original and Selected for the use of Christians—By ELIAS SMITH and ABNER JONES." In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned ; and also to an Act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned ; and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving, and Etching Historical and other Prints."

N. GOODALE,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

A TRUE COPY OF RECORD. Attest,

N. GOODALE, *Clerk.*

HYMNS.

HYMN 1. P. M. *Longing for Heaven.*

1 **W**HEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above ;
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love ?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in ?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er ;
If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love, I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu ;
And O my friends be faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,

Then cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray.
 Gird on the heavenly armour
 Of faith, and hope, and love ;
 And when the combat's ended
 He'll carry you above.

5 O do not be discourag'd,
 For Jesus is your friend ;
 And if you want more knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend :
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Tho' oft'ner you request ;
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.

6 And when the last loud trumpet
 Shall rend the vaulted skies,
 And bid the entomb'd millions
 From their cold beds arise ;
 Our ransom'd dust revived,
 Bright beauties shall put on,
 And soar to the blest mansion
 Where our Redeemer's gone.

7 Our eyes shall then with rapture
 The Saviour's face behold ;
 Our feet no more diverted,
 Shall walk the street of gold ;
 Our ears shall hear with transport
 The hosts celestial sing ;
 Our tongues shall chant the glory
 Of our immortal King.

HYMN 2. P. M. *Blind Bartimeus.*

2 **M**ERCY, O thou Son of David,
 Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd ;
 Many by thy grace are saved,
 O wilt thou vouchsafe thine aid.

- 2 For his crying many chid him,
But he cry'd the louder still,
Till his gracious Saviour bid him
Come, and ask me what you will.
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging us'd to live ;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms, which none but Christ could give.
- 4 Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Turn my darkness into day :
Straight he saw, and drawn by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.
- 5 Now methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around ;
Friends, is not my case amasing ?
What a Saviour I have found !
- 6 O that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advis'd by me ;
Surely they would come unto him,
He would cause them all to see.

HYMN 3. P. M. *The Converted Thief*

- 1 JESUS Christ has power alone
To subdue an heart of stone,
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.
- 2 When the Lord was crucify'd,
Two transgressors with him dy'd ;
One with vile blasphemous tongue
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.
- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death ;
Perish'd as too many do,
With a Saviour in their view.

- 4 But the other touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case;
Faith receiv'd to own his Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.
- 5 Lord, he pray'd, remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be;
Soon with me the Lord replies,
'Thou shalt be in paradise.
- 6 This was wond'rous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsaf'd in time of need;
Sinners trust in Jesus' name,
You will find him still the same.
- 7 But beware of unbelief,
Think upon the harden'd thief!
If the gospel you disdain,
Christ to you has dy'd in vain.

HYMN 4. P. M. *Redemption.*

- 1 COME friends and relations, let's join heart
and hand,
The voice of the Turtle is heard in our land;
Let's all walk together and follow the sound,
And march to the place where Redemption is
found.
- 2 The place is not hidden, nor is it conceal'd,
All mortals may know it, for 'tis now reveal'd;
The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go,
And there find Redemption from sorrow and wo.
- 3 And you my dear brethren who love my dear
Lord, [his word,
Who've witness'd free pardon through faith in
Let patience attend you wherever you be, [free.
In Christ you've Redemption, 'tis purchas'd, 'tis

4 We read of commotions and signs in the skies,
The sun and the moon shall be cloth'd in disguise;
And when you shall see all these tokens appear,
Then lift up your heads, your Redemption draws
near.

5 O then the Archangel the trumpet shall sound,
And wake all the saints that sleep under the
ground !

The sound of the trumpet shall bid you arise,
To meet your Redemption with joy and surprise.

6 And then loving Jesus our souls will receive,
From bonds of corruption our bodies relieve;
Then we shall be perfect, and we shall be free,
We'll sing of Redemption wherever we be.

7 Redeemed from sin, and redeemed from death,
Redeem'd from corruption, redeem'd from the
earth,

Redeem'd from damnation, redeem'd from all wo,
We'll sing of Redemption wherever we go.

8 Redeemed from pain, & redeem'd from distress
The fruits of Redemption no tongue can express;
Redemption was purchas'd by Jesus' free love,
We'll sing of Redemption in heaven above.

HYMN 5. C. M. *The Year of the Redeemed.*

1 COME welcome this new year of grace;
Proclaim'd through Jesus' blood ;
The happy year of our release,
To seal our peace with God.

2 We early wander'd from our God,
In the dark maze of sin ;
The year of the Redeem'd is come,
To bring us back again.

3 We once could spurn at offer'd grace,
And slight a Saviour's charms ;

The year of the Redeem'd is come,
To call us to his arms.

4 We hear the gospel's joyful sound
Proclaim the jubilee ;

The year of the Redeem'd is come,
To set the ransom'd free.

5 Ye aged saints who long have sigh'd
To see this happy day,

The year of the Redeem'd is come,
To wipe your tears away.

6 Ye lambs of Christ, whose souls are bound
In love's eternal chain,

The year of the Redeem'd is come,
And you with Christ shall reign.

7 Ye lovely youth, who late have known
The sweets of pard'ning grace ;

The year of the Redeem'd demands,
Your noblest acts of praise.

8 You feel your souls encircled by
A reconciling God :

The year of the Redeem'd proclaims
Salvation through his blood.

9 Now you can tell a scoffing world,
Their threats are all in vain :

The year of the Redeem'd is come,
To recompense your pain.

10 But O ye careless, Christless souls,
Who scorn the happy few !

The year of the Redeem'd will come,
And take them all from you.

11 Then will you mourn and say at last,
We did instruction hate ;

The year of the Redeem'd is past,
And now it is too late.

12 When Michael bursts the vaulted tomb;
And bids the dead arise,
We'll sing the year of the Redeem'd,
And lift our joyful eyes!

13 We'll sing a long eternity,
On yonder blissful shore;
The year of the Redeem'd is come,
And we shall sigh no more.

HYMN 6. P. M. *The Supper.*

1 **A** Fountain in Jesus which runs always free,
For washing and cleansing such sinners
as we; [wool,
Our sins, though like crimson, made white as the
No lack in the fountain, but always is full.

2 All things are now ready, he invites us to come,
The supper is made by the Father and Son;
Rich bounties, rich dainties, here we may receive,
A living forever, if we will believe.

3 The guests which were bidden, refused the call,
For they were not ready nor willing at all, [store,
To be strip'd of their honour, and part with their
For a feast that was given and made for the poor.

4 If they are not ready and wish to delay,
My house shall be filled, the Father doth say;
The highways and hedges, the halt and the blind,
Shall come and be welcome, the Supper is mine.

5 He decks us with jewels, and rings of rich kind,
A garment not woven, but richly refin'd;
Redeemed by Jesus, made heirs with the King,
A plan of the Father in glory to sing.

HYMN 7. P. M. *Grateful Recollection*

1 **C**OME thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
'Tune my heart to sing thy grace!

Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Raise the mount, O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy grace I'm come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

5 O ! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring soul to thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God of love;
Here's my heart, Lord take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 8. P.M. *The Gospel Preacher.*

1 **W**HAT contradictions meet
In Ministers' employ !
It is a bitter sweet,
A sorrow full of joy :
No other post affords a place,
For equal honour and disgrace.

2 Who can describe the pain,
Which faithful preachers feel ?
Constrain'd to speak in vain,
To hearts as hard as steel ;

But who can tell the pleasures felt,
When stubborn hearts begin to melt.

3 The Saviour's dying love,
The soul's amazing worth,
Their utmost efforts move,
And draw their bowels forth:
They pray and strive, their rest departs,
'Till Christ be form'd in sinners hearts.

4 If some small hope appear,
They still are not content;
But with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event:
Too oft they find their hopes deceiv'd,
Then how their inmost souls are griev'd.

5 But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade,
The ripening ears proceed,
Their toils are overpaid:
No harvest joys can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares.

HYMN 9. P. M. *Expatulation.*

1 **N**OW the Saviour stands a pleading,
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinners part.

CHORUS,

Sinners, can you hate this Saviour?
Will you thrust him from your arms?
Once he dy'd for your behaviour,
Now he calls you to his charms.

2 Now he pleads his sweat and bloodshed,
Shews his wounded hands and feet;

Father, save them, though they're blood red,
Raise them to a heavenly seat.

Sinners can you hate, &c.

- 3 Sinners, hear your God and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day,
Turn from all your vain behaviour,
O repent, return, and pray.

Sinners can you hate, &c.

- 4 O be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife,
Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,
'Turn upon th' events of life.

Sinners can you hate, &c.

- 5 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee;
See what kindness, love and pity,
Shines around on you and me.

Sinners can you hate, &c.

- 6 Open now your hearts before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in;
Now receive, and O adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.

Sinners can you hate, &c.

- 7 Come for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more;
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store.

Sinners can you hate, &c.

HYMN 10. P. M. *The Bible.*

- 1 **P**RECIOUS Bible; what a treasure
Does the word of God afford;
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword:
Let the world account me poor,
Having this, I need no more

- 2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys ;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloy ;
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed !
- 3 When my soul is faint and sickly,
Or when satan wounds my mind ;
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cines here I find :
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.
- 4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield ;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield :
While the Scripture truth is sure,
From his malice I'm secure.
- 5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword ;
'Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word :
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.
- 6 Shall I envy then the miser,
Doating on his golden store ?
Sure I am, or should be wiser,
I am rich, 'tis he is poor :
Jesus gives me in his word,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

HYMN 11. C. M. *The Jubilee.*

- 1 **W**HAT heavenly music do I hear ?
Salvation sounding free !

- Ye souls in bondage lend an ear,
This is the Jubilee.
- 2 How sweetly doth the tidings roll,
All round from sea to sea,
From land to land, from pole to pole ;
This is the Jubilee.
- 3 Good news, good news to Adam's race,
Let Christians all agree,
To sing redeeming love and grace ;
This is the Jubilee.
- 4 The gospel sounds a sweet release,
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace ;
This is the Jubilee.
- 5 Jesus is on the mercy seat,
Before him bend the knee ;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
This is the Jubilee.
- 6 Sinners be wise, return and come,
Unto the Saviour free ;
The Spirit bids you welcome home
This is the Jubilee.
- 7 Come ye redeem'd, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony :
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilee.

HYMN 12. P. M. *Saul's Armour.*

- 1 **W**HEN first my soul enlisted,
My Saviour's foes to fight,
Mistaken friends insisted,
I was not arm'd aright ;
So Saul declar'd to David,
He certainly would fail ;

Nor could his life be saved
Without a coat of mail.

- 2 But David though he yielded
To put the armour on,
Soon found he could not wield it
And ventur'd forth with none;
With only sling and pebble,
He fought the fight of faith;
The weapon seem'd but feeble;
But prov'd Goliath's death.
- 3 Had I by him been guided,
And quickly thrown away
The armour men provided,
I might have gain'd the day;
But arm'd as they advis'd me,
My expectation fail'd;
My enemy surpris'd me,
And had almost prevail'd.
- 4 Furnish'd with books and notions,
And arguments and pride;
I practis'd all my motions,
And Satan's power defy'd;
But soon perceiv'd with trouble
'That these would do no good;
Iron to them is stubble,
And brass but rotten wood.
- 5 I triumph'd at a distance,
While he was out of sight;
But faint was my resistance
When forc'd to join and fight:
He broke my sword in shivers,
And pierc'd my boasted shield,
Laugh'd at my vain endeavours,
And drove me from the field.

- 6 Satan will not be braved,
By such a worm as I :
Then let me learn with David,
To trust in the Most High ;
To plead the name of Jesus,
And use the sling of prayer ;
Thus arm'd, when Satan sees us
He'll tremble and despair.

HYMN 13. P. M. *The Good Physician.*

- 1 **H**OW lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole !
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul !
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave ;
To tell to all around me,
His wond'rous power to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases,
Is light compar'd to sin ;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.
'Tis palsy, plague and fever,
And madness all combin'd ;
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.
- 3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain ;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain :
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost ;
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
 (How matchless is his grace !)
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case :
 First gave me sight to view him,
 For sin my eyes had seal'd ;
 Then bade me look unto ;
 I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A risen living Jesus,
 Seen by an eye of faith ;
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death :
 Come then to this Physician,
 His help he'll freely give ;
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only look and live.

HYMN 14. P.M. *Recruiting Orders.*

1 CHRIST is set on Zion's hill,
 He receiveth sinners still !
 Who will serve this blessed King,
 Come enlist and with me sing ;
 I his soldier sure shall be,
 Happy in eternity.

2 I by faith enlisted am,
 In the service of the Lamb ;
 Present pay I now receive,
 Future happiness he'll give.
 I his soldier, &c.

3 Zion's King my captain is,
 Conquest I shall never miss ;
 Let the pow'rs of hell engage,
 Strive to hurt with all their rage,
 I his soldier, &c.

- 4 Let the world their forces join,
With the pow'rs of hell combine;
Greater is my King than they,
Through him I shall win the day.
I his soldier, &c.
- 5 Wicked men I do not fear,
Though they persecute me here;
True, they may my body kill,
But my King's on Zion's hill.
I his soldier, &c.
- 6 What a Captain have I got!
Is not mine a happy lot?
Hear ye worldlings, hear my song,
This the language of my tongue.
I his soldier, &c.
- 7 When this life's short space is o'er,
I shall live to die no more;
Therefore will I take the sword,
Fight for Jesus Christ my Lord.
I his soldier, &c.
- 8 Come ye worldlings, come enlist,
'Tis the voice of Jesus Christ;
Whosoever will may come,
Jesus Christ refuseth none.
I his soldier, &c.
- 9 Jesus is my captain's name,
Now as yesterday, the same;
In his name I notice give,
All who come he will receive.
I his soldier, &c.
- 10 Be persuaded, take his pay,
All your sins he'll wash away;
Now in Jesus' name believe,
Future happiness he'll give.

Yes in heaven you sure shall be,
Praising God eternally.

HYMN 15. P. M. *Strength from Heaven.*

- 1 **B**Y whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low ?
No sword or spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Israel's God and King
Who sent him to the fight,
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints your strength endure,
Because young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
To storm th' invaders camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp ?
The trumpet made his coming known.
And all the host was overthrown.
- 4 Oh ! I have seen the day,
When with a single word,
God helping me to say,
My trust is in the Lord ;
My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.
- 5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness and pride,
How often do they steal
My weapon from my side !
Yet David's Lord and Gideon's friend
Will help his servant to the end.

HYMN 16. P. M. *Warning.*

- 1 **S**TOP poor sinner, stop and think,
 Before you farther go;
 Will you sport upon the brink,
 Of future death or wo?
 Hell beneath is gaping wide,
 Vengeance waits the dread command!
 Soon to stop your sport and pride,
 And sink you with the damn'd.

O be entreated now to stop,
 For unless you warning take,
 Ere you are aware you'll drop,
 Into the burning lake.

- 2 Ghastly death will quickly come,
 And drag you to the bar;
 Then to hear your awful doom,
 Will fill you with despair:
 All your sins will round you crowd,
 Sins of bloody crimson dye,
 Back for vengeance crying loud,
 And what can you reply?
 O be entreated, &c.

- 3 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose!
 Fear you not his iron rod,
 With which he breaks his foes?
 Can you stand in that great day,
 When he judgment shall proclaim,
 When the earth shall melt away,
 Like wax before the flame?
 O be entreated, &c.

- 4 Though your hearts are hard as steel,
 Your foreheads lin'd with brass;
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass:

Sinners then in vain will call,
 (Though they now despise his grace,)
 Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 And hide us from his face.
 O be entreated, &c.

But as yet there is a hope,
 That you may mercy know;
 Though his arm is lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow:
 It was for sinners Jesus dy'd,
 Sinners he invites to come;
 None who come shall be deny'd,
 He says there yet is room.
 O be entreated, &c.

HYMN 17. P. M. *Baptism.*

THUS Jesus doth save,
 The witness we have,
 When buried with him in the watery grave.
 And when we arise
 We lift up our eyes,
 And view with amazement, the opening skies.
 Jehovah comes down
 The precept to own,
 And doth with his presence the ordinance crown.
 And sweetly we prove,
 By whispers of love,
 That we soon shall meet in the regions above.

HYMN 18. C. M. *Immersion.*

THUS was the great Redeemer plung'd
 In Jordan's swelling flood;
 'To shew he must be soon baptiz'd
 In tears, and sweat, and blood.

- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid
 Beneath the yielding wave ;
 Thus was his sacred body rais'd
 Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
 In thy own footsteps tread ;
 Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
 Our ever-living head.

HYMN 19. C. M.

A Practical Improvement of Baptism.

- 1 **A**TTEND ye children of your God ;
 Ye heirs of glory, hear ;
 For accents so divine as these
 Might charm the dullest ear.
- 2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
 Your souls to sin must die ;
 With Christ your Lord ye live anew,
 With Christ ascend on high.
- 3 There by his Father's side he sits,
 Enthron'd divinely fair ;
 Yet owns himself your brother still,
 And your forerunner there.
- 4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
 On wings of faith and love ;
 Above your choicest treasure lies,
 And be your hearts above.

HYMN 20. P. M.

The Practice of Ancient Christians.

- 1 **N**EVER does truth more shine
 With beams of heavenly light,
 Than when the Scriptures join
 To prove it plain and right ;

Than when each text doth each explain,
And all unite to speak the same.

2 Thus Peter who obey'd
What Jesus said, was wise,
And preach'd as he was led,
Repent, and be baptiz'd ;
Thus Philip did t' the Eunuch say,
If you believe in Christ you may.

3 Paul preach'd the word of grace,
Whole households did believe,
And were baptiz'd to Christ,
Whose gospel they'd receiv'd ;
Thus Christians were of ancient date,
As sacred hist'ry docs relate.

4 We see 'tis no new thing,
To teach, and then baptize ;
So Christians first began,
Christ's ordinance to prize ;
This makes us cheerfully obey,
And go as they have led the way.

HYMN 21. P. M.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

1 **H**UMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path which Jesus trod.
Flee to him, your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide ;
In the whole of your behaviour,
Own him as your only guide.

2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice ;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.
Jesus says, let each believer
Be baptized in my name ;

He himself in Jordan's river
Was immers'd beneath the stream.

- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your Captain leads the way.
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interr'd at his commanding,
After his example rise.

HYMN 22. C. M.

To be Sung at the Lord's Supper.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place.
- 2 I, who was all defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I, who have crucify'd his Son
And trampled on his blood.
- 3 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 Eat, O my friends, the Saviour cries,
The feast was made for you;
For you I groan'd, and bled, and dy'd,
And rose and triumph'd too.
- 5 With humble faith, and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love;
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above?

- 6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
 Join all your praising powers ;
 No theme is like redeeming love,
 No Saviour is like ours.
- 7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
 I'd give them all to thee !
 Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
 Should join the harmony.

HYMN 23. P. M. *Christ Baptized in Jordan.*

- 1 **I**N Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
 Immersing the repenting Jews ;
 The Son of God the rite demands,
 Nor dares the holy man refuse :
 Jesus descends beneath the wave,
 The emblem of his future grave.
- 2 Wonder, ye heavens ! the Saviour lies
 In deeps conceal'd from human view :
 Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
 A fit example this for you :
 The sacred record while you read,
 Calls you to imitate the deed.
- 3 But lo ! from yonder opening skies,
 What beams of dazzling glory spread :
 Dove-like the Eternal Spirit flies,
 And lights on the Redeemer's head !
 Amaz'd they see the power divine
 Around the Saviour's temples shine.
- 4 But hark my soul, hark and adore !
 What sounds are those that roll along,
 Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
 But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song !
 " This is my well-beloved Son,
 " I see (well pleas'd) what he hath done."

- 5 Thus the eternal Father spoke,
 Who shakes creation with a nod ;
 Through parting skies the accents broke,
 And bid us hear the Son of God :
 O hear the joyful word to-day,
 Hear all ye nations, and obey !

HYMN 24. P. M. Tune—Leander.

A Baptismal Hymn, to be Sung at the Water.

- 1 **Y**OUNG converts on the banks
 Of these baptismal waters stand,
 They praising God give thanks,
 For leave t' obey his sweet command.
 They here step down, receive the crown,
 Baptiz'd beneath the flood,
 And as they rise, lift up their eyes,
 Singing glory aloud to God.
- 2 Behold them now rejoice ;
 See with what care they watch and pray,
 And with one heart and voice,
 To God their vows and homage pay.
 Then let us pray, the Spirit may
 Descend; and light around,
 That high and low, and all may know,
 God's wisdom shall the world confound.
- 3 Sing glory to our King,
 Who has for us led in the way,
 We'll follow on and sing,
 Join'd in one harmonious lay ;
 And give him praise to endless days,
 For worthy is the Lamb ;
 Praise to receive, in him we live,
 All glory—glory to his name.

HYMN 25. P. M. *Baptism.*

- 1 **O** YE blood-wash'd, ransom'd sinners,
Highly favour'd of the Lord,
Now ye prove your love to Jesus,
By regarding thus his word.
- 2 See his wat'ry tomb before you :
Hear him echo—" Follow me ;"
For beneath the streams of Jordan,
Christ your great Redeemer lay.
- 3 Yes—beneath those honour'd waters,
Great Immanuel was baptiz'd ;
Out of which he then ascended,
And the Father was well pleas'd.
- 4 Love constrains you all to follow,
Jesus to his liquid grave ;
Now look up, expect his presence,
Which he promis'd you to have.
- 5 Jesus come, thine approbation
May we gladly see and feel ;
Cause, O cause the heavens to open,
And thy wond'rous love reveal.

HYMN 26. L. M. *Baptism.*

- 1 **W**HEN we baptize we see the mode,
In honour'd Jordan's swelling flood ;
We're deaf to error's impious voice ;
The way Christ chose becomes our choice.
- 2 Down in the stream they both descend,
And John immers'd the sinner's friend,
Out of the water straightway came
The Church's Head, the obedient Lamb.
- 4 Then lo, the heavens open'd are,
A Dove celestial doth appear ;
And now the Father's voice is heard,
(Speaking of Christ, our glorious Lord.)

4 "This, this is my beloved Son,
 "Of whom I speak, whom now I own.
 "In him well pleas'd I am always,
 "Because in all things he obeys."

5 Now ye believing souls, regard
 Th' example of your glorious Lord:
 Walk in his honour'd paths, and prove
 How greatly his commands you love.

6 And now, O God, in love come down,
 And this thy institution own;
 Shew to thy saints rich scenes of grace,
 While Christ the Lord they now confess.

HYMN 27. P. M. *On Baptism; by Anna Beman,
 of Warren, in Connecticut, on being Baptized.*

1 **W**HAT think you my friends of the
 preaching of John?

Was it from heaven, or was it of men?

We hear him declaring glad tidings of peace,
 Proclaiming a Jubilee, a year of release.

2 The law and the prophets continu'd till John,
 Our Saviour hath told us when gospel begun;
 And since that, God's kingdom is preach'd, saith
 the Word,

And all men press in who have faith in the Lord.

3 The first of the gospel, the dawn of the day,
 The voice of one crying, Prepare ye the way;
 Bring forth your repentance, ye viperous breed,
 And think not to say ye are Abraham's seed.

4 A new dispensation to them he declares,
 And preaches repentance to Abraham's heirs;
 The children of Abraham's natural seed,
 Found they had no right his baptism to plead.

5 But when he perceived repentance was theirs,
 Then he gave baptism to Abraham's heirs;
 Those who had been sealed to covenant things,
 We find him baptizing, confessing their sins.

6 He tells them their Saviour is already here,
 And while he's baptizing, our Lord doth appear
 For to be baptized; John shrinks at the thing,
 And owns he has need to receive it from him.

7 But when he informed it was his request,
 He freely baptiz'd him as he did the rest;
 And this institution was own'd from above,
 The Spirit of God was sent down like a dove.

8 And his sweet example is left on record,
 Whoever steps in, they will find a reward;
 They'll find peace of conscience and joy in the
 same,

When they are baptized in Jesus' own name.

9 The Eunnuch we find was in haste to receive
 His water baptism, when he did believe;
 He went on his way rejoicing in God,
 While those that rebel must be tasting his rod.

10 The friends of Cornelius who heard Peter's
 word,

Believ'd and received the seal of the Lord;
 The Holy Ghost fell, then their joys did arise,
 And Peter commands that they should be baptiz'd.

11 St. Paul's great conversion he found in the way,
 The light which shon round him exceeded the day;
 Then he was three days, neither drank nor did eat,
 Yet he was baptized before he took meat.

12 We read where *three thousand* believ'd in a day,
 That they were baptized without a delay;
 The house of the jailor believ'd in the night,
 And they were baptized before it was light:

13 Forbear then to censure my being in haste,
Or shew me an instance where it was the case,
That primitive Christians deferred the thing;
I answer my conscience to Jesus my King.


14 I'll tell you how gospel appears unto me,
And pray to kind Heaven that you all may see
But the wise and the prudent 'tis hid from their eyes,
While the babes of the kingdom rejoice in the
prize.

15 Some call it baptism and think it will stand,
A few drops of water dropt from a man's hand,
In th' face of the infant who's under the curse,
But we find no Scripture which proves it to us.

16 For there's no being bury'd with Christ in
this case,

For Jordan or Enon was John's chosen place:
Our Lord in a fountain, John did him baptize,
And Christ's sweet example we honor and prize.

HYMN 28. P. M. *Shouting God's Praise.*

1  GOD my heart with love inflame,
That I may in thy holy name,
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice;
Then will I shout, then will I sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring;
I'll sing and shout forevermore
On that eternal happy shore.

2 O Jesus! hope of glory, come
And make my heart thy humble home;
For the short remnant of my days,
I long to sing and shout thy praise;
Lord, give me now a heart to pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
For to give thanks in every thing,
To sing and shout, and shout and sing.

- 3 When on my dying bed I lay,
 Lord, give me strength to shout and pray,
 And praise thee with my latest breath,
 Until my voice is lost in death ;
 Then sisters, brothers, shouting come,
 My body follow to the tomb ;
 And as you march that solemn road,
 Sing loud, and shout the praise of God.
- 4 Then you below, and I above,
 We'll sing and shout the God we love,
 Until that great and solemn day,
 When Christ shall call our slumbering clay
 Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,
 And shout, O death where is thy sting ?
 O grave where is thy victory ?
 We'll shout in vast eternity.
- 5 Our race is run, we've gain'd the prize,
 Then will the Ruler of the skies,
 With smiling to his children say,
 Come reign with me in endless day :
 Then on that happy, happy shore,
 We'll sing and shout forevermore ;
 We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,
 And make all heaven with praises ring.

HYMN 29. C. M. *Paul's Farewell.*

- 1 **W**HEN Paul was parted from his friend
 It was a weeping day ;
 But Jesus made them all amends,
 And wip'd their tears away.
- 2 Ere long they meet again with joy,
 Secure no more to part,
 Where praises every tongue employ,
 And pleasure fills each heart.

- 3 Thus all the preachers of his grace
 Their children soon shall meet ;
 Together see their Saviour's face,
 And worship at his feet.
- 3 But they who heard his word in vain,
 Tho' oft and plainly warn'd,
 Will tremble when they meet again
 The ministers they scorn'd.
- 5 On your own heads your blood will fall,
 If any perish here :
 The preachers who have told you all,
 Shall stand approv'd and clear.
- 6 Yet Lord, to save themselves alone,
 Is not their utmost view ;
 O ! hear their prayer, their message own,
 And save their hearers too.

HYMN 30. P. M.

Meeting before the Throne of God.

- 1 COME on my fellow pilgrims, come
 And let us all be hast'ning home ;
 We soon shall land on yon blest shore,
 Where pains and sorrows are no more :
 There we our Jesus shall adore,
 Forever blest.
- 2 What though our way to Zion be
 Beset with pain and poverty,
 What though temptations us assail,
 Though foes increase, and friends do fail,
 The Lord's our friend, we'll cry all hail !
 Forever blest.
- 3 O what a joyful meeting, when
 With all the saints and righteous men,
 And with the numerous angels too,

We sing the song forever new,
 And still have Jesus in our view,
 Forever blest.

- 4 No period then our joy shall know,
 Secure from every mortal foe ;
 No sickness there, no want or pain,
 Shall e'er disturb our rest again,
 When with Immanuel we reign
 Forever blest.

HYMN 31. C. M. *O that I were as in months past*

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
 Apply'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.

- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
 His praises tun'd my tongue ;
 And when the evening shades prevail'd,
 His love was all my song.

- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
 The world no more could charm ;
 I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
 And lean'd upon his arm.

- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
 And saw his glory shine ;
 And when I read his holy word,
 I call'd each promise mine.

- 5 Then to the saints I often spoke,
 Of what his love had done ;
 But now my heart is almost broke,
 For all my joys are gone.

- 6 Now when the evening shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns ;
 And when the morning reveals,
 No light to me returns.

- 7 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,
 For Jesus hides his face ;
 I read—the promise meets my eyes,
 But will not reach my case.
- 8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
 And make my soul his prey ;
 Yet Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
 O come without delay.

HYMN 32. P. M. *What think ye of Christ ?*

- 1 **W**HAT think ye of Christ ? is the test,
 To try both your state and your scheme ;
 You cannot be right in the rest,
 Unless you think rightly of him.
 As Jesus appears in your view,
 As he is beloved or not ;
 So God is disposed to you,
 And mercy or wrath is your lot.
- 2 Some take him a creature to be,
 A man, or an angel at most ;
 Sure these have not feelings like me,
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost ;
 So guilty, so helpless am I,
 I could not confide in his word ;
 Nor on his protection rely,
 Unless I could call him my Lord.
- 3 Some call him a Saviour in word,
 But mix their own works with the plan ;
 And hope he his help will afford,
 When they have done all that they can.
 If doings prove rather too light,
 (A little they own they may fail)
 They purpose to make up full weight,
 By casting his name in the scale.
- 4 Some style him the pearl of great price,
 And say he's the fountain of joys ;

Yet feed upon folly and vice,
 And cleave to the world and its toys;
 Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
 And while they salute him, betray;
 Ah! what will profession like this,
 Avail in that terrible day.

- 5 If ask'd what of Jesus I think?
 Though still my best thoughts are but poor,
 I say he's my meat and my drink,
 My life, and my strength, and my store;
 My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall;
 My hope from beginning to end,
 My portion, my Lord, and my all.

HYMN 33. P. M.

An Harvest, or End of the World.

- 1 **T**HE fields are all white, the harvest is near,
 The angels all with their sharp sickles
 appear,
 To reap down the wheat and gather it in barns,
 While the wild plants of nature are left for to burn.
- 2 Come then, O my soul meditate on that day,
 When all things in nature shall cease and decay;
 When the trumpet shall sound, the angels appear,
 To reap down the earth, both the wheat and the
 tare.
- 3 But hear the sad cry ascend to the sky,
 Of those in distress that have no where to fly;
 They'll call for the rocks and mountains to fall,
 On their wretched souls for to hide them withal.
- 4 But 'twill all be in vain, the mountains will flee,
 The rocks fly like hailstones and shall no more be;
 The earth it shall quake, the seas shall retire,
 And the solid world then shall be all on fire.

§ But hear the great Judge in that dread alarm,
Saying, gather my saints, bring them all to my
arms, [those,
That the seven last plagues may be pour'd out on
Who have blasphem'd my name, and my saints
have oppos'd.

6 Then O wretched sinners, look up and espy
The glorious Redeemer marching down the sky,
In a chariot of fire to the earth he is bound,
With a guard of bright angels attending him down.

7 Come hither ye nations, your sentence receive,
No longer my Spirit shall strive and be griev'd;
My sentence is right, my judgment is just,
Come hither ye blest, but depart all ye curst.

8 O sinners, take warning and seek ye the Lord,
I have not been jesting, 'tis Jesus' own word,
That those who believe in glory shall stand,
While all unbelievers are sure to be damn'd.

9 Now farewell, I leave you to ponder your way,
May the Lord seal instruction from what I now
say;
That our souls to God's throne may be pour'd
out in prayer,
That we may be prepar'd to meet Christ in the air.

HYMN 34. L. M.

On the Mystery of Salvation.

1 **O** WHAT a glorious mystery—wonder,
wonder, wonder,
That I should ever saved be; wonder, &c.
No heart can think, no tongue can tell, &c.
The love of God unchangeable, &c.

2 Great mystery, who can tell why
That Christ for sinners e'er should die ;

That he should leave those realms of bliss,
And die for sinners on the cross.

- 3 Great mystery, that he should place
His love on those of Adam's race ;
That my poor soul should share a part,
And find a mansion in his heart.
- 4 Great mystery I do behold,
That God should ever save my soul ;
And snatch me from the jaws of hell,
The greatness of his love to tell.
- 5 Why was I not still left behind,
With thousand others of mankind ;
Who run the dangerous, sinful race,
And die and never taste his grace ?
- 6 'Twas the same love that spread thae feast
That sweetly brought us in to taste
Of heavenly manna from above,
Redeeming grace and heavenly love.
- 7 Not all the heavenly host can scan
The glory of this noble plan !
'Tis wisdom from the Father's skill,
And so remains a myst'ry still.

HYMN 35. P. M. *Union.*

- 1 ATTEND ye saints and hear me tell,
The wonders of Immanuel ;
Who sav'd me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And feel a blessed Union.
- 2 At first he saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie ;
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he pass'd by,
With God you have no Union.

- 3 Then I began to mourn and cry,
I look'd this way and that to fly;
It griev'd me sore that I must die,
I strove salvation for to buy—
But still I had no Union.
- 4 But when I hated every sin,
'Twas then my Saviour took me in,
And with his blood did wash me clean,
And O! what seasons I have seen,
E'er since I felt this Union.
- 5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
From house to house I went to pray;
And if I met one on the way,
I always had some word to say
About this blessed Union.
- 6 I wonder why old saints dont sing,
And praise the Lord upon the wing,
And makes the heavenly arches ring,
With loud hosannas to their King,
Who brought their souls to Union.
- 7 O come backsliders come away,
And learn to do as well as say;
And mind to watch as well as pray:
Come bear your cross from day to day,
And then you'll feel this Union.
- 8 Soon we shall break all nature's ties,
On wings of love our souls shall rise,
And shout salvation through the skies,
And gain the mark and win the prize,
And feel a heavenly Union.
- 9 Then ev'ry saint that's here below
Will leave these climes of pain and wo;

And they will home to glory go ;
 And there they'll hear, and see and know,
 And feel this perfect Union.

10 There we the glorious Lamb shall see,
 Who groan'd and dy'd upon the tree,
 For sinners such as you and me,
 That we might his salvation see,
 And feel a heavenly Union.

11 When we recount life's dangers o'er,
 Review the labours which we bore ;
 And see ourselves safe on the shore,
 With love our Conqu'ror we'll adore,
 And feel increasing Union.

12 When countless years have roll'd away,
 Our vigour suff'ring no decay,
 We'll all as one with rapture say,
 We still remember well the day
 Our souls first felt this Union.

13 Reign glorious Jesus, reign on high,
 'Tis thou that brought us rebels nigh :
 We'll shout Redemption through the sky
 And praise thee to eternity,
 For such a glorious Union.

14 The hosts of heaven shall all unite
 In purest strains of symphony ;
 And shout eternal glory be
 To him who dwells in endless light,
 Crying O this glorious Union.

HYMN 36. L. M.

At a Church Meeting before Experiences.

1 **N**OW we are met in holy fear
 To hear the happy saints declare

The free compassions of a God,
The virtues of a Saviour's blood.

- 2 Jesus assist them now to tell,
What they have felt and now do feel;
O Saviour help them to express
The wonders of triumphant grace.
- 3 While to the Church they freely own
What for their souls the Lord hath done,
We'd join to praise eternal love,
And heighten all the joys above.

HYMN 37. C. M. *After Experiences.*

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour we rejoice to hear
Poor sinners sweetly tell,
How thou art pleas'd to save from sin,
From sorrow, death and hell.
- 2 Lord we unite to praise thy name,
For grace so freely giv'n;
Still may they keep in Zion's road,
And dwell at last in heaven.

HYMN 38. C. M.

Taking persons into the Church.

- 1 **O** WITH what pleasure we behold
Sinners to Canaan move,
Leaving the fleeting things of earth
For greater things above.
- 2 These saints have openly confess'd
The great Immanuel's name;
And with delight the Church receives
The lovers of the Lamb.
- 3 Lord may they ever live to thee,
And grow in heavenly love;
Still may they fight the fight of faith,
Till crown'd with those above.

HYMN 39. L. M. *The same.*

- 1 **T**HESSE honour'd saints redeem'd by
 blood,
 Now join the happy church of God :
 Drawn by the cords of love and grace,
 In Zion now they take their place.
- 2 With pleasure we the saints behold,
 Joining the great Redeemer's fold ;
 May we with them forever prove
 A gospel Church, the house of love.

HYMN 40. P. M. *Christ a friend.*

- 1 **M**Y Christ is my friend,
 To him I attend,
 And on his great friendship would ever depend.
- 2 When I'm in distress,
 He speaks my release,
 And fills my whole soul with unspeakable peace.
- 3 On him I would gaze,
 And spend all my days,
 In praising his name who such friendship displays.
- 4 Through grace I intend
 To cleave to my friend,
 And I with my Lord to yon throne shall ascend.
- 5 And there sing aloud
 The friendship of God,
 Raise high hallelujahs to Jesus' blood.
- 6 In each joyful sound
 His favours resound,
 And in the sweet music my joys shall abound.

HYMN 41. P. M. *The Lord will provide.*

- 1 **W**E try'd son's of God,
 Ye still shall have food,
 Your trials and sorrows shall all work for good.

2 In Jesus confide,
 He'll always provide;
 You never can want while the Lord's on your side.

3 Look through the dark cloud,
 To God cry aloud, [food.
 Who knows when and how to supply thee with

4 He views all your cares,
 He sees all your tears,
 And when help is wanted, he always appears.

5 He form'd us anew,
 And all things will do ;
 And we shall see wonders the wilderness through.

6 He comes from above,
 With blessings of love,
 And we shall forever his faithfulness prove.

HYMN 42. C.M. *Reign of Christ.*

1 **H**ASTEN O Lord the latter day,
 When grace shall reign alone ;
 And all the nations of the world,
 Shall bow before thy throne.

2 Then shall pure converts crowd thy gates,
 Press to the gospel sound ;
 And grace eternal sweetly shine,
 To ravish all around.

3 Then shall the watchmen of the Lamb,
 Raise the dear cross on high ;
 And from a clear refulgent light,
 Shall all see eye to eye.

4 Now shall the glorious gospel fly,
 To sound the Saviour forth ;
 And faith, and love, and joys divine,
 Shall run through all the earth.

5 Then war shall cease, and wrath subside,
 And peace immortal flow;
 And saints unite in joy and peace,
 And glory reign below.

6 Lord, we would bless thee for a ray,
 Of such triumphant grace,
 That leads to everlasting day,
 And pure eternal bliss.

HYMN 43. C. M. *In Me ye shall have Peace.*

1 **Y**E saints attend the Saviour's voice,
 Spoke in his word of grace;
 He says, and in it O rejoice!
 In me ye shall have peace.

2 Though storms and tempests round you roar,
 And foes and fears increase;
 He says, and what could he say more?
 In me ye shall have peace.

3 What though afflictions still abound,
 Nor do temptations cease;
 He says, and O how sweet the sound!
 In me ye shall have peace.

4 What though your hearts with sorrow bleed,
 And sighs and tears increase;
 He says, and O! 'tis true indeed!
 In me ye shall have peace.

5 What though corruptions dwell within,
 Nor does the conflict cease;
 He says, in spite of hell and sin,
 In me ye shall have peace.

6 Though you shall pass through death's cold
 To gain your wish'd release; [flood.
 He says, and sure he'll make it good,
 In me ye shall have peace.

- 7 When you his face in glory view,
Where joy can ne'er decrease ;
Eternity shall prove it true,
In him ye shall have peace.

HYMN 44. C. M. *Fellowship with God.*

- 1 **F**ROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod :
Arise my soul and strive to gain,
Sweet fellowship with God.
- 2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
In all the paths thou'st trod ;
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God.
- 3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flow'ry road ;
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.
- 4 Not health, nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth that golden load ;
Can such delight or comfort show,
As fellowship with God.
- 5 When I am made in love to bear,
Affliction's needful rod ;
Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.
- 6 In fierce temptation's fiery blasts,
Or dark desertion's road ;
I'm happy if I can but taste,
Some fellowship with God.
- 7 So when the icy hand of death,
Shall chill my flowing blood ;
With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.

- 8 When I at last to heaven ascend,
 And gain my blest abode ;
 There an eternity I'll spend,
 In fellowship with God.

HYMN 45. L.M.

Your Bodies are Temples of the Holy Ghost:

- 1 **P**ROFESSED foll'wers of the Lamb,
 Hark to his word and bless his name ;
 Your bodies if in him you trust,
 Are temples of the Holy Ghost.
- 2 Let this important, solemn truth,
 Dwell on your minds in age and youth ;
 Be this your honour and your boast,
 You're temples of the Holy Ghost.
- 3 As such let all your conduct be,
 From lust, and pride, and folly free ;
 Remember what your bodies cost,
 As temples of the Holy Ghost.
- 4 Let gravity and holiness,
 A modest, plain, and decent dress,
 And Christ's bright robes adorn you most,
 As temples of the Holy Ghost.
- 5 Set his example in your view,
 Be this the pattern you pursue ;
 Think, as his body, so your's must,
 Be temples of the Holy Ghost.
- 6 Ere long your happy change will come,
 And death will bring your spirits home ;
 And Christ shall guard your sleeping dust,
 As temples of the Holy Ghost.
- 7 When the last trumpet shakes the skies,
 Bright shall your bodies then arise ;
 And joyful join the heavenly host,
 As temples of the Holy Ghost.

HYMN 46. L. M.

For he is thy Lord, and Worship thou Him.

- 1 **O**NCE more dear brethren join to sing,
Jesus our Lord, our heavenly King;
His praise proclaim with sweet accord,
And worship him, for he's your Lord.
- 2 Unite to shew his glory forth,
Sing of his excellence and worth;
His loving kindness here record,
And worship him, for he's your Lord.
- 3 O trust and triumph in his name,
Jesus unchangeably the same;
His name shall endless joys afford,
Then worship him, for he's your Lord.
- 4 O make his praise in all you do,
Your blessedness and bus'ness too!
This as your sweet employ regard,
To worship him, for he's your Lord.
- 5 Before him walk in humble faith,
And in him trust in life and death;
Worthy is he to be ador'd,
Then worship him, for he's your Lord.
- 6 Though from each other here we part,
With him we trust we're join'd in heart;
He's our exceeding great reward,
And him we'll worship as our Lord.
- 7 Ere long our happy souls shall meet,
In glory boundless and complete;
And there according to his word,
Forever worship him our Lord.

HYMN 47. L. M.

The Breaker is come up before Them.

- 1 **S**ING the dear Saviour's glorious fame,
Who bears the Breaker's wond'rous name;

- Sweet name ! and it becomes him well,
 Who breaks down sin, guilt, death and hell.
- 2 A mighty Breaker sure is he,
 He broke my chains and set me free ;
 A gracious Breaker to my soul,
 He breaks, and Oh ! he makes me whole ;
- 3 He breaks through ev'ry gloomy cloud,
 Which can my soul with darkness shroud ;
 He breaks the ev'ry crafty snare,
 Which hellish foes for me prepare.
- 4 He breaks the gates of harden'd brass,
 To bring his faithful word to pass :
 And though with pond'rous iron barr'd,
 The Breaker's love they can't retard.
- 5 Great Breaker ! O thy love impart,
 Daily to break my stony heart ;
 O break it Lord and enter in,
 And break, O break the power of sin.
- 6 Break out and shine upon my soul,
 One look from thee will make me whole ;
 Break through my foes to my relief,
 And break, O break my unbelief.
- 7 Break down my self-sufficient pride,
 And let me at thy feet abide ;
 And there adore thee, mighty Lord,
 Who never, never breaks thy word.
- 8 By thee I'll break through ev'ry foe,
 And joyful on my way I'll go ;
 By thee I'll break death's cold embrace,
 And mount to heaven and see thy face.
- 9 There has my King pass'd on before,
 And there forever I'll adore ;
 And in eternity I'll raise,
 My song to this great Breaker's praise.

HYMN 48. L. M.

Which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

- 1 **A**SSIST my soul, my heavenly King,
Thine everlasting love to sing;
And joyful spread thy praise abroad,
As one through grace that's born of God.
- 2 No, it was not the will of man,
My soul's new heavenly birth began;
Nor will, nor pow'r of flesh and blood,
That turn'd my heart from sin to God.
- 3 Herein let self be all abas'd,
And heavenly love alone confess'd;
This be my song through all the road,
That born I am, and born of God.
- 4 O may this love my soul constrain,
To make returns of love again;
That I, while earth is my abode,
May live like one that's born of God.
- 5 May I thy praises daily shew,
Who hath created all things new;
And wash'd me in a Saviour's blood,
To prove that I am born of God.
- 6 Lead me O Lord in all thy ways,
Guard me O Lord through all my days;
O make thy word my rule and rod,
To walk like one that's born of God.
- 7 And when th' appointed hour shall come,
That thou wilt call me to my home;
Joyful I'll pass the chilling flood,
And die as one that's born of God.
- 8 Then shall my soul triumphant rise,
To its bless'd mansion in the skies;
And in that glorious bright abode,
Sing there as one that's born of God:

HYMN 49. C. M. *On the Millennium.*

- 1 **T**HAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
 When Zion's light shall come ;
 She shall arise and shine on high,
 Bright as the rising sun !
 The east and west their sons resign,
 And all creation bend ;
 The church the new Jerusalem,
 All glorious shall descend.
- 2 The King who wears the golden crown,
 And holds the flaming bow,
 The holy city shall bring down,
 And bless his church below.
 When Zion's reigning, conquering King,
 Shall Satan's works destroy,
 The morning stars again will sing,
 And Zion shout for joy !
- 3 The holy bright musician band,
 Who play on harps of gold,
 In holy order see they stand,
 Fair Salem to behold.
 Descending on sweet melting strains,
 Jehovah they adore,
 Such shouts through earth's extensive plains
 Were never heard before.
- 4 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
 Nor think his time is long,
 The saints though feeble, weak and poor,
 Their great Redeemer's strong.
 In storms he is their hiding place,
 A covert from the wind,
 A fountain in the wilderness,
 Quite thro' this weary land.

3 The streams of life will flow from heaven,
 And issue from the throne ;
 The floods of strife away are driv'n ;
 the church becomes but one.
 'That peaceful union we shall know,
 And dwell on Jesus' love,
 And shout and sing his praise below,
 As angels do above.

6 A thousand years shall roll around,
 The church shall be complete,
 Call'd by the glorious trumpet's sound,
 Their Saviour Christ to meet :
 They rise with joy and mount on high,
 They fly to Jesus' arms,
 And gaze with wonder and delight
 On their Beloved's charms.

7 Like apples fair his beauties are,
 To feed and cheer the mind,
 No earthly fruit can so recruit,
 Nor flaggons full of wine.
 Their troubles o'er they grieve no more,
 But sing in strains of joy,
 In raptures sweet, in bliss complete,
 They feast and never cloy.

HYMN 50. P. M. *I will trust and not be afraid.*

1 **B**EGONE unbelief,
 My Saviour is near,
 And for my relief
 Will surely appear :
 By prayer let me wrestle,
 And he will perform ;
 With Christ in the vessel,
 I smile at the storm.

- 2 Tho' dark be my way,
 Since he is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey,
 'Tis his to provide :
 Though cisterns be broken,
 And creatures all fail,
 The word he has spoken
 Will surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past
 Forbids me to think,
 He'll leave me at last
 In trouble to sink ;
 Each sweet Eben-ezer
 I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure
 To help me quite through.
- 4 Being willing to save,
 He watch'd o'er my path,
 When Satan's blind slave,
 I sported with death ;
 And can he have taught me
 To trust in his name,
 And thus far have brought me
 To put me to shame ?
- 5 Why should I complain
 Of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain ?
 He told me no less ;
 The heirs of salvation,
 I know from his word,
 Through much tribulation
 Must follow their Lord.
- 6 How bitter the cup,
 No heart can conceive,

Which he drank quite up,
 That sinners might live !
 His way was much rougher
 And darker than mine ;
 Did Jesus thus suffer,
 And shall I repine ?

- 7 Since all that I meet
 Shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet,
 The med'cine is food ;
 Though painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long
 And then, Oh how pleasant
 The conquerer's song !

HYMN 51. L. M. *Farewell.*

- 1 **F**AREWELL my brethren in the Lord ;
 The gospel sounds the jubilee ;
 My stammering tongue shall sound aloud,
 From land to land, from sea to sea ;
 And as I preach from place to place,
 I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

- 2 Farewell in bonds and union dear,
 Like strings you twine about my heart ;
 I humbly beg your earnest prayer,
 Till we shall meet no more to part ;
 Till we shall meet in heav'n above,
 Encircled in eternal love.

- 3 Farewell my earthly friends below,
 Although so kind and dear to me ;
 My Jesus calls, and I must go
 To sound the gospel jubilee ;
 To sound the joy and bear the news
 To Gentile men and royal Jews.

- 4 Farewell young people one and all,
 While God will give me breath to breathe,
 All pray to the Eternal All
 That your dear souls in Christ may live;
 That your dear souls prepar'd may be
 To dwell in bliss eternally.
- 5 Farewell to all below the sun;
 And as I pass in tears below,
 The path is straight, my feet shall run;
 And God will keep me as I go—
 And God will keep me in his hand,
 And bring me to the promis'd land.
- 6 Farewell, farewell! I look above;
 Jesus my friend to thee I call;
 My joy my crown, my only love,
 My safeguard here, my heaven, my all;
 My theme to preach, my song to sing,
 My only hope in death—Amen.

HYMN 52. P. M. *The Christian's Spiritual Voyage.*

- 1 **J**ESUS at thy command,
 I launch into the deep;
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep.
 For thee I would the world resign,
 And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise;
 My compass is thy word:
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord!
 I trust thy faithfulness and power
 To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
 Through all my passage lie,

Yet Christ will safely keep,
 And guide me with his eye;
 My anchor hope shall firm abide,
 And ev'ry boist'rous storm outide.

4 By faith I see the land,
 The port of endless rest:
 My soul thy sails expand,
 And fly to Jesus' breast!
 O may I reach the heavenly shore,
 Where winds and waves distress no more,

5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
 And storms forbear to toss,
 Be thou dear Lord still nigh,
 Lest I should suffer loss:
 For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come Holy Ghost and blow
 A prosperous gale of grace,
 Waft me from all below,
 To heaven my destin'd place;
 Then in full sail my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 53. P. M. *Fountain opened for Sinners*

1 **T**HE fountain of Christ,
 Lord help us to sing,
 The blood of our Priest,
 Our crucify'd King;
 The fountain that cleanses
 From sin and from filth,
 And richly dispenses,
 Salvation and health.

2 This fountain so dear,
 He'll freely impart!

When pierc'd by the spear,
 It flow'd from his heart.
 With blood and with water,
 'The first to atone,
 'To cleanse us the latter ;
 'The fountain's but one.

3 This fountain from guilt
 Not only makes pure,
 And gives, soon as felt,
 Infallible cure ;
 But if guilt removed,
 Return and remain,
 Its pow'r may be proved
 Again and again.

4 'This fountain unseal'd
 Stands open for all
 Who long to be heal'd,
 The great and the small :
 Here's strength for the weakly
 That hither are led ;
 Here's health for the sickly,
 And life for the dead.

5 This fountain though rich,
 From charge is quite clear,
 The poorer the wretch
 'The welcomer here :
 Come needy and guilty,
 Come loathsome and bare ;
 Though lep'rous and filthy,
 Come just as you are.

6 This fountain in vain
 Has never been try'd,
 It takes out all stain,
 Whenever apply'd .

The fountain flows sweetly
 With virtue divine,
 To cleanse souls completely,
 Though leprous as mine.

HYMN 54. P. M. *Free Grace.*

- 1 **T**HE voice of free grace cries escape to
 the mountain,
 For Adam's lost race Christ has open'd a fountain,
 For sin and transgression and every pollution,
 His blood it flows freely in plenteous salvation.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb through whom
 we've found pardon, [Jordan.
 We'll praise him again when we pass over
- 2 That fountain so clear in which all may find
 pardon,
 From Jesus' side flows a plenteous redemption;
 Though your sins were increas'd as high as a
 mountain,
 His blood it flows freely in streams of salvation.
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 O ! Jesus ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,
 Over sin, death and hell, thou wilt make us vic-
 torious : [tion,
 Thy name shall be prais'd in the great congrega-
 And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the
 blest shore,
 With our harps in our hands we'll praise him
 evermore ;
 We'll range the bless'd fields on the banks of the
 And sing hallelujahs forever and ever. [river.
 Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 55. P. M. *Prepare to meet thy God,*

- 1 **S**INNER are you still secure ?
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?
 Can thy heart or hands endure
 In the Lord's avenging day ?
 See his mighty arm is barr'd !
 Awful terrors clothe his brow !
 For his judgment stand prepar'd,
 Thou must either break or bow.
- 2 At his presence nature shakes,
 Earth affrighted hastes to flee ;
 Solid mountains melt like wax,
 What will then become of thee ?
 Who his advent may abide ?
 You that glory in your shame,
 Will you find a place to hide
 When the world is wrapp'd in flame ?
- 3 Then the great, the rich, the wise,
 Trembling, guilty, self-condemn'd,
 Must behold the wrathful eyes
 Of the Judge they once blasphem'd :
 Where are now their haughty looks ?
 Oh ! their horror and despair !
 When they see the open'd books,
 And their dreadful sentence hear.
- 4 Lord prepare us by thy grace !
 Soon must we resign our breath ;
 And our souls be call'd to pass
 Through the iron gate of death :
 Let us now our day improve,
 Listen to the gospel voice,
 Seek the things that are above,
 Scorn the world's pretended joys.

- 5 Oh ! when flesh and heart shall fail,
 Let thy love our spirits cheer :
 Strengthen'd thus, we shall prevail
 Over satan, sin and fear.
 Trusting in thy precious name,
 May we thus our journey end,
 Then our foes shall lose their aim,
 And the Judge will be our friend.

HYMN 56. P. M. *Regeneration.*

- 1 **W**AK'D by the gospel's powerful sound
 My soul in sin and thrall I found,
 Expos'd to dreadful wo ;
 Eternal truth did loud proclaim
 The sinner must be born again,
 Or down to ruin go.
- 2 Surpris'd indeed, I could not tell
 Which way to shun the gates of hell,
 To which I then drew near !
 I strove, alas ! but all in vain ;
 The sinner must be born again
 Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 I to the law then ran for help,
 But still I felt the weight of guilt,
 And no relief I found ;
 While sin my burthen'd soul did pain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 Did loud as thunder sound.
- 4 God's justice then I did behold,
 And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
 It was a dreadful load ;
 This solemn truth did still remain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 Or feel the wrath of God.

- 5 I heard some tell how Christ did give
His life to let the sinner live ;
But him I could not see ;
I read my Bible, it was plain,
'The sinner must be born again,
Or die eternally.
- 6 But as my soul with dying breath,
Lay gasping near the second death,
Christ Jesus I did see ;
Free grace and pardon he proclaim'd,
I trust I then was born again,
In gospel liberty.
- 7 Not angels in the world above,
Nor saints could glow with greater love,
Than what my soul enjoy'd ;
My soul did mount on eagle's wings,
And glory, glory, I did sing
To Jesus my dear Lord.
- 8 Now with the saints I'll join to tell
How Jesus sav'd my soul from hell,
To sing redeeming love ;
Ascribe the glory to the Lamb,
The sinner now is born again,
To dwell with Christ above.

HYMN 57. P. M. *Calvary.*

- 1 SEE the Lord of glory dying,
See him gasping, hear him crying,
See his burden'd bosom heave ;
Look ye sinners, ye who hung him,
Look how deep your sins have stung him ;
Dying sinners look and live.
- 2 See the rocks and mountains shaking,
Earth unto her centre quaking,
Nature's groans awake the dead ;

Look on Phœbus struck with wonder,
While the peals of legal thunder,
Smite the blest Redeemer's head.

3 Heaven's bright melodious legions,
Chanting to the tuneful regions,
Cease to trill the quiv'ring string:
Songs seraphic all suspended,
Till the mighty war is ended
By the all victorious King.

4 Hell and all the powers infernal,
Vanquished by the King eternal,
When he pour'd the vital flood ;
By his groans which shook creation,
Lo ! we sound the proclamation,
Peace and pardon through his blood.

5 Shout ye saints with admiration,
Fill with songs the wide creation,
Since he's risen from the grave ;
Shout with joy and acclamation,
To the Rock of your salvation,
Who alone has power to save.

6 Bear with patience tribulation,
Overcoming all temptation,
Till the glorious jubilee ;
Soon he'll come with bursts of thunder,
'Then shall we adore and wonder,
Singing on the highest key.

7 See the blissful scene before us,
Join the universal chorus,
Bid the flowing numbers rise ;
Songs immortal sweetly sounding,
Notes angelic loud rebounding,
Trembling round the vocal skies.

HYMN 58. P. M. *The Christian Salutation.*

- 1 **P**EACE be unto this house,
 The Son of Peace draw near :
 But has my Master's Son
 A tabernacle here :
 If so, then I will here remain,
 If not, adieu, I'll go again.
- 2 My Master sent me here,
 His Son a bride to find,
 If to him you appear,
 If to him you are kind ;
 If so, come go with me to day,
 If not, I'll go another way.
- 4 Lord send thy Spirit forth,
 Incline the heart also ;
 Lord grant Rebecca's voice,
 I with the man will go ;
 'Twou'd make thy servants all rejoice,
 To hear one speak with such a voice.

HYMN 59. P. M. *The Pilgrim's Song.*

- 1 **C**OME all ye dear souls who are of Adam's
 Join with me to seek salvation ; [loins,
 With hearts fill'd with friendship let us all
 And seek for the land of Canaan. [combine,
 Canaan, Canaan, my happy home,
 O how I long for Canaan.
- 2 We have a little sister, she's lately converted,
 She brings good news from Canaan ;
 Her soul's fill'd with Jesus, the world she's de-
 And now she livesshoutin' & praisin'. [serted.
 Canaan, Canaan, my happy home,
 O how I long for Canaan.
- 3 Once I did mourn, but now I will sing,
 And praise my God and Saviour ;

Until in the realms of my heavenly King,
In Canaan I'll praise him forever.

I am glad, and I'll thank God,
Then let us praise God together.

- 4 See the poor sinner standing at the bar,
Despairing all hope of heaven ;
Trembling and sniveling in doleful despair,
From God's awful presence is driven.
Canaan, Canaan, my happy home,
O when shall I see Canaan.

- 5 Come my dear brethren let's travel on,
Let us go on to Canaan ;
And when our pilgrim's journey is done,
We'll shout and sing salvation.
Canaan, Canaan, my happy home,
O how we'll shout in Canaan.

HYMN 60. P. M.

Hear what he has done for my Soul.

- 1 SAV'D by blood, I live to tell
What the love of Christ has done ;
He redeem'd my soul from hell,
Of a rebel made a son :
Oh ! I tremble still to think
How secure I liv'd in sin ;
Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserv'd from falling in.
- 2 In the last distressing hour,
To my heart the Saviour spoke :
Touch'd me by his Spirit's power,
And my dang'rous slumber broke :
Then I saw and own'd my guilt ;
Soon my glorious Lord reply'd,
" Fear not, I my blood have spilt,
" 'Twas for such as thee I dy'd."

- 3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
 All at once possess'd my heart ;
 Can I hope thy grace to prove,
 After acting such a part ?
 "Thou hast greatly sinn'd, he said,
 "But I freely all forgive ;
 "I myself your ransom made,
 "Now I bid thee rise and live."
- 4 Come my fellow sinners try,
 Jesus' heart is full of love ;
 Oh that you as well as I,
 May his wond'rous mercy prove !
 He has sent me to declare
 All is ready, all is free :
 Why should any soul despair,
 When he sav'd a wretch like me ?

HYMN 61. S. M.

I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.

- 1 **I** AM, saith Christ, the Way :
 Now if we credit him,
 All other paths must lead astray,
 How fair soe'er they seem.
- 2 I am, saith Christ, the Truth :
 Then all that lack this test,
 Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
 Is but a lie at best.
- 3 I am, saith Christ, the Life :
 Let this be seen by faith,
 It follows without further strife,
 That all besides is death.
- 4 If what these words aver
 The Holy Ghost apply,
 The simplest Christian shall not err,
 Nor be deceiv'd, nor die.

HYMN 62. L. M.

The Believer's Hiding Place.

- 1 **H**AIL heavenly love, that first began
 The scheme to rescue wretched man!
 Hail, matchless, free eternal grace,
 That gave my soul a Hiding-place.
- 2 Against the God who rules the sky,
 I fought with hands uplifted high;
 Despis'd the Gospel of his grace,
 Too proud to seek a Hiding-place.
- 3 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
 And fond of darkness more than light,
 Madly I ran the sinful race,
 Secure without a Hiding-place.
- 4 But lo! th' eternal counsel rang
 "Almighty love arrests the man!"
 I felt the arrows of distress,
 And found I had no Hiding-place.
- 5 God's glorious justice stood in view:
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,
 But justice cry'd, with frowning face,
 This mountain is no Hiding-place.
- 6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
 And mercy for my soul appear'd,
 Which led me on a pleasant pace,
 To Jesus Christ, my Hiding-place.
- 7 Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,
 And shake the globe from pole to pole,
 No thunderbolt shall daunt my face,
 For Jesus is my Hiding-place.
- 8 On him our every sin was laid,
 He is for us a ransom made;
 He now is full of truth and grace,
 And is the only Hiding-place.

- 9 A few more rolling years at most,
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
Safe in my glorious Hiding-place.

HYMN 63. P. M. *Welcome Cross.*

- 1 **T**HIS my happiness below
Not to live without a cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loss.
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see,
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

- 2 God is good whene'er he gives;
He is good when he denies,
Stripes, the child of God receives,
Blessings are, though in disguise;
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me at his feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way;
Might I not with reason fear,
I should prove a castaway;
Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true born child of God,
Must not, would not, if he might.

HYMN 64. P. M. *The Prophesying Law, Heb. iv. 2.*

- 1 **I**SR'EL in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too.

The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood besprinkled door,
Seen with enlight'ned eyes,
And once apply'd with power,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile our hearts to God.

3 The Lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence ;
For he who can for sin atone
Must have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat, on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more :
In him our surety seem'd to say,
" Behold, I bear your sins away."

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free ;
The type well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea ;
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

6 Jesus, I love to trace
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age !
O grant that I may faithful be,
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

HYMN 65. P. M. *Faithful Redemption.*

- 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary!
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
 "It is finish'd! It is finish'd!"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry!
- 2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure
 Doth these charming words afford!
 Heavenly blessings without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 It is finish'd! It is finish'd!
 Saints the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
 Of the prophesying law!
 Finish'd, all that God had promis'd!
 Death and hell no more shall awe.
 It is finish'd! It is finish'd!
 Saints from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 [Happy souls approach the table,
 Taste the soul-reviving food;
 Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
 As the Saviour's flesh and blood.
 It is finish'd! It is finish'd!
 Christ has borne the heavy load.]
- 5 Tune your harps anew ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasant theme;
 All on earth and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name!
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

HYMN 66. P. M. *Gratitude for the Saviour.*

- 1 **H**AIL! thou once despised Jesus,
 Hail, thou Galilean King!

Thou didst suffer to release us :
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
 Hail thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame;
 By thy fulness we find favour ;
 Life is given through thy name.

2 Precious Lamb by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid :
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou art all unto us made :
 All our sins are now forgiven,
 'Thro' the virtue of thy blood :
 Open'd is the gate of heaven ;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail enthron'd in glory,
 There forever to abide !
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side :
 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare ;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive :
 Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give .
 Help ye bright angelic spirits !
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays :
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

HYMN 67. P. M. *Yet there is Room.*

1 **Y**E dying sons of men,
 Immerg'd in sin and wo,
 The gospel's voice attend
 Which Jesus sends to you :

Ye perishing and guilty come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

- 2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame:
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame :
All things are ready, sinner come,
For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heavenly word,
His messengers proclaim ;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name :
Backsliding souls return and come,
Cast off de-spair, there yet is room.
- 4 Constrain'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring sheep draw near,
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear,
Let whosoever will, now come
In mercy's breast there still is room.

HYMN 68. C. M.

Jesus Christ our Lord both theirs and ours.

1 Cor i. 2.

- 1 SWEET are the gifts which gracious heaven
On true believers pours,
But the best gift is grace to know,
That Jesus Christ is ours.
- 2 Our Jesus ! what rich drops of bliss
Descend in copious showers,
When ruin'd sinners such as we,
By faith can call him ours.
- 3 Differ we may in age and state,
Learning and mental powers,

But all the saints may join and shout,
Dear Jesus! thou art ours.

4 Let those who know our Jesus not,
Delight in earth's gay flowers;
We glorying in our better lot,
Rejoice that He is ours.

5 When hope with elevated flight,
Tow'rd heaven in rapture towers,
'Tis this supports our vent'rous wing,
We know that Christ is ours.

6 Though providence with dark'ning sky,
On things terrestrial lours,
We rise superior to the gloom,
When singing Christ is ours.

7 Time, which this world with all its joys,
With eager haste devours,
May take inferior things away,
But Jesus still is ours.

8 Haste then dull time, and terminate
Thy slow revolving hours;
We wish, we pray, we long, we pant,
In heaven to call him ours.

HYMN 69. P. M. *Love to Man.*

1 **A**LMIGHTY love inspire my heart with
sacred fire,
And animate desire my soul to renew;
To Him is due our praise on whom bright angels
gaze,
And symphony increases above the ethereal blue.

2 Thou tender hearted Saviour, thy love my soul
amazes,
Whod'y'd to save us, when we were lost & undone.

No cherubim reliev'd us, no angel could redeem us;
And nothing could save us but Jesus and his love.

3 O thou the sinner's friend, my simple prayer
attend,

And save me to the end from the evil to come:
Afford to me the favour which issues from my
Saviour;

And O forsake me never till all my toils are o'er.

4 While here on earth I stay, I'll hope for that
glad day,

Till I am call'd away to the mansions above;
There to enjoy the treasure of never ceasing
pleasure,

And shout in highest measure hallelujahs of love.

5 In hope of seeing Jesus, when all my conflict
ceases,

My love to him increases his name to adore;

O then my blessed Saviour, vouchsafe to me the
favour,

To reign with thee forever when time shall be
no more.

6 There in the blooming garden, obtained by
free pardon,

Upon the banks of Jordan we'll worship the Lamb;
We'll sing the song of Moses, while Jesus sweet
composes,

A song that never closes, in praises to his name.

HYMN 70. P. M.

None upon Earth I desire besides Thee.

1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;

Fair prospects, sweet songs, and sweet flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness to me.

The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice;
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear,
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd;
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind:
 While blest with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear,
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
 Or take me unto thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN 71. P. M. *Jesus, the Soul of Music.*

1 **L**ISTED into the cause of sin,
 Why should a good be evil?
 Music, alas! too long has been,
 Press'd to obey the devil.

Drunken or lewd or light the lay,
 Flows to the soul's undoing,
 Widens and strews with flowers the way
 Down to eternal ruin.

Who on the part of God will rise,
 Innocent mirth recover?
 Fly on the prey and take the prize,
 Plunder the carnal lover?
 Strip him of ev'ry moving strain,
 Ev'ry melting measure;
 Music in virtue's cause retain,
 Revive the holy pleasure?

Come let us try if Jesus' love,
 Cannot as well inspire us;
 This is the theme of those above,
 This upon earth will fire us.
 Try if your hearts are tun'd to sing;
 Is there a subject greater?
 Melody all its strains may bring,
 Jesus' love is sweeter.

Jesus the soul of music is,
 He is the noblest passion;
 Jesus' name is life and peace,
 Happiness and salvation;
 Jesus' name the dead can raise,
 Shew us our sins forgiven,
 Fill us with all the life of grace,
 And carry us up to heaven.

Who hath a right with us to sing,
 Us, whom his mercy raises?
 Merry our hearts, for Christ is King;
 Joyful are all our faces.

Who of his love doth once partake,
 He in the Lord rejoices;
 Melody in our hearts we make,
 Melody with our voices.

6 He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
 He that in heart is merry,
 Let him sing psalms the Scripture saith,
 Joyful and ne'er be weary;
 Offer the sacrifice of praise,
 Hearty and never ceasing;
 Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
 Worship, and thanks, and blessing.

7 Come let us in his praises join;
 Triumph in his salvation;
 Glory ascribe to love divine,
 Worship and adoration:
 Heaven already is begun,
 Open'd in each believer:
 Only believe, and then sing on,
 Heaven is yours for ever.

HYMN 72. P. M. *The Lord in his Garden.*

1 **T**HE Lord into his garden comes;
 The spices yield a rich perfume;
 The lilies grow and thrive:
 Refreshing showers of grace divine,
 From Jesus flows to ev'ry vine,
 Which makes the dead revive.

2 O that this dry and barren ground
 In springs of water may abound,
 A fruitful soil become!
 The desert blossoms as the rose,
 When Jesus conquers all his foes,
 And makes his people one.

- 3 The glorious time is rolling on,
 The gracious work is now begun;
 My soul a witness is :
 I taste and see the pardon free,
 For all mankind as well as me,
 Who come to Christ may live.
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find
 A Saviour pitiful and kind,
 Who will them all receive !
 None are too late who will repent ;
 Out of one sinner legions went ;
 Jesus did him relieve.
- 5 Come brethren ye who love the Lord,
 And taste the sweetness of his word,
 In Jesus' ways go on ;
 Our troubles and our trials here
 Will only make us richer there,
 When we arrive at home.
- 6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
 It issues from the shining throne,
 From Jesus' grace on high :
 It comes like floods we can't contain,
 We drink and drink and drink again,
 And yet for more we cry.
- 7 But when we come to reign above,
 And all surround the throne of love,
 We'll drink a full supply ;
 Jesus will lead his armies through,
 To living fountains where they flow,
 Which never will run dry.
- 8 There will we reign and shout and sing,
 And make the upper regions ring,
 When all the saints get home ;

Come on, come on my brethren dear,
 Soon shall we meet together there,
 For Jesus bids us come.

- Amen, amen my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet him in the skies,
 And claim my mansion there:
 Now here's my heart, now here's my hand,
 To meet you in that heavenly land,
 Where we shall part no more.

- 10 There on that peaceful happy shore,
 We'll sing and shout our suff'rings o'er,
 In sweet redeeming love:
 We'll shout and praise our conqu'ring King,
 Who dy'd himself that he might bring
 Us rebels near to God.

HYMN 73. P. M. *Hymn on Baptism.*

- 1 **S**ALEM'S bright King, Jesus by name,
 In ancient time to Jordan came,
 All righteousness to fill;
 'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,
 Whose name was John, a man of God,
 To do his Master's will.
- 2 The holy Jesus did demand
 His right to be baptized then,
 The Baptist gave consent;
 On Jordan's banks they did prepare,
 The Baptist and his Master dear,
 Then down the bank they went.
- 3 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
 The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
 And there did him baptize;

Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleas'd in what he'd done,
And own'd him from the skies.

4 The op'ning heaven now complies,
The Holy Ghost like lightning flies,
Down from the courts above ;
And on the holy heavenly Lamb,
The Spirit lights and does remain,
In shape like a fair dove.

5 This is my Son, Jehovah cries,
The echoing voice from glory flies,
O children hear ye him ;
Hark ! 'tis his voice, behold he cries,
Repent, believe and be baptiz'd,
And wash away your sin.

6 Come children, come his voice obey,
Salem's bright King has mark'd the way,
And has a crown prepar'd ;
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

7 Believing children gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise ;
See here is water, here is room,
A loving Saviour calling come,
O children be baptiz'd.

8 Behold his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands
To wait upon the bride ;
Ye candidates your hearts prepare,

And let us join in solemn pray'r,
Down by the water side.

HYMN 74. L. M.

The Way.

- 1 **J**ESUS my all to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hope upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I was not free'd from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my SAVIOUR say,
Come hither Soul, "I AM THE WAY."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
My sinful self to thee I give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear SAVIOUR I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say "BEHOLD THE WAY TO GOD."

HYMN 75. P. M.

The Conversion of a Young Man in Boston.

- 1 **O**N a sweet summer's evening as I walk'd
the street,
From a neighbouring house a sound I did meet;
I turned aside to see what it might be,
And it prov'd like Zaccheus, Come down from
the tree.
- 2 'Twas the sound of the gospel, it reach'd my
heart;
It wounded me deep which caus'd me to smart:
The language call'd, Sinner, at my reproof turn,
Or your soul in darkness forever shall mourn.
- 3 The trump of the gospel it sounded so clear,
It shew'd me my danger which fill'd me with
My heart was so wounded and burthen'd [fear;
with grief,
I went mourning daily and found no relief.
- 4 With anguish from morning to ev'ning I went;
God's Spirit like thunder, cry'd Sinner repent!
The kingdom of heaven is surely at hand,
For the Spirit is passing with power through
the land.
- 5 On the dark mount of danger, (nor from it
could fly,)
I look'd for escape and deeply did sigh;
I was calm'd in a moment, my soul fill'd with
peace;
Then my wound it was heal'd and my soul set
at ease.
- 6 My soul fill'd with joy and my tongue fill'd
with praise,
I vow'd to serve Jesus the rest of my days;

And God being my helper, my vow I'll perform,
And with my dear Saviour out-ride ev'ry storm.

HYMN 76. L. M. *The Pilgrim's Song.*

- 1 **I**'M glad I ever saw the day
We met to sing, and preach and pray;
Here's glory, glory in my soul,
Which makes me praise my Lord so bold.
- 2 Lord keep us safe while passing through,
And fill our soul's with meekness too:
Redeeming grace that pleasing song,
We'll sing as we do pass along.
- 3 I hope to praise him when I rise,
And shout salvation through the skies,
Sing glory, glory in the air,
Meet all my Father's children there.

HYMN 77. P. M.

Way, Truth and Life. John xiv. 6.

- 1 **T**HERE is no path to heavenly bliss,
Or solid joy, or lasting peace,
But Christ the appointed road;
O may we tread the sacred way,
By faith rejoice, and praise and pray,
Till we sit down with God.
- 2 The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, the man, the Lord,
The Saviour just and true:
O may we all his word believe,
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do.
- 3 As he above forever lives,
And life to dying sinners gives,
Eternal and divine;
O may his Spirit in me dwell,
Then sav'd from sin, and death and hell;
Eternal life is mine.

HYMN 78. P. M.

Precious Promises. 2 Pet. iii. 4.

1 **H**OW firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
 What more can he say than to you he hath said,
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
 In poverty's vale or abounding in wealth,
 At home and abroad, on the land or the sea,
 As thy days may demand shall thy strength
 ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
 I now am thy God and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
 stand,
 Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;
 For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
 The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design
 Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

6 Even down to old age all my people shall prove
 Impartial, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavour to
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake, [shake,

HYMN 79. C. M. *The True Penitent.*

- 1 **H**ARK! hear the sound on earth is found,
My-soul delights to hear,
Of dying love that's from above,
Of pardon bought so dear.
- 2 God's minister's like flames of fire,
Are passing through the land:
The voice is Hear, repent and fear,
King Jesus is at hand.
- 3 God's chariots they no longer stay;
They're mounted on the truth:
The saints in prayer cry Lord draw near,
Have mercy on the youth.
- 4 Young converts sing and praise their King,
And bless God's holy name;
Whilst older saints, true penitents,
Rejoice to join the theme.
- 5 God grant a shower of his great power
On ev'ry aching heart,
Who sincerely to God do cry,
That they may have a part.
- 6 Come lovely youth, embrace the truth,
Agree with one accord,
And use your tongues while you are young,
In praising of the Lord.

HYMN 80. P. M. *The Day of Judgment.*

- 1 **T**HE great tremendous day's approaching,
That awful scene is drawing nigh;
Was long foretold by ancient prophets,
Decreed from all eternity.
But O my soul reflect and wonder!
That awful scene is drawing near,

When you shall see that great transaction,
When Christ in judgment shall appear.

2 See nature stand all in amazement,
To hear the last loud trumpet sound;
Arise ye dead, and come to judgment,
Ye nations of the world around!
Loud thunders rumbling through the concave,
Eright forked lightnings part the skies;
The heavens are shaking, the earth is quaking,
The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.

3 The orbit lamps all veil'd in sackcloth,
No more their shining circuits run;
The wheel of time stops in a moment,
Eternal things are now begun.
Huge massy rocks and tow'ring mountains
Over their tumbling bases roar;
The raging ocean all in commotion,
Is hov'ring round her frightened shore.

4 Green turfy grave-yards and tombs of marble,
Give up their dead both small and great;
See the whole world both saints and sinners,
Are coming to the judgment-seat.
See Jesus on the throne of justice,
Comes thund'ring down the parted skies,
With countless armies of shining angels,
With hallelujahs shout for joy.

5 Bright shining streams from his awful presence,
His face ten thousand suns outshine;
Behold him coming in power and glory,
To meet him all his saints combine.
Go forth ye heralds with speed like lightning,
Call in my saints from distant lands,
Those that my blood from sins have ransom'd,
Whose names in life's fair book do stand.

6 O come ye blessed of my Father,
 The purchase of my dying love;
 Receive the crowns of life and glory,
 Which are laid up for you above.
 For your dear souls which have continued
 With me, and my temptations bore,
 I have provided for you a kingdom,
 To reign with me for evermore.

7 There's flowing fountains of living water;
 No sickness, pain nor death to fear;
 No sorrows, sighing, no tears nor weeping
 Shall ever have admittance there.
 But how will sinners stand and tremble,
 When justice calls them to the bar!
 Those that reject his offer'd mercy,
 Their everlasting doom to hear.

8 See justice now with indignation,
 Calling aloud for sinners' blood;
 Those that have slighted offer'd mercy,
 And crucify'd the Son of God;
 Depart from me ye cursed sinners!
 My face you never more shall see:
 Be banish'd from my peaceful presence,
 To dreadful wo and misery.

9 Each guilty soul then struck with horror,
 And anguish throbbing in their breasts,
 Behold them doom'd to hopeless sorrow,
 And never more to look for rest.
 Come sinners, here's a faithful warning,
 Return to Jesus while you may;
 For he is ready to forgive you,
 Or else you must depart way.

HYMN 81. L. M. *The New Light.*

- 1 COME all who are New-Lights indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed;
From Egypt's land we've took our flight,
For God has given us a New-light.
- 2 Long time we with the wicked trod,
And madly ran the sinful road;
Against the gospel we did fight,
Scar'd at the name of a New-light.
- 3 At length the Lord in mercy call'd,
And gave us strength to give up all;
He gave us grace to choose aright,
A portion with despis'd New-lights.
- 4 Despis'd by man, upheld by God,
We're marching on the heavenly road:
Loud Hallelujahs we will sing,
To Jesus Christ the New-light's King.
- 5 Though by the world we are disdain'd,
And have our names cast out by men;
Yet Christ our Captain for us fights,
Nor death, nor hell, can hurt New-lights.
- 6 Come sinners with us New-lights join,
And taste the joys that are divine;
Bid all your carnal mirth adieu,
Come join and be a New-light too.
- 7 Your carnal mirth you'll count a toy,
If once you know the heavenly joy:
No solid joys are known below,
But such as New-lights feel and know.
- 8 I know not any sect nor part,
But such as are New-lights in heart;
If in Christ Jesus you delight,
I can pronounce you a New-light.

- 9 For since in Christ we all are one,
My soul would fain let strife alone ;
No prejudice can any bear,
No wrath in those that New-lights are.
- 10 Thus guarded by the Lord we stand,
Safe in the hollow of his hand ;
Nor do we scorn the New-light's name,
Christians are all New-lights—Amen.
- 11 Amen, Amen, so let it be,
Glory to God, this light we see ;
New light from Christ to us is given,
New light will be our light in heaven.

HYMN 82. P. M. *The Impartial Song.*

- 1 **T**HE great God of love has shewn us the way,
And taught us the Impartial Song ;
The Spirit is come, and the work is begun,
And we all are united in one.
- 2 Now sin begins to die, grace gains the victory,
And pride falls a prey to the ground :
We lift up our heads as we rise from the dead,
And the glory of God shines around.
- 3 Salvation we see for all is most free ;
The members of Christ are all one : [storm,
We'll march uniform, and with courage face the
In the battle our Saviour's begun.
- 4 United in one the race we will run,
Press forward by faith without fear :
Such glory pursue, as the world never knew,
Never will till the gospel they hear.
- 5 The Reprover of sin hath shewn us the way,
The Comforter leads us along ;
The book is unseal'd, Judah's Lion takes the field,
And he learns us the Impartial Song.

6 We'll mount on the wing, and with ardour
 Our echoing voices are one : [we'll sing,
 His praise we will sound on Immanuel's ground,
 What a loving Redeemer has done.

7 And since it is so, we'll all join and go,
 And keep on Immanuel's ground ;
 Until time is done, and eternity's begun,
 We'll all sing the Impartial sound.

8 We will then tune our lays in anthems of praise,
 And join with the seraphs above :
 Free grace we will sound through eternity's round
 When our union shall heighten in love.

9 Now let us be true, our journey pursue,
 Toward heaven our glorious home ;
 Press on by the word Christ left on record,
 Singing glory to Jesus—Amen.

HYMN 83. C. M. *The Coronation of Christ.*

1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name !

Let angels prostrate fall !
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from the altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's Rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget,
 The wormwood and the gall ;

Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Babes men and sires who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall :
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball ;
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

7 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall !
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 84. P. M. *The Christian's Warrant.*

1 **T**HO' troubles assail and dangers affright,
Tho' friends all should fail & foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us whatever betide,
The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or store-house are fed,
From them let us learn to trust in our Head ;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as it's written the Lord will provide.

3 We all may like ships by tempests be tost,
On perilous deeps, but shall not be lost :
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet Scripture engages the Lord will provide.

4 His call we'll obey like Abrah'm of old,
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold ;
For tho' we are strangers we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up the path,
And fills us with tears, we'll triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us (though oft he has try'd)
This heart-cheering promise the Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our graces have try'd,
This answers all questions the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own or goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' own name;
In this our strong Tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Nor fearing, nor doubting with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting the Lord will provide.

HYMN 85. L. M.

Gospel Ministers' Call or Commission.

1 **T**HUS saith the Lord your Master dear,
O ye his servants whom he sends;
To preach the gospel far and near,
Ev'n to the world's remotest ends.

2 Go forth ye heralds in my name,
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

3 Convince a world of sinners blind,
And shew them where their danger lies;
The broken-hearted careful bind,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

- 4 Be wise as serpents where you go,
Yet harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your whole deportment show,
That you're commission'd from above.
- 5 And as you freely have receiv'd,
Ev'n so to others freely give;
So shall your message be believ'd,
And many dying sinners live.
- 6 Master thy word we have obey'd,
(Said Christ's sweet messengers of peace)
And lo, the devils are dismay'd;
Trembling they flee before our face.
- 7 Oh! if I had an angel's voice,
And could be heard from pole to pole;
I would to all the list'ning world,
Proclaim thy goodness to my soul.
- 8 O happy servants of the Lord,
Who thus their Master's will obey;
Immensely great is the reward,
They shall receive another day.

HYMN 86. P. M. *Elevation.*

- 1 COME and taste along with me,
Consolation running free;
From my Father's worthy home,
Sweeter than the honey-comb.
- 2 Wherefore should I thirst alone?
Two are better far than one;
More who sing on Zion's hill,
Makes the comfort sweeter still.
- 3 Saints in glory sing aloud,
When they see an heir of God,
Coming in at heaven's door,
Making up the number more.

- 4 Though the tempter often rise,
For to make my soul a prize;
Drawn by Christ, I'll run to him,
He alone can conquer sin.
- 5 Goodness running like a stream,
Through the New Jerusalem;
By its constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both.
- 6 Sinful nature, lurking vice,
Cannot stop the work of grace;
While there is a God to give,
And a sinner to receive.
- 7 When this truth to me appears,
It removes my doubts and fears:
Eshcol's fruit inflames my heart,
Warning me in ev'ry part.
- 8 Then I go to heaven's store,
Asking for a little more;
Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me a gleaner there.
- 9 Heaven here and heaven there,
Comforts growing ev'ry where;
This I boldly can attest,
For my soul has got a taste.

HYMN 87. C. M.

A word of Comfort to the Lambs of Christ.

- 1 **B**LEST be my God that I was born,
To hear the joyful sound;
That I was born to be baptiz'd,
Where gospel truth abound.
- 2 I might have been a Pagan born,
Or else a veiled Jew;

- Or cheated with an Alcoran,
Among the Turkish crew.
- 3 Blest be my God for what I see,
My God for what I hear ;
I hear such blessed news from heaven,
Nor earth nor hell I fear.
- 4 I hear my Lord for me was born,
My Lord for me did die ;
My Lord for me did rise again,
And did ascend on high.
- 5 On high he stands to plead my cause,
And will return again ;
And set me on a glorious throne,
That I with him may reign.

HYMN 88. S. M. *Pride.*

- 1 **I** NNUMERABLE foes
Attack the child of God ;
He feels within the weight of sin,
A greivous galling load.
- 2 Temptations too without,
Of various kinds assault ;
Sly snares beset his trav'ling feet,
And make him often halt.
- 3 From sinner and from saint,
He meets with many a blow :
His own bad heart creates him smart,
Which only God can know.
- 4 But though the hosts of hell,
Be neither weak nor small ;
One mighty foe deals dangerous wo,
And hurts beyond them all.
- 5 'Tis pride, accursed pride,
That spirit by God abhorr'd ;

- Do what we will it haunts us still,
And keeps us from the Lord.
- 6 It blows its pois'nous breath,
And bloats the soul with air ;
The heart uplifts with God's own gifts,
And makes ev'n grace a snare.
- 7 Awake, nay while we sleep,
In all we think or speak ;
It puffs us glad, torments us sad,
Its hold we cannot break.
- 8 In other ills we find,
The hand of heaven not slack ;
Pride only knows to interpose,
And keep our comforts back.
- 9 'Tis hurtful when perceiv'd,
When not perceiv'd 'tis worse ;
Unseen or seen it dwells within,
And works by fraud or force.
- 10 Against its influence pray,
It mingles with the prayer ;
Against it preach, it prompts the speech.
Be silent, still 'tis there.
- 11 This moment while I write,
I feel its power within ;
My heart it draws to seek applause,
And mixes all with sin.
- 12 Thou meek and lowly Lamb,
This haughty tyrant kill ;
That wounded thee though thou wast free,
And grieves thy Spirit still.
- 13 Our condescending God,
(To whom else should we go ?)
Remove our pride, whate'er betide,
And lay and keep us low.

- 14 Thy garden is the place,
 Where pride cannot intrude ;
 For should it dare to enter there,
 'Twould soon be drown'd in blood.

HYMN 89. P. M. *The Believer's Inquiry.*

- 1 **L**ET us ask the important question,
 (Brethren be not too secure)
 What it is to be a christian,
 How we may our hearts assure ?
 Vain is all our best devotion,
 If on false foundations built ;
 True religion's more than notion—
 Something must be known and felt.
- 2 'Tis to trust our Well-beloved,
 If his blood has wash'd us clean :
 'Tis to hope our guilt's removed,
 Though we feel it rise within.
 To believe that all is finish'd,
 Though so much remains to endure ;
 Find the dangers undiminish'd,
 Yet to hold deliv'rance sure.
- 3 'Tis to hear the holy Spirit,
 Prompting us to secret prayer ;
 To rejoice in Jesus' merit,
 Yet continual sorrow bear.
 To receive a full remission,
 Of our sins forevermore ;
 Yet to sigh with sore contrition,
 Begging mercy ev'ry hour.
- 4 To be stedfast in believing,
 Yet to tremble, fear and quake ;
 Ev'ry moment be receiving
 Strength, and yet be always weak.

To be fighting, fleeing, turning .
 Ever sinking, yet to swim ;
 To converse with Jesus, mourning
 For ourselves, or else for him.

HYMN 90. P. M.

Jesus oft times resorted thither with his Disciples.

John xviii. 2.

- 1 **J**ESUS, while he dwelt below,
 As the true historians say,
 To a place would often go,
 Near to Kedron's brook it lay :
 In this place he lov'd to be,
 And 'twas nam'd Gethsemane.
- 2 Full of love to man's lost race,
 On this conflict much he thought ;
 This he knew the destin'd place,
 And he lov'd the sacred spot.
 Therefore 'twas he lik'd to be
 Often in Gethsemane.
- 3 Come at length the dreadful night :
 Vengeance with its iron rod
 Stood, and with collected might
 Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God,
 See my soul, thy Saviour see,
 Grov'ling in Gethsemane !
- 4 View him in that olive press,
 Squeez'd and wrung, till whelm'd in blood !
 View thy Saviour's deep distress !
 Hear the sighs of the Son of God !
 Then reflect what sin must be,
 Gazing on Gethsemane !
- 5 There my Lord bore all my guilt :
 This through grace can be believ'd ;

But the horrors which he felt,
 Are too vast to be conceiv'd;
 None can penetrate through thee,
 Doleful dark Gethsemane.

- 6 Sins against a holy God—
 Sins against his righteous law—
 Sins against his love, his blood—
 Sins against his name and cause—
 Sins immense as is the sea:
 Hide me O Gethsemane!
- 7 Saviour, all the stone remove
 From my flinty, frozen heart;
 Thaw it with the beams of love,
 Pierce it with a blood-dipt dart.
 Wound the heart that wounded thee,
 Melt it in Gethsemene.

HYMN 91. L. M. *The stony heart.*

- 1 **O**H! for a glance of heavenly day,
 To take this stubborn stone away,
 And thaw with beams of love divine
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
 The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
 Of feeling, all things shew some sign,
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
 Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
 But I can read each moving line,
 And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear
 Amazing thought! which devils fear;
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine
 To stir this stupa heart of mine.

- 5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that dear something much I need,
'Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

HYMN 92. L. M. *Receiving a Member.*

- 1 **B**ROTHER in Christ, and well-belov'd,
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter, and shew thyself approv'd;
Enter, and find that God is here.
- 2 Welcome from earth!—Lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to thee we give!
With open arms and hearts we stand,
And thee in Jesus' name receive.
- 3 Say, is thy heart resolv'd as ours?
Then let it burn with sacred love:
Then let it taste the heavenly pow'rs,
Partaker of the joys above.
- 4 Jesus attend, thyself reveal!
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.
- 5 Truly our fellowship below,
With thee, and with the Father is;
In thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.
- 6 In part we only know thee here,
But wait thy coming from above;
And we shall then behold thee near,
And then shall all be lost in love.

HYMN 93. P. M. *The Omniscience of Christ.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou omniscient Saviour,
Known to thee is all I do;

All my thoughts, and words, and actions,
Lie before thy piercing view.

2 All my various imperfections,
Ev'ry sin, and ev'ry fear ;
Yes—my very secret evil,
Doth before thy face appear.

3 Yet O Lord, thou know'st I love thee ;
Love thy name, and love thy cause ;
Love the sound of thy rich gospel,
Dearly love thy glorious laws.

4 Love to fear thee, love to serve thee,
Love to sing thy matchless fame ;
Love sincerely all thy people,
Love thy saints of ev'ry name.

5 Jesus when I view thy kindness,
How I wonder and adore !
Yet my wonder much increases,
That I love my Lord no more.

6 O thou merciful Redeemer,
Help me more thy name to love :
Love thee with intense affection,
Love thee as thy saints above.

HYMN 94. L. M. *Pilgrim's Farewell.*

1 **P**ILGRIMS with pleasure let us part,
Since we are of one mind and heart ;
No length of days, nor distant place,
Can ever break these bands of grace.

2 Parting with joy we'll join and sing,
The wonders of our Lord and King ;
Our distant bodies may remove,
But nothing shall divide our love.

- 3 In vain may earth and hell combine,
To quench that love which is divine ;
It will not cease with dying breath,
Nor cool when we are cold in death.
- 4 Now join'd in love in Jesus' name,
Let's part, and fly to spread his fame :
That other souls may leave their woe,
And join with us in glory too.
- 5 A few more rolling days and years,
Shall bring a period to our tears ;
We soon shall reach that blissful shore,
Where parting shall be known no more,
- 6 There shall our souls adore the hand,
That led us through this desert land ;
Lose all our griefs, forget our pains,
And join in everlasting strains.

HYMN 95. P.M. *The Messiah is come.*

THE Prince of Peace is come,
And cloth'd himself in clay ;
Whoever finds him room,
He'll take their guilt away.
Ye souls distrest
In him believe,
And you shall live
Forever blest.

7 This is the slaughter'd Lamb,
Who freely spilt his blood ;
To bear the sinner's shame,
And bring them home to God ;
Unbounded grace
To sinners given,
And soon in heaven
Immortal bliss.

- 3 Sinners receive his love,
And let your souls rejoice ;
A crown of life's above,
For all that hear his voice.
 O flee from hell,
 Enjoy his love,
 In realms above
 For ever dwell.
- 4 O God my soul divest,
Of ev'ry power but thine,
Thy love shall make my breast,
A kingdom all divine.
 When time is o'er,
 O let me be
 Wrapt up in thee,
 For evermore.

HYMN 96. S. M. *The awakened Sinner.*

- 1 **O** AM I born to die,
With a polluted soul ?
Ah ! hurry'd to eternity,
As swift as time can roll.
- 2 I just begin to see ;
Ah ! Lord, what shall I do ?
How shall a wretched sinner flee,
From everlasting woe ?
- 3 I dare no longer stay,
So nigh the jaws of hell ;
Yet how to go or find the way,
To Christ I cannot tell.
- 4 They say that he is kind,
And pities dying men ;
But how shall I this Jesus find ?
O tell me where or when.

- 5 They say he don't deny
 The trembling soul's request ;
 And those who on his word rely,
 Have found immediate rest.
- 6 O Lord though I am vile,
 Receive me as I am ;
 Let heaven's immortal goodness smile,
 On me, through Christ the Lamb.

HYMN 97. L. M.

A Short Address to Real Christians.

- 1 **N**OW to the pilgrims born of God,
 In Jesus' name these lines I hand ;
 To cheer you on your christian road,
 And point you to the heavenly land.
- 2 When I am gone and ye survive,
 Make the Redeemer's name your theme ;
 And while these mortal climes ye rove,
 The wonders of his love proclaim.
- 3 Soon I shall end my Christian race,
 And tread your mortal climes no more :
 But through Jehovah's boundless grace,
 Safe shall I reach the heavenly shore.
- 4 No distant space to take my flight,
 When I shall close these mortal eyes ;
 But in eternal realms of light,
 Awake with pleasure and surprise.
- 5 O what transporting seas of bliss !
 Where I shall sail with sweet delight !
 There God my lasting portion is,
 Shining beyond conception bright.
- 6 How will the heaven transporting blaze,
 The powers of all my soul employ !

I soaring still aloft shall gaze,
On that eternal source of joy.

7 Though millions are the hosts above,
They now in God are all but one;
And all so ravish'd with his love,
They nothing know but God alone.

8 My soul so ravish'd in that sea,
I've lost myself, and wond'ring gaze;
'This God is all I feel or see,
I'm lost in his meridian blaze !

9 I drink, I soar, I gaze, I rove,
O'er these transporting scenes of bliss,
Still lost with wonder in his love,
My soul ! and what a God is this.

10 Ten thousand blazing realms of light,
Proclaim their God, and say Amen !
My soul still soaring in her flight,
My God is all, I drop my pen.

HYMN 98. C. M. *Sanctification and Pardon.*

1 **W**HERE shall we sinners hide our heads,
Can rocks or mountains save ?
Or shall we wrap us in the shades,
Of midnight and the grave ?

2 Is there no shelter from the eye,
Of an all-seeing God ?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds we fly,
Bedew us with thy blood.

3 Those guardian drops our souls secure,
And wash away our sin ;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

4 We bless that wond'rous, purple stream,
That cleanses every stain !

Yet are our souls but half redeem'd,
If sin the tyrant reign.

- 5 Lord blast his empire with thy breath,
That cursed throne must fall;
Ye flattering plagues that work our death,
Fly, for we hate you all.

HYMN 99. P. M. *Christ our All.*

- 1 **V**AIN delusive world adieu,
With all of creature good:
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood!
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd!
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atonement victim dy'd;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd!
- 3 Here will I set up my rest,
My fluctuating heart,
From the haven of his breast,
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd!

- 4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end ;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend !
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his love abide ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd !
- 5 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove :
 Show the length, the breadth, and height,
 And depth of Jesus' love !
 Fain I would to sinners show,
 The blood by faith alone apply'd !
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify !

HYMN 100. C. M. *Death and Heaven.*

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint and die ;
 My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high :
 Shall join the glorified saints,
 And find its long sought rest ;
 That only bliss for which it pants,
 In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain ;
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain ;
 I suffer on my threescore years,
 Till my Deliv'rer come ;
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.

- 3 O what hath Jesus bought for me?
 Before my ravish'd eyes,
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise!
 I see a host of brethren bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there!
 They all are rob'd in spotless white,
 And conqu'ring palms they bear.
- 4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
 If Lord, thou count me meet,
 With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet!
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away:
 But let me find my friends again,
 In that eternal day.

HYMN 101. P. M.

A Prayer for Seriousness, in prospect of Eternity.

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty,
 To thee, against myself, to thee,
 A sinful worm, I cry:
 A half-awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die!
- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Secure, insensible;
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to yon heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, my guilty soul convert,
 And deeply on my wretched heart,
 Eternal things impress;

Give me to feel their solemn weight,
To tremble ere it is too late,
And wake to righteousness !

4 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come ;
To judge the nations at thy bar,
And tell me Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom ?

5 Be this my one great bus'ness here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t' ensure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above !
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

HYMN 102. P. M. *The Convert.*

1 **O**H how happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above !
Tongue can never express,
The sweet comfort and peace,
Of a soul in its earliest love !

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favour divine,
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
When at first I believ'd,

What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath lov'd me, I cry'd,
He hath suffer'd and dy'd,
To redeem such a rebel as me:

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carry'd above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justify'd I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
My glad soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O! the rapturous height,
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess,
I was perfectly blest,—
And was fill'd with the fulness of God

HYMN 103. C. M.

Warning to Sinners to flee from the Wrath to Come

- 1 **W**ITH love of pity I look round,
 Upon my fellow clay ;
 See men reject the gospel sound,
 Good God ! what shall I say ?
- 2 O sinners, sinners will you hear,
 When in God's name I come ?
 Upon your peril don't forbear,
 Lest hell should be your doom.
- 3 Now is the time, th' accepted hour,
 O sinners ! come away ;
 The Saviour's knocking at your door,
 Arise without delay.
- 4 Do not refuse to give him room,
 Lest mercy should withdraw ;
 He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
 To execute his law.
- 5 Then where poor sinners will you be,
 If destitute of grace ;
 When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
 And stand before his face.
- 6 O ! could you shun that dreadful sight,
 How would you wish to fly ;
 To the dark shades of endless night,
 From that all searching eye.
- 7 But death and hell must all appear,
 And you among them stand ;
 Before the great impartial bar,
 Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.

- 9 No yearning bowels' pity then,
 Will e'er affect my heart;
 No, I shall surely say Amen,
 When Christ bids you depart.
- 10 Let not these warnings be in vain,
 But lend a list'ning ear,
 Lest you should meet them all again,
 When wrapt in keen despair.

HYMN 104. P. M. *The Fall of Babylon.*

- 1 COME brethren let us join and sing,
 The growing empire of our King,
 Who spilt his precious blood;
 His life a ransom gave for all,
 That he might save our souls from thrall,
 And bring us home to God.
- 2 He rides victorious through the land,
 His saints rejoice, his heralds stand,
 And they aloud do call;
 Sinners repent, to Jesus fly,
 While he in mercy passes by,
 And offers grace to all.
- 3 The work of God is going on,
 Souls daily flee from Babylon,
 And on the Lord do call:
 Old formalists with wonder gaze,
 And Babel's Merchants stand amaz'd
 To see their Mother fall.
- 4 The wilderness doth sweetly ring
 With pray'rs and praises to the King,
 Who sits on Zion's hill;

The towns and cities hear the voice,
 The sinners mourn, the saints rejoice,
 With praise the streets are fill'd.

- 3 Ride on all conquering King, ride on,
 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done;
 Let heaven and earth agree,
 To sound aloud thy worthy fame,
 Till all our souls shall be on flame,
 To rise and reign with thee.

HYMN 105. P. M.

Composed by George Whitefield.

- 1 **A**H! lovely appearance of death,
 What sight upon earth is so fair?
 Not all the gay pageants on earth,
 Can with this dead body compare!
 With solemn delight I survey
 The corpse, when the spirit is fled,
 In love with that beautiful clay,
 And longing to lie in its stead.
- 2 How blest is our brother bereft
 Of all that could burthen his mind;
 How easy the soul that has left
 This wearisome body behind?
 Of evil incapable thou,
 Whose relics with envy I see,
 No longer in misery now,
 No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 His heart is afflicted no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain;
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again!

No anger, henceforward, or shame
 Shall redden this innocent clay;
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 The passions are vanish'd away.

- 4 His languishing head is at rest,
 Its aching and thinking are o'er;
 This quiet immoveable breast
 Is heav'd by affliction no more!
 His heart is no longer the seat
 Of sickness and torturing pain;
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.
- 5 His eyes he so seldom could close,
 (By sorrow forbidden to sleep,)
 Seal'd up in a lengthy repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep.
 Those fountains can yield no supplies;
 Whose hollows from waters are free:
 The tears are all wip'd from his eyes,
 And evil he never shall see.
- 6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in this prison of earth;
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death,
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 O might I this moment become!
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

HYMN 106. L. M. *The Rock.*

- 1 **W**E'VE found the Rock the travellers cry'd,
O Halla Hallelujab.
 The stone that all the prophets try'd;
O Halla Hallelujab.
 Come children drink the balmy dew,

O Halla Hallelujah.

'Twas Christ that shed his blood for you;

O Halla Hallelujah.

- 2 This costly mixture cures the soul,
Which sin and guilt had made so foul;
O that you would believe in God,
And wash in Christ's most precious blood.
- 3 O hearken children! Christ is come,
The bride is ready, let us run;
I'm glad I ever saw the day,
That we might meet to praise and pray.
- 4 Here's glory, glory in my soul,
Come mourner feel the current roll;
Welcome dear friends, 'tis known to night,
It shines around with dazzling light.
- 5 And in this light we'll soar away,
Where there's no night but open day!
O children, children, bear the cross,
And count the world below as dross.
- 6 We'll bear the cross and wear the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down;-
His grace will feed our hungry souls,
While love divine eternal rolls.
- 7 His fiery chariots make their way,
To welcome us to endless day;
There glitt'ring millions we shall join,
To praise the Prince of David's line.

HYMN 107. P. M.

A Dialogue between Saints and Angels.

ANGELS.

YE happy souls arise,
And bless the Saviour's name;
Descending from the skies,
To your relief he came.

In cheerful notes with rapture join
To celebrate his love divine.

SAINTS.

Yes, in his praises we will join,
To celebrate his love divine.

O ye blest pow'rs on high,
Who dwell so near his throne !

Ye saw the Saviour fly
To bring salvation down.
Will ye not with us freely join
To celebrate his love divine ?

ANGELS.

Yes, with you we will gladly join
To celebrate his love divine.

From everlasting days
His love began to flow,
To bless your fallen race,
And rescue man from woe,
E're earth was made we saw it shine,
And wonder'd at his love divine.

SAINTS.

But now it shines with brighter rays,
And thousands feel its healing grace.

Ye heralds of the King,
In what celestial way,
Did you on radiant wing
Announce redemption's day !
Glory to God, was then your strain,
With peace on earth, good will to men.

ANGELS.

And still through endless years we join
To celebrate his love divine.

Ye new-born sons of grace,
In sweet responsive song,

Re-echo back your lays,
 'To Jesus they belong.
 To him who wash'd you in his blood,
 And made you kings and priests to God.

SAINTS.

Yes, he hath wash'd us in his blood,
 And made us kings and priests to God.
 Praise, everlasting praise,
 'To his adored name!
 'The riches of his grace
 Forever we'll proclaim!
 Nor shall our grateful songs alone
 Address the great eternal throne;
 For all above, below, shall join
 'To celebrate his love divine.

CHORUS.

Let earth, and seas, and skies,
 Let mountains, rocks and plains,
 Resound his lofty praise,
 For over all he reigns.
 And all in vast creation join
 To celebrate his love divine.

HYMN 108. P. M. *The Heavenly Mariner.*

- 1 **T**HROUGH tribulation's deep
 The way to Glory is,
 This stormy course I keep
 On these tempestuous seas.
 By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driven,
 Freighted with grace and bound to heaven...
- 2 Sometimes temptations blow
 A dreadful hurricane,
 And high the waters flow,
 And o'er the sides break in;

But still my little ship outbraves
The blust'ring winds and surging waves,

3 When I in my distrees,
My anchor hope, can cast
Within the promises,
It holds my vessel fast :
Safely she then at anchor rides,
'Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.

4 If a dead calm ensues,
And heaven no breezes give,
The oar of prayer I use ;
I tug and toil and strive ;
Through storms and calms for many a day
I make but very little way.

5 But when a heavenly breeze
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease
Before the pleasant gale,
And runs as much an hour or more,
As in a month or two before.

6 Hid by the clouds from sight,
The sun doth not appear,
Nor can I in the night
Behold the moon or star ;
Sometimes for days and weeks or more,
I cannot see the sky or shore.

7 As at the time of noon
My quadrant FAITH, I take,
To view my CHRIST, my sun!
If he the clouds should break,
I'm happy when his face I see,
I know then whereabouts I be:

8 The BIBLE is my chart;
By it the seas I know;

I cannot with it part,
 It rocks and sands doth show ;
 It is a chart and compass too,
 Whose needle points forever true.

9 I keep aloof from pride,
 Those rocks I pass with care ;
 I studiously avoid
 The whirlpool of despair ;
 Presumption's quicksands too I shun,
 Near them I do not choose to run.

10 When through a strait I go,
 Or near some coast am drove,
 The plummet forth I throw,
 And thus my safety prove ;
 The Scripture is the line which I
 Fathom the depth of water by.

11 My vessel would be lost
 In spite of all my care,
 But that the Holy Ghost
 Himself vouchsafes to steer :
 And I through all my voyage will
 Depend upon my steersman's skill.

12 Ere I can reach heaven's coast,
 I must a gulf pass through,
 Which dreadful proves to most ;
 For all this passage go.
 But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm,
 If God himself is at my helm.

13 When through this gulf I get,
 Though rough, it is but short,
 The pilot angels meet,
 To bring me into port :
 And when I land on that blest shore,
 I shall be safe forevermore.

HYMN 109. C. M.

*A Brief Description of the Children of God. In a
Dialogue.*

- 1 **W**HAT poor despised company
Of travellers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along the rugged maze?
- 2 Ah, these are of a royal line,
All children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo, for joy they sing.
- 3 Why do they then appear so mean?
And why so much despis'd?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not appris'd.
- 4 But some of them seem poor distress,
And lacking daily bread:
Ah! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.
- 5 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze?
Why that's the way their Leader trod,
They love and keep his ways.
- 6 Why must they shun the pleasant path
That worldlings love so well?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.
- 7 What is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God,
None other can be found.

HYMN 110. L. M.

So will I go unto the King, which is not according to law; and if I perish, I perish. Esther iv. 16.

- 1 **S**INNERS expos'd to dreadful woe,
Arise and to King Jesus go;
Your guilt confess, his favour seek,
And wait to hear what God will speak.
- 2 Fear not the law 'tis grace that reigns,
Jesus the sinner's cause maintains;
He ransom'd rebels with his blood,
And now he intercedes with God.
- 3 To him approach with fervent prayer,
And if you perish, perish there;
Resolv'd at Jesus' feet to lie,
Sueing for mercy till you die.
- 4 Like Esther venture near his throne,
And make your supplications known,
Tell him the cause of all your grief,
And he will grant you quick relief.
- 5 Thrice happy souls, who thus address
The God of love and boundless grace,
Jesus will such completely save,
And life eternal they shall have.

HYMN 111. S. M. *Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all,
Of what we here possess.

- 3 Lord keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears ;
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,
 And view th' unweari'd sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run..
- 5 And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,
 O may we in thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of thy love.

HYMN 112. P. M. *Temptation.*

- 1 SOMETIMES I think myself so strong,
 S Nothing against me can prevail :
 I grow secure—It is not long
 Ere storms and trials me assail :
 I waver like a shaking leaf,
 Shatter'd by sin and unbelief.
- 2 No more of innate strength I boast :
 No more of mighty conquests dream ;
 My confidence is sunk and lost,
 My self-dependence ends in shame :
 I fall an easy, helpless prey,
 As running water glides away.
- 3 Alas ! how weak, how frail am I !
 Why do I trust this treach'rous heart ?
 Why on this broken reed rely,
 And from the Lord, my strength, depart ?
 Is not my Saviour's saying true,
 " Ye without me can nothing do ?"
- 4 But unbelief, that bitter root
 Planted and fix'd in nature's soil,

Produceth all unholy fruit,
And doth my mind and flesh defile.
This hurtful enemy within,
Opposes Christ, and cleaves to sin !

5 Lord take away this evil heart
Of unbelief and servile fear ;
Let me from thee no more depart,
No more from thy wise counsels err,
But in the path of life go on
Steady, till I obtain the crown.

6 Thou knowest my infirmity,
O Lord, my self-deceit and sin :
Keep fierce temptations far from me,
Or strengthen me the day to win :
My whole and sole support art thou,
When snares and sorrows round me flow.

7 My nature is all helplessness ;
To conquer sin I have no power :
Jesus let thy almighty grace
Protect me in the fiery hour.
Captain of my salvation, thou,
Subdue and vanquish ev'ry foe.

HYMN 113. P. M. *Love to Christ.*

1 **O** JESUS my Saviour to thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving fall down at
thy feet ;

In sacrifice offer my soul, flesh and blood ;
'Thou art my Redeemer who brought me to God.

2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee my love,
I love thee my Saviour, I love thee my Dove ;
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,
But how much I love thee I never can show.

3 All human expressions are empty and vain
'They cannot unriddle this heavenly flame :

I'm sure if the tongue of an angel were mine,
I could not this myst'ry completely define.

4 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wond'rous account !
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount ;
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels my kindred so dear.

5 O Jesus my Saviour, with thee I am blest !
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest !
Thy name be my theme, & thy love be my song ;
Thy grace shall inspire my heart & my tongue.

6 O who's like my Saviour he's Salem's bright
King !

He smiles and he loves me, and learns me to sing ;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud
and shrill,

While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill,

HYMN 114. P. M.

Longing for the spread of the Gospel.

1 **O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness.
Look, my soul, be still and gaze :

All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace.

Blessed jubilee, blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary.

Let the gospel, let the gospel,
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them Lord, the glorious light ;
And from eastern coast to western

May the morning chase the night;
 And redemption, and redemption,
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.

- 4 May the glorious day approaching,
 From eternal darkness dawn,
 And the everlasting gospel
 Spread abroad thy holy name;
 All the borders, all the borders,
 Of the great Immanuel's land.
- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease;
 May thy lasting wide dominion
 Multiply, and still increase:
 Sway thy sceptre, sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

HYMN 115. P. M.

JESUS seen of Angels 1 Tim. iii. 16.

- 1 **O** ALL ye blessed throng
 Of angels round the throne,
 Join with our feeble song,
 To make the Saviour known:
 On earth ye knew
 His wond'rous grace,
 His beauteous face
 In heaven ye view.
- 2 Ye saw the wond'rous child
 In human flesh array'd,
 Benevolent and mild,
 White in the manger laid:
 And praise to God,
 And peace on earth,
 For such a birth,
 Proclaim'd aloud.

- 3 Ye in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foil'd :
And joy'd to crown
The Victor's head,
When Satan fled
Before his frown.
- 4 Around the bloody tree
Ye press'd with strong desires
'That wond'rous sight to see,
'The Lord of life expire :
And could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropt'd it there
In sad surprise.
- 5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep ;
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep :
Then roll'd the stone,
And all ador'd
Your rising Lord,
With joy unknown.
- 6 When all array'd in light,
The shining Conqueror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God ;
And wav'd around
Your golden wings,
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound
- 7 The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise ;

While mortals sing with you
 Their own Redeemer's praise :
 And thou, my heart,
 With equal flame,
 And joy the same,
 Perform thy part.

HYMN 116. P. M.

Rejoicing in Hope. Isa. xxxv. 10. Luke xii. 32.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod ;
 They are happy now, and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad !
 Christ our advocate is made ;
 Us to save, our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes
- 4 Shout ye little flock, and blest,
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest :
 There your seat is now prepar'd,
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land ;
 Jesus Christ your Father's Son,
 Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord, obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below !
 Only thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 117. C. M.

*God hath commanded all men every where to repent.**Acts xvii. 30.*

- 1 **R**EPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay :
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the piercing eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
His Heralds are dispatch'd abroad
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 The summons reach through all the earth ;
Let earth attend and fear :
Listen, ye men of royal birth,
And let your vassals hear.
- 4 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess ;
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.
- 5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar ;
For mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.
- 6 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days !
Our hearts subdu'd by goodness fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

HYMN 118. L. M.

Complaining of Inconstancy.

- 1 **T**HE wandering star, the fleeting wind,
Both represent the unstable mind :
The morning cloud and early dew,
Bring our inconstancy to view,

- 2 But cloud, and wind, and dew, and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are ;
For can there ought in nature be
So fickle and so false as we.
- 3 Our outward walk and inward frame
Scarce through a single hour the same ;
We vow, and soon our vows forget,
And then those very vows repeat.
- 4 We sin forsake, to sin return,
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn ;
In deep distress then raptures feel,
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.
- 5 With flowing tears, Lord we confess,
Our folly and unsteadfastness ;
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee ?

HYMN 119. C. M.

An Invitation to the Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **W**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a roval feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.
- 2 See Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come ;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see there yet is room.
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
'That trembles at his feet.
- 4 The God to whom we're reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come ;

The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

5 O come and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come :
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN 120. C. M.

*The presence of God worth dying for ; or, the Death
of Moses. Deut. xxxii. 49, 50. xxxiv. 5.*

1 **L**ORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel the heavenly rays.

2 This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name
With rapture on his tongue :
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And heaven repeats the song.

3 While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

4 Thy love, a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad ;
O 'tis a heaven worth dying for,
To see a smiling God.

- 5 Sweet was the journey to the sky,
 The wond'rous prophet try'd ;
 "Climb up the mount," says God, "and die ;"
 The prophet climb'd and dy'd.
- 6 Softly his fainting head he lay
 Upon his Maker's breast ;
 His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
 And laid his flesh to rest.
- 7 Shew me thy face, and I'll away
 From all inferior things ;
 Speak Lord, and here I quit my clay,
 And stretch my airy wings.

HYMN 121. C. M. *The last Judgment.*

- 1 **H**E comes ! he comes ! to judge the world,
 Aloud th' archangel cries :
 While thunders sound from pole to pole,
 And light'nings cleave the skies.
- 2 The affrighted nations hear the sound,
 And upward lift their eyes ;
 The slumb'ring tenants of the ground
 In living armies rise.
- 3 Amid the shouts of numerous friends,
 Of hosts divinely bright,
 The Judge in solemn pomp descends,
 Array'd in robes of light.
- 4 His head and hair are white as snow,
 His eyes a fiery flame ;
 A radiant crown adorns his brow,
 And Jesus is his name.
- 5 See on his thigh, his name appears,
 And scars his vict'ries tell ;
 Lo ! in his hand the Conqu'ror bears
 The keys of death and hell.

- 6 Lo ! he ascends the judgment seat,
And at his dread command,
Myriads of creatures round his feet,
In solemn silence stand.
- 7 Princes and peasants here expect
Their last, their righteous doom :
The men who dar'd his grace reject,
And they who dar'd presume.
- 8 " Depart ye sons of vice and sin,"
The injur'd Jesus cries ;
While the long kindling wrath within,
Flashes from both his eyes.
- 9 And now with words divinely sweet,
With rapture in his face,
Aloud his sacred lips repeat
The sentence of his grace.
- 10 Well done my good and faithful sons,
The children of my love ;
Receive the sceptres, crowns and thrones,
Prepar'd for you above.

HYMN 122. C. M. *The everlasting Song.*

- 1 **E**ARTH has engross'd my love too long ;
'Tis time I lift mine eyes,
Upward dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest Man, my Saviour sits ;
That Sun, how bright he shines !
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around ;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

- 4 Jesus the Lord their harps employs,
 Jesus my love they sing :
 Jesus the life of both our joys,
 Sounds sweet from every string.
- 5 [Hark ! how beyond the narrow bounds
 Of time and space they run,
 And echo in majestic sounds
 The Godhead in the Son.
- 6 And now they sink the lofty tune,
 And gentler notes they play ;
 And bring the Father's equal down
 To dwell in humble clay.
- 7 O sacred beauties of the Man !
 (The God resides within ;)
 His flesh all pure without a stain ;
 His soul without a sin.
- 8 But when to Calvary they turn,
 Silent their harps abide :
 Suspended songs a moment mourn,
 The Lord that lov'd and dy'd.
- 9 Then all at once to living strains,
 They summon every chord ;
 Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
 And chant the rising Lord.]
- 10 Now let me mount and join their song,
 And be an angel too :
 My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
 Here's joyful work for you.
- 11 I would begin the music here,
 And so my soul should rise :
 O for some heavenly notes to bear
 My passions to the skies !
- 12 There ye that love my Saviour sit ;
 There I would fain have place,

Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

HYMN 123. L. M. *The Christian.*

- 1 **H**ONOUR and happiness unite,
To make the christian's name a praise :
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days !
- 2 A kingly character he bears ;
No change his priestly office knows ;
Unfading is the crown he wears ;
His joys can never reach a close.
- 3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face ;
His robe is of the ethereal dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.
- 4 Inferior honours he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth ;
The King of kings himself maintains
The expenses of his heavenly birth.
- 5 The noblest creature seen below,
Ordain'd to fill a throne above ;
God gives him all he can bestow,
His kingdom of eternal love !
- 6 My soul is ravish'd at the thought !
Methinks from earth I see him rise ;
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies !

HYMN 124. L. M. *The New Covenant.*

- 1 **T**HE new-born child of gospel grace,
Like some fair tree when summer's nigh,
Beneath Immanuel's shining face,
Lifts up his blooming branch on high.

- 2 No fears he feels, he sees no foes,
 No conflict yet his faith employs;
 Nor has he learnt to whom he owes
 The strength and peace his soul enjoys.
- 3 But sin soon darts his cruel sting,
 And comforts sinking day by day;
 What seem'd his own, a self-fed spring,
 Proves but a brook that glides away.
- 4 When Gideon arm'd his numerous host,
 The Lord soon made his number less;
 And said, lest Israel vainly boast,
 "My arm procur'd me this success."
- 5 Thus will he bring our spirits down,
 And draw our ebbing comforts low,
 That sav'd by grace, but not our own,
 We may not claim the praise we owe.

HYMN 125. P. M.

The Christian's Looking Glass.

- 1 COME all ye mourning pilgrims,
 Who feel your need of Christ,
 Surrounded by temptation,
 And by the world despis'd;
 Attend to what I tell you,
 My exercise I'll show,
 And then you may inform me
 If it's been so with you.
- 2 Long time I liv'd in darkness,
 Nor saw my dismal state,
 And when I was awaken'd
 I thought it was too late.
 A lost and helpless sinner
 Myself I plainly saw,
 Expos'd to God's displeasure,
 Condemned by the law.

- 3 I thought the brute creation
 Were better off than me;
 I spent my days in anguish,
 No pleasure could I see,
 Through deep distress and sorrow
 My Saviour led me on,
 Then show'd his love unto me
 When all my hope was gone.
- 4 But when I was deliver'd,
 I scarcely could believe,
 To think so vile a sinner
 A pardon could receive;
 And when the solemn praises
 Were flowing from my tongue,
 Yet fears were often rising,
 That I might still be wrong.
- 5 But when these fears were banish'd,
 My tears began to flow,
 To think so vile a sinner
 Should be beloved so;
 I thought my trials over,
 And all my troubles gone,
 That peace and joy and pleasure
 Would be my lot alone.
- 6 But now I find a warfare
 Which often brings me low,
 The world, the flesh and satan,
 They do beset me so;
 Can one that is a Christian
 Have such an heart as mine?
 I fear I never felt the
 Effects of love divine.
- 7 And when I see young converts
 How swiftly they go on,

How shining their experience,
 They witness like the sun;
 How bold they speak for Jesus,
 How much they love his name,
 Though they are my delight, they
 Do put my soul to shame.

8 I find I'm often backward
 To do my Master's will,
 Or else I want the glory
 Of what I do but ill;
 In duty I am weak, and
 Alas! I often find
 A hard deceitful heart, and
 A wretched wand'ring mind.

9 Sure others do not feel what
 Is often felt by me,
 Such trials and temptations
 Perhaps they never see;
 For I'm the chief of sinners,
 I freely own with Paul,
 And if I am a Christian,
 I am the least of all.

10 And now I have related
 The trials I have seen,
 Perhaps my brethren know what
 Such sore temptations mean;
 I've told you of my conflicts,
 Believe me, for 'tis true,
 And now you may inform me
 If it's been so with you.

HYMN 126. L. M. *Christ the Apple Tree.*

1 **T**HE tree of life my soul hath seen,
 Laden with fruit, and always green;

The trees of nature fruitless be,
Compar'd with Christ, the Apple-tree

- 2 This beauty doth all things excel,
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell
The glory which I now can see,
In Jesus Christ, the Apple-tree.
- 3 For happiness I long have sought,
And pleasure dearly have I bought;
I miss'd of all but now I see,
'Tis found in Christ, the Apple-tree.
- 4 I'm weary'd with my former toil;
Here I will sit and rest awhile,
Under the shadow I will be
Of Jesus Christ, the Apple-tree.
- 5 With great delight I'll make my stay,
There's none shall fright my soul away,
Among the sons of men I see
There's none like Christ, the Apple-tree.
- 6 I'll sit and eat this fruit divine,
It cheers my heart, 'tis heavenly wine,
And now this fruit is sweet to me,
That grows on Christ, the Apple-tree.
- 7 This fruit doth make my soul to thrive,
It keeps my dying faith alive;
Which makes my soul in haste to be
With Jesus Christ, the Apple-tree.

HYMN 127. P. M. *Christ's Invitation.*

- 1 COME brethren and sisters, that love my
dear Lord,
I pray give attention and ear to my word;
What a wonder of mercy! behold now I see,
What a tender kind saviour has done for poor me.

- 3 White is his soul, from blemish free,
Red with the blood he shed for me :
The fairest of ten thousand fairs,
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.
- 4 His head the finest gold excels ;
There wisdom in perfection dwells ;
And glory, like a crown, adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.
- 5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Near to the signals of his wound :
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.
- 6 His hands are fairer to behold
Than di'monds set in rings of gold ;
'Those heavenly hands that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.
- 7 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars stand.
- 8 His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove,
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Through those dear windows of his soul.
- 9 His mouth that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles and cheers his fainting saints ;
His countenance more graceful is,
Than Lebanon with all its trees.
- 10 All over-glorious is my Lord,
Must be lov'd and yet ador'd ;

- His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.
- 11 He hath engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.
- 12 He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No chariots of Ammi-nadib,
The heavenly rapture can describe.
- 13 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till God shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my Love.

HYMN 129. C. M.

The Danger and Vanity of the World.

- 1 **V**AIN world, vain world, I bid adieu
To your deceitful joys;
I will not sell my soul for you,
Nor longer hold your toys.
- 2 Too long I held you in my arms,
And courted every snare;
But now I see your flatt'ring charms,
Will end in long despair.
- 3 You flatter with a vain applause,
And promise future joy;
When all your treasures are but dross,
Your bliss an empty toy.
- 4 Ten thousand souls by you are slain,
And sunk in endless night;
But ah! too late, they rue in vain,
And curse your false delight.

Careless I tread your giddy maze,
And thought that all was well;
But now I see those carnal ways,
Lead to the gates of hell.

Elest be the Lord who taught my soul,
How near the gulf I stood;
And now while mortal moments roll,
I'll seek substantial good.

HYMN 130. C. M. *Salvation.*

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A heavenly balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redcemer!
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

Salvation! let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound.

Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

HYMN 131. L. M. *A Reproof of the Worldling.*

HEAR O ye starving worldlings, hear,
Your days are short, your doom is near.
Soon you must quit this mortal shore,
And all your gods will be no more.

Although you dream that all is well,
You're gliding down the way to hell;

And while you're musing in your dream,
The devil triumphs in his scheme.

- 3 You labour hard on earth to find,
Some sensual joys to please the mind ;
But know that all the joys you have,
Will never reach beyond the grave.
- 4 O leave the treacherous paths you've trod,
And turn, ye starving souls to God :
The bread of life is at your door,
O taste and starve your souls no more.

HYMN 132. C. M. *An aged Sinner awakened.*

- 1 **O** WHAT a wretched sinner, Lord!
I now begin to see,
The danger of the ways I trod,
But know not where to flee.
- 2 Long have I turn'd my back on thee,
And slighted all thy grace ;
Yet pity Lord, O pity me,
And let me see thy face.
- 3 O should I now yield up my breath,
I must go down to dwell ;
In chains of everlasting death,
With sinners cast to hell.
- 4 Lord change my heart, or I am gone ;
O give me life divine !
Though I am old, may I be born,
A heavenly child of thine.

HYMN 133. C. M.

The Complaint of an awakened Sinner.

- 1 **O** WHAT a state my soul is in !
Nor can I e'er be blest ;

Without release from death and sin, of death,
Or find a moment's rest.

hear that Christ is passing by,
Poor sinners to relieve;
But ah ! I must in darkness lie,
Until I do believe.

My stupid mind and stubborn will,
Chains down my soul to death;
And here I groan in darkness still,
Without one spark of faith.

O God for my poor soul appear,
And make my foes submit;
Unlock, unlock this prison door,
And bring me from the pit.

Pull down the pride within my heart.
From blindness set me free;
May I with ev'ry idol part,
And give myself to thee.

O let me feel thy love divine,
And hear thy healing voice,
Until I know that thou art mine
I never can rejoice.

HYMN 134. C. M.

The Gospel Feast. Isaiah xlv. 6.

ON Zion his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare;
And Israel's sons, and Gentile lands
Shall in the banquet share.

Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows:
Wine on the lees and well refin'd,
In rich abundance flows.

- 2 See to the vilest of the vile,
A free acceptance given!
See rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven!
- 4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying now,
To ease and health restor'd,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.
- 5 But O what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven!
- 6 There joys immeasurably high,
Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life that never dry,
In thousand channels roll.

HYMN 135. C. M.

The Converted Thief. Luke xxiii. 42.

- 1 **A**S on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and dy'd,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch,
That languish'd at his side
- 2 His crimes with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd.
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd:
- 3 "Jesus, thou Son and Heir of Heaven
"Thou spotless Lamb of God,
"I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
"And weltring in thy blood.
- 4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
"In triumph thou shalt rise,

" Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
 " And shine above the skies.

" Amidst the glory of that world,
 " Dear Saviour think on me;
 " And in the vict'ries of thy death,
 " Let me a sharer be."

" His prayer the dying Jesus heard,
 And instantly replies,
 " To-day thy parting soul shall be
 " With me in Paradise."

HYMN 136. C. M.

True Liberty given by Christ. John viii. 36.

MARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls,
 To life and liberty;
 Transported fall before his feet,
 Who makes the prisoners free.

The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
 And breaks old Satan's chain;
 Smiling he deals those pardons round,
 Which free from dreadful pain.

Into the captive heart he pours
 His Spirit from on high:
 We lose the terrors of the slave,
 And Abba Father cry.

Shake off your bonds and sing his grace;
 The sinner's friend proclaim,
 And call on all around to seek
 True freedom by his name.

Walk on at large till you attain,
 Your Father's house above;
 There shall you wear immortal crowns,
 And sing immortal love.

HYMN 137. P. M.

Christ's Resurrection and Ascension.

- 1 **A**NGELS roll the rock away,
Death yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, angels raise,
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy inspiring sound.
- 3 Now ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 4 Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own.
- 5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres;
Shout O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.
- 6 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown and captur'd hell;
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where O death, thy mortal sting!

HYMN 138. C. M. *Comfort to those who seek
a risen Jesus.* Matt. xxviii. 5, 6.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought ;
Such wonders love can do :
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.
- 3 A moment give a loose to grief,
Let grateful sorrows rise ;
And wash the bloody stains away,
With torrents from your eyes.
- 4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again ;
Not all the bolts and bars of death,
The Conqueror could detain.
- 5 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
His once dishonor'd head ;
And thro' unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.
- 6 With joy like this shall every saint
His empty tomb survey ;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

HYMN 139. C. M. *Crown Him.*

- 1 **B**ACKSLIDERS who your mis'ry feel,
Attend your Saviour's call ;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal ;
O crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Tho' crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall ;
For broken hearts his blood was spilt ;
O crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Take with you words, approach his throne,
And low before him fall ;

He understands the spirit's groan ;
O crown him Lord of all.

- 4 Whoever comes he'll not cast out,
Altho' your faith be small ;
His faithfulness you cannot doubt ;
O crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 140. C. M.

Pearl of Great Price. Matthew xiii. 46.

- 1 **Y**E glittering toys of earth adieu !
A nobler choice be mine ;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense ;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense ?
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet !
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth honour, pleasure meet.
- 4 Shou'd both the Indies at my call,
Their boasted stores resign ;
With joy I would renounce them all
For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd ;
Pd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever bless'd.
- 6 Dear Portion of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine ;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

HYMN 141. L. M. *A Propitious Gale longed for*

- 1 **A**T anchor laid remote from home,
Toiling I cry, sweet Spirit come!
Celestial breeze no longer stay,
But swell my sails and speed my way!
- 2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below:
But I can only spread my sail,
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale!

HYMN 142. C. M. *Self-denial; or taking up
the Cross.* Mark viii. 38. Luke ix. 26.

- 1 **A**SHAM'D of Christ! my soul disdain
The mean, ungen'rous thought:
Shall I disown that friend, whose blood
To man salvation brought?
- 2 With the glad news of love and peace
From heaven to earth he came:
For us endur'd the painful cross,
For us despis'd the shame.
- 3 At his command, we must take up
Our cross without delay:
Our lives—and thousand lives of our's
His love can ne'er repay.
- 4 Each faithful sufferer Jesus views
With infinite delight;
Their lives to him are dear, their deaths
Are precious in his sight.
- 5 To bear his name, his cross to bear,
Our highest honour this!
Who nobly suffers now for him,
Shall reign with him in bliss.
- 6 But should we in the evil day
From our profession fly,

Jesus the Judge, before the world
The traitor will deny.

HYMN 143. L. M. *Prayer answered by Crosses.*

- 1 **I** ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and holiness;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he I trust has answer'd prayer;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell,
Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 "Lord why is this," I trembling cry'd,
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
" 'Tis in this way the Lord reply'd,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.
- 7 "These inward trials I employ,
"From self and pride to set thee free;
"And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
"That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

HYMN 144. L. M. *I bear in my body the marks
of the Lord Jesus.* Gal. vi. 17.

- 1 **T**HOUGH I of sinners am the chief,
Marks I sustain of Jesus' grief;
'To his my woes some likeness bear,
And in His sufferings I share.
- 2 Was He in grief forsook by all,
Contemn'd and scorn'd by great and small?
I too, in silent sadness mourn,
Revil'd, despis'd, and left alone.
- 3 Did he in poverty appear?
This is a badge I daily wear:
Did persecution Him pursue?
Behold I'm persecuted too.
- 4 Did He for sins on others found,
Receive a deep, a mortal wound?
In me this mark is also known,
I smart for follies not my own.
- 5 Was He with sore temptations vex'd?
With sad suggestions I'm perplex'd:
His life was one sad scene of woe;
Mine is a scene of sorrow too.
- 6 But let me sink with conscious shame,
Before the Great Eternal Name:
Let me my pride and boasting quell,
And mourn, while I the difference tell.
- 7 Though Jesus did in sorrows roll,
Holy and sinless was His soul;
But I a wretch defil'd with sin,
Am all unholy and unclean.
- 8 How did the suffering Saviour shine,
In love and meekness, all divine!
But my impatient, wretched heart,
Is prone at every cross to start.

- 9 What though by others' sins I'm pain'd,
By me their guilt is not sustain'd ;
But Christ beneath His Father's frown,
Suffer'd for other's sins alone.
- 10 He is Supreme of Heaven and Earth ;
I am a worm, and nothing worth ;
Life for the dead, His sufferings bought,
But mine, alas ! can merit nought.
- 11 Like His, such agonizing pain,
No mortal ever could sustain :
Then blush my soul, from hence forbear,
With Christ, afflictions to compare.

HYMN 145. L. M.

Behold I am alive for evermore. Rev. i. 18.

- 1 **I** JESUS, am ascended high,
No more to suffer, bleed, or die ;
I live, I live, my name is love :
I reign with God Supreme above.
- 2 Behold I live for evermore,
My love's an everlasting store ;
I live to plead the sinner's cause,
To magnify Jehovah's laws.
- 3 I live to hear my children's cries,
I live to wipe their weeping eyes,
I live to sanctify their woes,
I live to conquer all their foes.
- 4 I live to help in each distress,
I live t' enrich their souls with grace :
I live to pour my spirit down,
I live t' insure their heavenly crown.
- 5 O let believing souls rejoice,
And glory in their happy choice !

Let gratitude their hearts inspire,
And raise their hallelujahs higher,

- 6 My soul shall bless the joyful hour,
When first I felt the gospel's power ;
And sing his grace through endless day,
Who taught a child to praise and pray.

HYMN 146. C. M.

Never man spake like this Man. John vii. 46.

- 1 **N**O man, nor angel, can compare,
With our all glorious Lord :
To speak like him what seraph dare,
Or imitate His word.
- 2 Who can command the dead to rise,
With a prevailing power ?
Who can pour light on sightless eyes ?
The sick to health restore ?
- 3 What mortal's word can legions tame ;
Or furious winds control ?
Unstop deaf ears ! or cure the lame ;
Or make the wounded whole ?
- 4 One word from Jesus this performs,
And proves His power divine ;
His breath can still the roughest storms,
Leviathan confine !
- 5 None else could expiate my guilt,
Nor save one soul from hell ;
Not all the blood of mortals spilt,
Since Adam did rebel.
- 6 Jesus has magnify'd the law ;
Jesus is satisfy'd :
Jesus my guilt and mis'ry saw ;
Jesus for me has dy'd.

- 7 Love such as His can ne'er be found,
 His grace is rich indeed:
 Such words as His there's none can sound,
 Nor do as Jesus did

HYMN 147. C. M. *O thou of little Faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?* Matt. xiv. 31.

- 1 COME, O my doubting soul attend,
 Unto thy Saviour's call!
 Come tell thy great Almighty Friend,
 Why is thy faith so small?
- 2 Why all these unbelieving fears?
 Jehovah's arm is strong;
 O chide these sighs, and groans, and tears,
 And turn them to a song.
- 3 Is God thy shield, thy great reward,
 Thy portion, and thy All?
 Is Christ thy Captain, and thy Lord,
 And shall thy hope be small?
- 4 Why wilt thou thus dispute his love,
 And thus abuse His care?
 Why wilt thou grieve the Heavenly Dove,
 And yield to every snare?
- 5 In Jesus every grace is found,
 Why wilt thou not believe?
 He hath a balm for every wound,
 Why wilt thou not receive?
- 6 His arm can conquer ev'ry foe,
 His grace can sanctify;
 My heart replies, Lord be it so,
 Let my corruptions die.
- 7 Sin is the cause of ev'ry fear,
 O keep me from its power;
 Slay the accursed monster here,
 That I may doubt no more.

HYMN 148. L. M. *These things I command you,
that ye love one another. John xv. 17.*

- 1 **A**M I indeed born from above?
Do I partake of Jesus' love?
Then let me all my duty know,
And love by my obedience show.
- 2 Fain would I love His person more,
And God in all His works adore:
O may His love my heart inflame,
With love to all that love His name.
- 3 Wherever I His image see,
O let those souls be dear to me!
Dear as the purchase of his blood,
Dear as the favourites of God.
- 4 Jesus to us His love doth shew,
And bids us love each other too!
But O how little love sincere,
Is found in great professors here!
- 5 What anger, pride, and malice swell
Those breasts where love alone should dwell!
O why should Satan thus devour
Religion's glory and its power?
- 6 Come Heavenly Spirit from above,
And fill our inmost hearts with love;
That we may say to all mankind,
"See how those love whom Christ has join'd!"

HYMN 149. C. M. *The Heavenly Jerusalem.*

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end;
Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone;
Most glorious to behold!

- Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy street is pav'd with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green
My study long have been ;
Such sparkling light by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord
Why should I stay from thence ?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence !
- 5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.
- 6 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.
- 7 My friends I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care ;
And if I here no more see you,
Go on I'll meet you there.
- 8 There we shall meet and no more part,
And heaven shall ring with praise,
While Jesus' love in ev'ry heart
Shall tune the song Free Grace.
- 9 Millions of years around may run,
Our song shall still increase,
To praise the Father and the Son,
Who brought us home to bliss.
- 10 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

HYMN 150. L. M.

- 1 **L**ONG have I trod the way to hell,
And vainly dream'd that all was well;
But now I feel my sins a load,
And I a stranger to my God.
- 2 I groan and turn at ev'ry breath,
And fain would fly from sin and death;
But ah! these bars of unbelief
Chain down my soul from all relief.
- 3 Far from my help my friends do stand,
While foes conspire on ev'ry hand;
Where shall I hide, where shall I flee
For help, O Jesus, but to thee?
- 4 To thee I'd come, O help I pray,
And take this unbelief away;
Thou mighty God, thou Prince of peace,
Give my imprison'd soul release.

HYMN 151. C. M. *Souls won by the Spirit of Christ
should never be parted by their different principles.*

- 1 **T**HE world from christians are apart:
But shall it e'er be said
'Mong those whom God hath join'd in heart
Are separations made?
- 2 They're all of one eternal band,
And with one Father blest;
All led by the Redeemer's hand,
To the same joy and rest.
- 3 Why then should circumstantial men
That union so divine?
Or non-essentials ever bar
Those whom they cannot join?
- 4 No forms or tenets can unite,
Or bring the soul to heaven;

Then for them let no christian fight,
Where God has all forgiv'n.

3 O God, subdue those cruel jars
With thy cementing grace ;
Nor let the devil hold up bars
Among the heaven born race.

6 O give us that transforming flame
Of the Immortal Dove,
That those who bear thy lovely name
May all contend for love.

HYMN 152. C. M.

The sinner's complaint in a dying hour.

1 **O** IS the king of terrors come,
And must I, must I die ?

O wretched state to fix my doom
For death eternally.

2 How can I leave this mortal stage,
And take my wretched flight,
With all my sins, my guilt and rage,
To everlasting night !

3 Ten thousand worlds I now would give,
For a few moments more :
My fruitless wishes are to live ;
My day of grace is o'er.

4 No way, no way to shun the stroke,
The dreadful hour is come ;
My days are gone, my thread is broke,
And awful is my doom.

5 Curst be th' alluring charms of sense !
I've lost my soul for you ;
And now must go, I'm hurried hence
To bid your toys adieu.

HYMN 153. C. M.

A Sinner convinced of his Death and Blindness.

- 1 **H**ARD heart of mine, O that the Lord
Would this hard heart subdue !
O come thou blest life-giving word,
And form my soul anew.
- 2 I hear the heavenly pilgrims tell,
Their sins are all forgiven ;
And while on earth their bodies dwell,
Their souls enjoy a heaven.
- 3 While I, poor wretch in darkness stand,
With guilt a heavy load ;
And ev'ry breath expos'd to land,
Beyond the grace of God.
- 4 The Christians sing redeeming love,
And talk of joys divine ;
And soon they say in realms above,
In glory they shall shine.
- 5 But ah ! 'tis all an unknown tongue,
I never knew that love ;
I cannot sing that heavenly song,
Nor tell of joys above.
- 6 I want O God, I know not what !
I want what saints enjoy ;
O let their portion be my lot,
Their work be my employ.
- 7 Fain would I know that Saviour mine,
And taste his bleeding love ;
With all the heavenly pilgrims join,
While I the desert rove.
- 8 Then O, to those transporting realms,
My soul would soar away :

Where all the warriors wear their palms
In everlasting day.

HYMN 154. C. M.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH! we adore thy name,
And bow before thy throne;
Created nature all proclaim,
That thou art God alone!
- 2 The Sun pours forth his radiant light,
Thy glory to display;
How weak an emblem of thy sight,
Is his most piercing ray.
- 3 The starry hosts of heaven combine,
To sing aloud thy praise;
And will forever while they shine,
Their songs exulting raise!
- 4 Through vast immensity thine eye,
Can instantly survey
Ten thousand worlds that roll on high,
Which all thy word obey.
- 5 Oh! how unspeakable thy love,
To mortal man below!
Still may they all His pity move,
From whom all blessings flow!

HYMN 145. L. M. *The Sinner convinced of, and
groaning under a load of Sin.*

- 1 **L**ORD God of grace, I feel, I see
My soul a stranger now to thee:
A desert world I wander round,
With chains of guilt and darkness bound.
- 2 Ten thousand foes with all their rage,
Against my naked soul engage;

- And should'st thou not thy grace employ,
 They will, O God, my soul destroy.
- 1 I hear Christ's precious blood was spilt,
 For to remove a world of guilt;
 Then let my soul thy goodness plead,
 Till I from chains of death am freed.
- 2 Draw nigh O blessed God, draw nigh,
 And save my soul before I die;
 A wretched sinner at thy door,
 One drop of mercy doth implore.
- 3 O Lord I cannot easy be,
 Until thy grace hath set me free;
 Come O thou mighty Jesus, come,
 And call the trembling rebel home.

HYMN 156. C. M.

- O** WRETCHED soul, I now begin
 To feel my woful case:
 Ah, wretch! what days I spent in sin,
 Rejecting God's free grace!
- 2 My precious days are almost gone,
 In the broad road to death;
 And now which way can I return,
 In my declining breath?
- 3 So long with sinners I have trod,
 And disregarded heaven;
 How can I think to call on God,
 Or seek to be forgiven?
- 4 Yet if I here remain, I die,
 And surely sink to hell;
 Therefore I am resolv'd to try
 While there's a—*Who can tell?*
- 5 They say his mercy yet is free,
 To all that will return;

It surely then would reach to me,
If unbelief was gone.

- 6 'Tis now with me the latest hour,
And I in darkness dwell ;
O Jesus manifest thy power,
Or soon I sink to hell.

HYMN 157. C. M.

An awakened Sinner resolved to cast all on Christ.

- 1 **O** WHAT a burden'd soul I be,
A stranger to my God !
Yet since I hear his grace is free,
On him I'll cast my load.
- 2 His name is love, I often hear,
And gracious is his throne ;
Who knows but he may yet appear,
Before I am undone ?
- 3 He is all goodness, or in hell
I'd sunk, ah ! long ago ;
But O ! it is his blessed will
To save my soul from woe.
- 4 Since long he's kept me from the grave,
And still holds out my days ;
I must believe he's free to save,
If I would trust his grace.
- 5 I'll go with all my load of guilt,
And fall before his throne ;
Believe his blood was for me spilt,
And trust in him alone.
- 6 Help my belief, Almighty God,
And set my spirit free ;
Wash me in the Saviour's blood,
And let me live with thee.

HYMN 158. S. M. *An awakened Youth.*

- 1 **I** ORD let me never go,
The way the wicked tread ;
Their steps take hold on dreadful woe,
And they among the dead.
- 2 O call me home to thee,
Now in my youthful days ;
And let my life and portion be,
In the Redeemer's ways.
- 3 It is thy grace I want ;
O let me taste thy love ;
Methinks, O God, my soul doth pant,
For pleasure from above.
- 4 O Jesus, let me know
Thy kingdom in my soul ;
Thy grace can save from future woe,
And all my fears control.
- 5 O shall I ever be
Among the christians blest ?
O Jesus take me now to thee,
And give my spirit rest.
- 6 Then in the realms above,
My God I shall adore ;
Forever solace in his love,
And grieve and sin no more.

HYMN 159. C. M. *The Same.*

- 1 **O** THOU who stoop'st from realms of light,
Whose name is life and truth :
Pluck me from chains of death and night,
While in the bloom of youth.
- 2 I'm born, O God, an heir of death,
Condemn'd by my own sin ;

Time fleets away, and not a breath
Will e'er return again.

3 O God, redeem me by thy grace,
While life is in its bloom ;
That I may run the christian race,
Till death commands me home.

4 Without thy love I am undone,
And all my life is vain ;
And when these fleeting hours are gone,
No hope, but Death again.

5 Have pity on me blessed God,
And take my heart to thee ;
And set me by Christ's precious blood,
From all my bondage free.

HYMN 160. L. M.

The Sinner's Complaint and Confession.

1 **W**HAT a harden'd wretch am I !
Will nothing melt my harden'd mind ?
I hear that Christ is passing by,
But see him not, for I am blind.

2 His bowels yearn o'er wretched man,
And I am call'd to taste his love ;
And yet my heart's so hard in sin,
I neither feel, nor melt, nor move.

3 Long has he waited at my door,
And I a wretch as long despis'd ;
And now if he should call no more,
In endless death I close my eyes.

4 And yet how careless am I still,
Surrounded with important scenes ;
O Jesus, turn my rapid will,
Remove my guilt, and break my chains:

HYMN 161. C. M.

A prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 4 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes.
- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from that shore.

HYMN 162. L. M. *On Death.*

- 1 **S**OON I shall hear the solemn call,
(Prepar'd or not) to yield my breath;
And this poor mortal frame, must fall
A helpless prey to cruel death.
- 2 Then look, my soul, look forward now,
And anchor safe beyond the flood;
Bow to the Saviour's footstool, bow,
And get a life secure in God
- 3 Before these fleeting hours are gone,
I'll bid this mortal world adieu;

And to the Lord I'll now resign
My life, my breath, and spirit too.

- 4 Then welcome death, with all its force,
No more I'll fear the gaping grave;
Jesus my Lord, my last resource
Will reach his arm my soul to save.
- 5 He will not hide his smiling face,
Nor leave me in that trying hour;
I'll trust my soul upon his grace,
And cheerful leave this mortal shore.

HYMN 163. L. M.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
'Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till sun shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing:
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name!
- 4 In ev'ry land begin the song;
To ev'ry land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

HYMN 164. C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, how dang'rous is the place
Where my poor soul doth stand,

With all my sins, without thy grace,
And death on either hand !

2 Time, like a torrent, swift doth hurl,
And steals my breath away :
It drives me to the nether world,
Without the least delay.

3 Soon will these mortal cords be broke,
And I shall lose my breath ;
Soon must I feel the dreadful stroke,
Of an all conquering death.

4 Then would it tear my bleeding heart,
And fill me with despair,
If Christ should bid my soul depart,
Where hope is known more.

5 Extend, extend, O Lamb of God,
Thy blessed arm of power ;
Speak to my soul one saving word,
In this distressing hour.

6 O let me now redemption know,
And taste immortal love ;
And let me with thy people go
To the bright realms above.

HYMN 165. C. M. *The Meal and Cruise of Oil.*

1 **B**Y the poor widow's oil and meal,
Elijah was sustain'd ;
Though small the stock, it lasted well,
For God the store maintain'd.

2 It seem'd as if from day to day,
They were to eat and die ;
But still though in a secret way,
He sent a fresh supply.

3 Thus to his poor he still will give
Just for the present hour ;

But for to-morrow they must live
Upon his word and power.

4 No barn or store-house they possess,
On which they can depend !

Yet have no cause to fear distress,
For Jesus is their friend.

5 Then let no doubts your mind assail,
Remember God has said,

"The cruise and barrel shall not fail,
My people shall be fed."

6 And thus, though faint it often seems,
He keeps their grace alive ;

Supply'd by his refreshing streams,
Their dying hopes revive.

7 Though in ourselves we have no stock,
The Lord is nigh to save ;

His door flies open when we knock,
And 'tis but ask and have.

HYMN 166. P. M. *Dwelling in Mesets.*

1 **W**HAT a mournful life is mine,
Fill'd with crosses pains and cares?
Ev'ry work defil'd with sin,
Ev'ry step beset with snares !

2 If alone I pensive sit,
I, myself can hardly bear ;
If I pass along the street,
Sin and riot triumph there.

3 Jesus how my heart is pain'd,
How it mourns for souls deceiv'd ?
When I hear thy name profan'd,
When I see thy Spirit griev'd !

4 When thy children's grief I view,
Their distress becomes my own ;

- All I hear or see or do,
 Makes me tremble, weep and groan;
 5 Mourning thus I long had been,
 When I heard my Saviour's voice ;
 "Thou hast cause to mourn for sin,
 But in me thou may'st rejoice.
 6 This kind word dispell'd my grief,
 Put to silence my complaints;
 Though of sinners I'm the chief,
 He has rank'd me with his saints.
 7 Though constrain'd to dwell a while,
 Where the wicked strive and brawl ;
 Let them trown if he but smile,
 Heaven will make amends for all.
 8 There, believers, we shall rest,
 Free from sorrow, sin and fears ;
 Nothing there our peace molest,
 Through eternal rounds of years.
 9 Let us then the fight endure,
 See our Captain looking down,
 He will make the conquest sure,
 And bestow the promis'd crown.

HYMN 167. P.M. *Christ our Advocate.*

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, I do feel thy merit.
 Sprinkled with redeeming blood ;
 And my troubled weary spirit
 Now finds rest in thee my God.
 2 I am safe, and I am happy,
 While in thy dear arms I lie,
 Sin and Satan cannot harm me
 While my Saviour is so nigh.
 3 Now I'll sing of Jesus' merit,
 Tell the world of his dear name,

- That if any want his Spirit,
He is still the very same.
- 4 He that asketh soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find ;
Whoso'er on him believeth,
He will never cast behind.
- 5 Now our Advocate is pleading
With his Father and our God :
Now for us he's interceding
As the purchase of his blood.
- 6 Now methinks I hear him praying,
" Father, spare them ; I have dy'd :"
And the Father answers, saying,
" They are freely justify'd."

HYMN 168. P. M.

The dying Christian to his Soul.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame ;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark ! they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit, come away !
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath,
Tell me my soul, can this be death.
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears,
Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears
With sounds seraphic ring ;
Lend, lend your wings ; I mount, I fly,
O grave where is thy victory !
O death where is thy sting !

HYMN 169. L. M. *A Song of Praise.*

- 1 **N**OW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all the saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom all his works express:
But O! his love what tongue can tell!
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 3 How bounteous, merciful and free,
Has been his love to sinful me;
He pluck'd me from the jaws of hell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 4 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And then he undertook my cause;
To save me though I did rebel,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 5 And since my soul has known his love,
What blessings hath he made me prove?
Blessings, which do all praise excel;
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 6 Whene'er my Saviour and my God,
Hath on me laid his gentle rod,
I know in all that has befall,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 7 Though Satan's flaming fiery dart,
Attempt its level at my heart;
With this I all his rage repel,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 8 Sometimes my Lord his face doth hide
To make me pray, and kill my pride;
Yet on my heart it still doth dwell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

9 Soon I shall pass this vale of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath;
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

10 And when to yon bright world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

HYMN 170. C. M. *The Soldier of the Cross.*

1 **A**M I a Soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

CHORUS.

O glory halleluia, praise ye my God;
O glory halleluia, love and serve the Lord.

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help us unto God?

3 Shall I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease?
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage Lord,
To bear the cross endure the shame,
Supported by thy word.

5 The saints all in this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see a triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

- 6 When that illustrious morn shall rise,
 And all thine armies shine.
 With robes of vict'ry through the skies;
 The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 171. L. M.

A true Christian's Experience.

- 1 **C**OME all ye saints and sinners near,
 Listen a while and you shall hear
 The wonders of Almighty grace,
 Which set me free to sing his praise.
- 2 This glorious Jesus from the sky,
 Thus spake to me as he pass'd by,
 "Awake, arise, depart and fly,
 Go hence or you will surely die."
- 3 Mine eyes he open'd to behold
 The wonders I have never told;
 Heaven and hell within my view,
 And my poor soul no refuge knew.
- 4 I heard of Jesus who they say
 Could wash a sinner's guilt away:
 But how to find him did not know,
 Nor where to meet with him below.
- 5 My flesh did war against my soul,
 Temptation did me much controul;
 The weeping saints I could not slight,
 Who sought their Jesus day and night.
- 6 The scandal of his cross I see,
 That scandal it would fall on me;
 But still I thought I did behold
 I wanted Jesus more than gold.
- 7 I laid me down to take my rest,
 Bemoaning much my dreadful case;
 I thought I would for mercy wait,
 But then I fear'd I'd come too late.

- 8 I little thought he was so nigh,
His speaking made me smile and cry ;
He said, " I'm come to you my love,
" I have a place for you above."
- 9 This glorious news I did believe,
My sins and sorrows did me leave ;
My soul enraptur'd in his love,
In hope to dwell with him above.
- 10 There shall I sit and sing and tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Whilst all his saints their songs combine
To praise his matchless love divine.

HYMN 172. P. M. *The weary Traveller.*

- 1 COME all ye weary trav'lers,
Now let us join and sing
The everlasting praises,
Of Jesus our great King.
We've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome 'tis true ;
But see how many dangers ;
The Lord has brought us through.
- 2 At first when Jesus found us,
He call'd us unto him,
And pointed out the danger
Of falling into sin.
The world the flesh and Satan
Would prove a hurtful snare,
Unless we did reject them
By faith and humble prayer.
- 3 But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,
We have had long to wander
In a dark wilderness ;

Where we might long have fainted,
 In that enchanted ground,
 But now and then a cluster
 Of pleasant grapes we found.

4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan
 Give life and joy and peace,
 Revive our drooping spirits,
 And love and strength increase.
 To own our Lord and Master,
 And run at his command,
 And hasten on our journey,
 Unto the promis'd land.

5 In faith, and hope, and patience,
 We often do rejoice,
 And Jesus and his people
 Forever are our choice.
 In peace and consolation
 We now are going on,
 The pleasant road to Canaan,
 Where Jesus Christ is gone.

6 Sinners why stand ye idle,
 While we thus march along ;
 Has Jesus never told you
 That you are going wrong,
 Down the broad road to darkness,
 To bear a dreadful curse ?
 Forsake your ways of sinning,
 And come and go with us.

7 But if you will refuse it,
 We bid you all farewell,
 We're on the road to Canaan,
 And you the road to hell :
 We're sorry thus to leave you,
 We'd rather you would go ;

Come try a bleeding Saviour,
And see the waters flow.

- 8 Now to the King immortal,
Be everlasting praise,
For in his holy service,
We long to spend our days,
Till we arrive at Canaan,
The glorious world above,
With everlasting wonder
To praise redeeming love.

HYMN 173. S. M.

A prospect of Christ's Church.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a lovely vine,
Here in this desert ground;
The blossom shoot and promise fruit,
And tender grapes are found.
- 2 Its circling branches rise,
And shade the neighbouring land;
With lovely charms she spreads her arms,
With clusters in her hand.
- 3 This city can't be hid,
It's built upon an hill:
The dazzling light, it shines so bright
It doth the vallies fill,
- 4 Ye trees which lofty stand,
And stars with sparkling light,
Ye Christians hear, both far and near,
'Tis joy to see the sight.
- 5 Ye insects, feeble race,
And fish that glide the stream,
Ye birds that fly secure on high,
Repeat the joyful theme.
- 6 Ye beasts that feed at home,
Or roam the vallies round.

With lofty voice proclaim the joys,
And join the pleasant sound.

7 Shall feeble nature sing,
And man not join the lays?

O may their throats be swell'd with notes,
And fill'd with songs of praise.

8 Glory to God on high,
For his redeeming grace;
'The blessed Dove came from above,
To save our ruin'd race.

HYMN 174. P. M. *The Christian's Inquiry.*

1 **T**HIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no,
Am I his or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly sure can they be worse
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is darkness, vain and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;

- Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 7 Should I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the way I once abhor'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
- 8 Lord decide this doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If indeed it be begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more ;
If I love at all I'll pray ;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin this day.

HYMN 175. L. M.

A Hymn for Young Converts.

- 1 **W**HEN converts first begin to sing,
Their happy souls are on the wing
Their theme is all redeeming love,
Fain would they be with Christ above.
- 2 With admiration they behold
The love of Christ that can't be told,
They view themselves upon the shore,
And think the battle all is o'er.
- 3 They feel themselves quite free from pain,
And think their enemies are slain ;
They make no doubt but all is well,
And Satan is cast down to hell.
- 4 They wonder why old saints dont sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring ;
Ring with melodious joyful sound,
Because a prodigal is found.

- 5 But 'tis not long before they feel
 Their feeble souls begin to reel;
 They think their former hopes are vain;
 For they are bound in Satan's chain.
- 6 The morning that did shine so bright,
 Is turned to the shades of night;
 Their hearts, that did with music sing,
 Are now untun'd in every string.
- 7 Oh! foolish child, why didst thou boast
 In the enlargement of thy coast?
 Why didst thou think to fly away,
 Before thou leav'st this feeble clay?
- 8 Come, take up arms and face the field,
 Come gird on harness, sword and shield,
 Stand fast in faith, fight for your King,
 And soon the vict'ry you shall win.
- 9 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,
 Then meet him with these blessed lines;
 For Christ our Lord has swept the field,
 And we're determin'd not to yield.

HYMN 176. P. M. *Christ's Sufferings.*

- 1 **T**HROUGHOUT our Saviour's life we trace
 Nothing but shame and deep disgrace,
 No period else was seen,
 Till he the spotless victim fell,
 Tasting in soul a painful hell,
 Caus'd by the creature's sin.
- 2 On the cold ground methinks I see
 My Jesus kneel and pray for me;
 Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
 Blood-drops did force their passage out,
 Through ev'ry opening pore.

- 3 A crown of thorns his temples bore,
 His back with lashes all was tore,
 Till one the bones might see!
 Mocking they push'd him here and there,
 Marking his way with blood and tears,
 Press'd by the heavy tree.
- 4 Thus up the hill he heavy came,
 Round him they mock'd and made their game,
 At length his cross they rear;
 And can you see the Son of God,
 Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,
 Without one thankful tear?
- 5 Thus bearing our iniquity,
 He dies with anguish on the tree;
 What tongue his grief can tell?
 The shudd'ring rocks their heads recline,
 The morning sun refus'd to shine
 When the Redeemer fell.
- 6 Shout brethren, shout with songs divine,
 He drank the gall to give us wine,
 To quench our parching thirst:
 Seraphs advance your voices higher,
 Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,
 To praise your precious Christ.

HYMN 177. P. M.

Come and welcome to Christ Jesus.

- 1 **C**OME ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity join'd with power.
 He is able, he is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify.

True belief and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh;
 Without money, without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not Satan make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him;
 This he gives you, this he gives you,
 'Tis his spirit's rising beam.

4 Come ye weary heavy laden,
 Bruis'd and torn by sin and thrall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all;
 Not the righteous, not the righteous,
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 View him grov'ling in the garden,
 Lo, your Saviour prostrate lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him,
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 It is finish'd, it is finish'd,
 Sinners will not this suffice?

6 Lo, the Son of God ascended,
 Pleads the merits of his blood;
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude;
 None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
 Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and Angels join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heaven,
 Sweetly echo with his name:
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN 178. C. M. *At the meeting of Friends.*

- 1 **W**ELL met dear Friends in Jesus' name,
Come let us now rejoice;
While we our Saviour's praise proclaim,
With cheerful heart and voice.
- 2 But O! dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down the heavenly Dove,
Thy blessing now diffuse abroad,
And warm our hearts with love.
- 3 In vain, dear Saviour, here we meet,
Except thy face we see:
Thy presence makes a heaven most sweet,
Whene'er we meet with thee.
- 4 A dungeon shews a heavenly dawn,
When there with thee we dwell;
But when thy presence is withdrawn,
A palace proves a hell.
- 5 Then O! dear Jesus, condescend
To meet us with a smile;
Thy Spirit's quick'ning influence send,
And purge our hearts from guile.
- 6 That at the close each one may say,
"We met not here in vain;
"For we have tasted heaven to-day,
"Nor could we more contain."

HYMN 189. C. M.

The Rich Provision of the Gospel.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy Gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew
And heal the dying Greek.
- 2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,
Does thy Salvation flow;

It's not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Come all ye wretched sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart has room,
For rebels such as you.

5 His doctrine is Almighty love;
There's virtue in his name,
To turn a raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

6 O could we raise a song of praise,
Half equal to his love;
The heavens would ring while we should sing,
Through all the courts above.

HYMN_180. L. M.

The name of Christ most sweet.

1 **T**HAT name to me sounds ever sweet,
Where grace and truth do always meet,
Where righteousness doth peace embrace,
And opens wide a store of grace.

2 A meeting place it is indeed,
Where mercy meets the sinner's need,
And opens wide a gracious store,
Sufficient to relieve the poor.

3 Hark! dont you hear the heavenly call,
It soundeth loud, it is to all—
To high and low, to bond and free,
That none may say—'tis not for me.

- 4 "Ho! every one that thirsts (he cries)
 "Here's wine and milk, and large supplies;
 "Come now to me and drink your fill,
 "'Tis free for whosoever will.
- 5 "Come now receive, I ask no pay,
 "But freely give it all away,
 "To all that do my word believe,
 "And freely now my grace receive."

HYMN 181. P. M. *The wandering Pilgrims.*

- 1 **W**AND'RING pilgrims, mourning
 Christians,
 Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,
 Who endure great tribulation,
 And with sins are much distress'd;
 Christ has sent me to invite you
 To a rich and costly feast;
 Let not shame nor pride prevent you,
 Come, the sweet provision taste.
- 2 If you have a heart lamenting,
 And bemoan your wretched case;
 Come to Jesus Christ repenting,
 He will give you gospel grace.
 If you want a heart to fear him,
 Love and serve him all your days,
 Only come to Christ and ask him,
 He will guide your feet always.
- 3 If your heart is unbelieving,
 Doubting Jesus' pard'ning love,
 Lay hard by Bethesda waiting,
 Till the troubled waters move.
 If no man appears to help you,
 All their efforts prove but talk;
 Jesus, Jesus he will cleanse you,
 Rise, take up your bed and walk.

- 4 If like Peter you are sinking,
 In the sea of unbelief ;
 Wait with patience, always praying,
 Christ will send you sweet relief ;
 He will give you grace and glory,
 All your wants shall be supply'd ;
 Canaan, Canaan lies before you,
 Rise, and cross the swelling tide.
- 5 Death shall not destroy your comfort,
 Christ will guard you through the gloom,
 Down he'll send a heavenly convoy,
 To convey you to his home ;
 There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
 Free from ev'ry want and care ;
 Come, O ! come my blessed Saviour,
 Fain my spirit would be there.

HYMN 182. C. M. *Farewell to all but Christ.*

- 1 **F**AREWELL vain world, I bid adieu,
 Your glory I despise ;
 Your friendship I no more persue,
 Your flatt'ries are but lies.
- 2 You promise happiness in vain,
 Nor can you satisfy ;
 Your highest pleasure turn to pain,
 And all your treasures die.
- 3 Had I the Indies, East and West,
 And riches of the sea,
 Without my God I could not rest,
 For he is all to me.
- 4 Then let my soul rise far above,
 By faith I'll take my wing,
 To the eternal realms of love,
 Where saints and angels sing.

- 5 There's love and joy that will not waste,
 There's treasures that endure !
 There's pleasures that will always last,
 When time shall be no more.

HYMN 183. C. M. *The Backslider Returning.*

- 1 **O** WHAT a cruel wretch am I,
 To leave my Jesus so !
 And now without his smiles I lie,
 And know not where to go.
- 2 Once I enjoy'd his smiling face ;
 But did not think so soon,
 I should go mourning in distress,
 And all my comfort gone.
- 3 Not all the glory of this earth,
 Can do me any good :
 My soul abhors all carnal mirth,
 And groans to find my God.
- 4 O could I see his face again,
 I'd tell him all my woe,
 Confess how guilty I have been,
 To leave my Jesus so.
- 5 Then I will clasp him in my arms,
 And he shall have my heart ;
 And earth, with all her treach'rous charms,
 Forever shall depart.

HYMN 184. P. M. *The Complainer Reformed.*

- 1 **I** SET myself against the Lord,
 Despis'd his spirit and his word,
 And wish'd to take his place ;
 It vex'd me sore that I must die,
 And perish too eternally,
 Or else be sav'd by grace.

- 2 Of ev'ry preacher I'd complain,
 One spoke through pride, and one for gain,
 Another's learning small ;
 This spoke too fast, and that too slow,
 One pray'd too loud, and one too low,
 The other had no call.
- 3 With no professors could I join,
 Some dress'd too mean, and some too fine,
 And some did talk too long ;
 Some had a tone, some had no gift,
 Some talk'd so weak, and some so swift,
 That all of them were wrong.
- 4 I thought they'd better keep at home,
 Than to exhort where'er they come,
 And tell us of their joys ;
 They'd better keep their gardens free
 From weeds, than to examine me,
 And vex me with their noise.
- 5 Kindred and neighbours all were bad,
 And no true friends were to be had—
 My rulers too were vile :
 At length I was brought clear to see,
 The fault did mostly lie in me,
 And had done all the while.
- 6 My horrid load of guilt and shame,
 (Being conscious too I was to blame)
 Did wound my frightened soul ;
 I've sinn'd so much against my God,
 I'm crush'd so low beneath his rod,
 How can I be made whole.
- 7 But there's a balma in Gilead,
 And a Physician to be had,
 A balsom too most free ;

Only believe on God's dear Son ;
 Through him the victory is won ;
 Christ Jesus dy'd for thee.

8 For Christ's free love's a boundless sea ;
 What ! to expire for such as me ?

Yes, 'tis a truth divine ;
 My heart did melt, my soul o'er run,
 With love to see what God hath done,
 For souls so mean as mine.

9 Now I can hear a child proclaim,
 'The joyful news and praise the name,
 Of Jesus Christ my King ;
 I know no sect, Christians are one,
 With my complaints I now have done,
 And God's free grace I sing.

10 Glory to him who gavè his Son,
 To die for crimes which I had done,
 And made salvation mine ;
 For as we'd sold ourselves for nought,
 So without money we are bought,
 A blessed truth divine.

11 Come saints rejoice in Christ your King,
 His solemn praises sweetly sing,
 And tell the world his love ;
 Sinners invite now to receive
 Of God's free grace, and not to grieve,
 The holy sacred Dove.

12 All those who do an int'rest gain,
 In the bless'd Lamb, that once was slain,
 Will surely happy be ;
 Their loud hosannahs they shall raise,
 A monument of God's high praise,
 A long eternity.

HYMN 185. C. M. *The Preacher's Farewell.*

- 1 **B**RETHREN, I bid you all farewell,
And from my very heart,
Affectionately I do tell,
That you and I must part.
- 2 And if I see you not again,
I trust that I can say,
My labour shall not be in vain,
That I have spent this day.
- 3 I trust I can to record call,
All you that hear me now,
I have declar'd God's counsel all,
As he did me endow.
- 4 I now depart, I leave you here,
I leave you with the Lord,
And may we all henceforth appear
To be of one accord.
- 5 And if we never meet again,
While we on earth remain,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore,
And never part again.
- 6 There we shall join to sing God's praise,
And all his wonders tell.
And triumph in his holy ways,
So brethren fare you well.

HYMN 186. C. M. *Not ashamed of Jesus.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee?
Asham'd of thee whom angels praise?
Whose glory shines through endless days?
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far,
Let ev'ning blush to own a star;

He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hope of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more adore his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me.

7 His institutions will I prize,
Take up the cross, the shame despise—
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

HYMN 187. C. M.

Godly Sorrow arising from the Sufferings of Christ.

1 **A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Jesus die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.

Thanks to the Lamb the loving Lamb,
Who dy'd on Calvary;

The Lamb was slain, from heaven he came,
To bleed and die for me.

The Lamb was slain, yet lives again
To intercede for me.

2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious Suff'rer stood.]

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glory in,
When Christ the glorious Saviour dy'd
For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.

6 But drops of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 188. S. M. *Unity.*

1 **L**ET strife forever cease,
And envy quit the field,
Come join and live in love and peace
And to the gospel yield.

2 Let bitter words no more
Among the saints remain;
Let every member, every hour,
Submit to Jesus' reign.

- 3 One Lord we have to fear,
 One faith we all confess;
 To the same baptism we adhere,
 And magnify free grace.
- 4 Then why should we contend,
 For meat and drink and dress,
 And crucify the Lord again,
 And pierce his wounds afresh.
- 5 When bitter words arise,
 Then Satan has his ends;
 We wound the heart and hands of Christ,
 Amidst his chosen friends.
- 6 No more we'll feed the flame,
 Nor judge ourselves too wise;
 But search with care to find the beam,
 That lurks within our eyes.
- 7 Unto the world we'll prove
 That we disciples are;
 They shall behold us walk in love,
 And say the Lord is there.
- 8 Then we will live like those,
 Who now agree in love,
 And when our eyes in death shall close,
 We'll join with them above.

HYMN 189. S. M. *The Unity of God.*

- 1 **T**HIS a delightful truth,
 Jehovah is but One:
 And all the enlighten'd nations shall,
 Acknowledge him alone.
- 2 This glorious God supreme,
 This self-existent Lord,
 Displays the wonders of his name,
 Throughout the sacred word.

- 3 The saints will ever sing
 The unity of God ;
 Charm'd with the blessings of his grace,
 They sound his praise abroad.
- 4 Great God, may all our souls,
 From ev'ry idol flee,
 Love and revere thy gracious name,
 And worship only thee.

HYMN 189. L. M.

Lord's Supper, or Baptism.

- 1 **N**OW ye dear saints, break out in praise ;
 See how the Lord his love displays ;
 Our conduct meets his high applause,
 While we revere his sacred laws.
- 2 He's ever pleas'd when we obey,
 And honour each appointed way ;
 Obedience to his glorious word,
 Speaks that he's worthy of regard.
- 3 Dear God thy blessing now impart,
 And give us each a thankful heart ;
 Soon may we dwell where Jesus reigns,
 And praise him in the noblest strains.

HYMN 190. C. M. *Joy in the Holy Ghost.*

- 1 **M**Y soul doth magnify the Lord,
 My spirit doth rejoice,
 In him my Saviour and my God ;
 I hear his joyful voice.
- 2 I need not go abroad for joy,
 I have a feast at home ;
 My sighs are turned into songs,
 The Comforter is come.

- 3 Down from above the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast :
To witness God's eternal love ;
This is my heavenly feast.
- 4 This makes me Abba Father cry,
With confidence of soul ;
It makes me cry, my Lord, my God,
And that without control.
- 5 There is a stream which issues forth,
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb a living stream,
Clear as the crystal stone.
- 6 This stream doth water paradise,
It makes the angels sing ;
One cordial drop revives my heart ;
Hence all my joys do spring.
- 7 Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too ;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearl,
As worldlings do not know.
- 8 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd ;
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me reveal'd.
- 9 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest love ;
My soul doth leap, but O for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove !
- 10 Then would I flee far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin :
Then would my Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.
- 11 Then would my soul with angels feast
On joys that always last,

Bless'd be my God, the God of joy,
Who gives me here a taste.

HYMN 191. P. M. *The Beggar's Prayer.*

- 1 **E**NCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door;
No hand, nor heart, dear Lord but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 The beggar's usual plea,
(Relief from men to gain,)
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain;
But those which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day,
When I possessed more!
Thou knowest from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.
- 4 Nor dare I to profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My faults have been but few;
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.
- 5 Nor dare I to pretend
I never begg'd before,
And if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more;
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.

HYMN 192. P. M. *The Glory of Christ.*

- 1 **O** THOU in whose presence my soul takes
delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noon tide resort with thy
sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love;
Say why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove.
- 3 O why should I wander an alien from thee;
Or cry in the desert for bread;
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare have you seen,
The star that on Israel shone;
Say if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone.
- 5 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odours around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
- 6 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow,
In the vales, on the banks of the streams;
On his cheek does the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.
- 7 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death,
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace; [know,
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 Love sits on his eyelids and scatters delight,
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubims veil in his sight,
And praise him with fulness of joy.

10 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks and eternity fill'd with his voice,
Re-echo the praise of the Lord.

HYMN 193. L. M. *We have found the Messiah.*

1 **W**E'VE found the great Messiah come,
The Saviour sent to bring us home!
The glorious Lord we now adore,
And love and long to love him more.

2 We've found the Shepherd of the sheep,
Who came, the lost ones all to seek;
Who dy'd to save their souls from hell,
And bring them home with him to dwell.

3 We've found the Lord of all below,
Before whom ev'ry knee shall bow,
And ev'ry tongue to him confess,
His dreadful justice or his grace.

4 We've found the glorious Hiding-Place,
In whom we're safe in all distress;
Though storms of dreadful tempest blow,
No storms can hurt our souls below.

5 We've found the way which leads to God,
The way which all the prophets trod;

The way which gives true peace and rest—
The way in which our souls are bless'd.

- 6 We've found the Lamb whose blood was spilt,
To save our souls from sin and guilt;
The Lamb who open'd all the seals,
And thus his Father's love reveals.

HYMN 194. L. M. *On the great duty of Prayer.*

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Isr'el's side;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ears,
With the sad tale of all your cares.
- 6 Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would often be,
Hear what the Lord hath done for me.

HYMN 195. P. M. *The Year of Jubilee.*

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return ye ransom'd sinners home!
- 2 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace.
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return to your eternal home!
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonng Lamb;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return ye ransom'd sinners home.

HYMN 196. C. M. *Praise for the hope of Glory.*

- 1 **I** SOJOURN in a vale of tears,
Alas how can I sing!
My harp doth on the willows hang,
Untun'd in ev'ry string.
- 2 My music is a captive's chain;
Harsh sounds my ears do fill;
How shall I sing sweet Zion's songs,
On this side Zion's hill?
- 3 Yet lo! I hear the joyful sound,
Surely I'll quickly come!
Each word much sweetness doth distill,
Like a full honey comb.

4 And wilt thou come my dearest Lord ?
 And wilt thou surely come ?
 Yes, on such prospects I can rest,
 And shall be soon at home.

5 Come then my dearest, dearest Lord,
 My sweetest, surest friend ;
 Come, for I loath these Kedar tents !
 Thy fiery chariot send.

6 What have I in this barren land ;
 My Jesus is not here ;
 Mine eyes will ne'er be blest, until
 His blissful face appear.

7 My Jesus is gone up to heaven,
 To fit a place for me,
 For 'tis his will, that where he is,
 There should his servants be.

8 Canaan I view from Pisgah's top,
 Of Canaan's grapes I taste ;
 My Lord who sends unto me here,
 Will send for me at last.

9 I have a God who changeth not,
 Why should I be perplex'd ?
 My God who owns me in this world,
 Will own me in the next.

10 My dearest friends who dwell above,
 I sure must go to see ;
 And all my friends in Christ below,
 Will soon come after me.

HYMN 197. P. M. *Honour to the Hills.*

1 **T**HROUGH all this world below,
 God we see all around,
 Search hills and vallies through,
 There he's found.

In growing fields of corn,
 The lily and the thorn,
 The pleasant and forlorn,
 All declare—God is there;
 In meadows drest in green,
 There he's seen.

2 See springing waters rise,
 Fountains flow, rivers run;
 'The mist beclouds the skies,
 Hides the sun.
 Then down the rain doth pour,
 The ocean it doth roar,
 And break upon the shore;
 Call to praise in their lays
 A God who ne'er declines
 His designs.

3 The sun with all his rays
 Speaks of God as he flies;
 The comet in its blaze,
 God it cries.
 The shining of the stars,
 The moon when she appears,
 His dreadful name declares:
 See them fly through the sky,
 And join the silent sound
 From the ground.

4 Then let my station be,
 Here in life, where I see
 The God of purity
 All agree;
 In all the works he's made,
 The forest and the glade,
 Nor let me be afraid, though I dwell
 In the hill,

- 4 And wilt thou come my dearest Lord ?
And wilt thou surely come ?
Yes, on such prospects I can rest,
And shall be soon at home.
- 5 Come then my dearest, dearest Lord,
My sweetest, surest friend ;
Come, for I loath these Kedar tents !
Thy fiery chariot send.
- 6 What have I in this barren land ;
My Jesus is not here ;
Mine eyes will ne'er be blest, until
His blissful face appear.
- 7 My Jesus is gone up to heaven,
To fit a place for me,
For 'tis his will, that where he is,
There should his servants be.
- 8 Canaan I view from Pisgah's top,
Of Canaan's grapes I taste ;
My Lord who sends unto me here,
Will send for me at last.
- 9 I have a God who changeth not,
Why should I be perplex'd ?
My God who owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.
- 10 My dearest friends who dwell above,
I sure must go to see ;
And all my friends in Christ below,
Will soon come after me.

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God we see all around,
Search hills and vallies through,
There he's found.

In growing fields of corn,
 The lily and the thorn,
 The pleasant and forlorn,
 All declare—God is there;
 In meadows drest in green,
 There he's seen.

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 Fountains flow, rivers run;
 The mist beclouds the skies,
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 Then down the rain doth pour,
 The ocean it doth roar,
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 The shining of the stars,
 The moon when she appears,
 His dreadful name declares:
 See them fly through the sky,
 And join the silent sound
 From the ground.

4 Then let my station be,
 Here in life, where I see
 The God of purity
 All agree;
 In all the works he's made,
 The forest and the glade,
 Nor let me be afraid, though I dwell
 In the hill,

Where natures work's declare
God is there.

5 God did to Moses shew,
Glories more than Peru;
His face alone withdrew
From the view.
Mount Sinai was the place,
Where God did show his grace;
And Moses sang his praise.
See him rise near the skies:
And view old Canaan's ground
All around.

6 Elijah's servant views
From the hill, and declares
A little cloud appears,
Dry your tears:
Our Lord transfigur'd is,
With those blest saints of his,
As saith the witnesses:
See them shine all divine,
While Olive's mount is blest
With the rest.

7 Not India hills of gold,
With wonders we are told,
Nor seraphs strong and bold,
Can unfold;
The mountain Calvary,
Where Christ our Lord did die;
Hark! hear the Saviour cry,
Mountains quake, heavens shake,
When Christ the Lord of hosts,
Leaves their coast.

8 And now from Calvary,
We may stand and espy,

Beyond this lower sky;
 Far on high;
 Mount Zion's spicy hill,
 Where saints and angels dwell;
 Hark! hear them sing and tell,
 Of their Lord with one accord,
 And join in Moses' song,
 Heart and tongue.

- 9 Since the hills are honour'd thus,
 By our Lord in his course,
 Let them not be by us
 Call'd a curse;
 Forbid it mighty King,
 But rather let us sing,
 While the hills and vallies ring;
 Echoes fly through the sky,
 And heaven hears the sound
 From the ground.

HYMN 198. L. M. *The Crucifixion.*

- 1 **N**OW from the garden to the cross,
 Let us attend the Lamb of God;
 Be all things else accounted dross,
 Compar'd with sin atoning blood.
- 2 See how the patient Jesus stands,
 Insulted in his lowest case:
 Sinners have bound the Saviour's hands,
 And spit in their Deliverer's face.
- 3 With thorns his temples gor'd and gash'd,
 Send streams of blood from ev'ry part;
 His back with notted scourges lash'd,
 But sharper scourges tear his heart.
- 4 Nail'd naked to the cursed wood,
 Expos'd to earth and heaven above,

- A spectacle of wounds and blood;
 A prodigy of injur'd love!
- 5 Hark! how his doleful cries affright,
 Affected angels, while they view,
 His friends forsake him in the night;
 And now his God forsakes him too.
- 6 O! what a field of battle's here!
 Vengeance and love their powers oppose,
 Never was such a mighty pair;
 Never were two such desperate foes.
- 7 Behold that pale, that languid face,
 That drooping head, those cold dead eyes:
 Behold in sorrow and disgrace,
 Our conqu'ring hero hangs and dies!
- 8 Ye that assume his sacred name,
 Now tell me, what can all this mean?
 What was it bruis'd God's harmless Lamb?
 What was it pierc'd his soul but sin?
- 9 Blush Christian, blush; let shame abound:
 If sin affect thee not with woe,
 Whatever spirit's in thee found,
 Christ's Spirit sure thou dost not know.

HYMN 199. P. M.

- 1 **I**N the house of King David a fountain doth
 spring,
 For sin and uncleanness from Jesus our King;
 This fountain flows sweetly whenever apply'd,
 It sprang from the bowels of Christ when he dy'd.
- 2 This fountain was open'd by th' soldier's spear,
 The blood and the water flow'd both out so dear:
 It is balsom for th' wounded, and balm for th' sick,
 'Tis sight for th' blinded, & strength for the weak.

3 If you are distress'd and burden'd with sin,
Come wash in this fountain, & you shall be clean,
Here's all things provided for sinners undone,
And you are invited and welcome to come.

4 If you are o'erburden'd with mountains of thrall,
This well of salvation stands open for all :
Come draw when you're weary, and drink when
you're dry,
It was for the needy that Jesus did die.

5 If you are distress'd with mountains of guilt,
O wash in this fountain that Jesus hath spilt :
You need not to go mourning for sin very long,
Believe in your Saviour, and sing the new song.

6 The song of salvation, it is so divine,
'There's music and melody in ev'ry line :
'Twas sung by the Hebrews when deliv'rance
they found,
When Simeon finds Jesus, sweet praises do sound.

7 There is a day coming in which saints shall sing,
Sweet anthems of praises to Jesus our King,
Then we shall mount up from all sorrow and pain,
'The kingdom of heaven eternally gain,

8 O sinners we're trav'ling to yonder bright world,
From which, by transgression, the angels were
hurl'd;
We bid you a final, eternal farewell,
Unless you're converted, you will sink to hell.

9 Awake O poor sinner ! awake from your sin !
But if you will slight us again and again,
'Tho' sorry to leave you, and for you we'll pray,
When God speaks your sentence,—*Amen* we
must say.

HYMN 200. L. M. *God's Goodness to the Children of Men.* Psalm cvii. 31.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men with joy record,
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound,
Through all your tribes the earth around;
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun and moon and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing earth, in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shade;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish and fowl, and beasts and worms.
- 4 View the broad seas' majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns:
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 5 But O! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns Jesus my love!
God's only Son in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.
- 6 Thither my soul with rapture soar,
There in the land of praise adore:
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

HYMN 201. P. M. THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

[P stands for Presbyterian; C for Congregationalist;
B for Baptist; F for Freewill Baptist; M for
Methodist.]

- 1 **M**ORE than ten years have roll'd away,
Since I did testify and say,

Aside all party names I'll lay,
 And make the name of Christ my stay,
 And join in Christian Union.

- 2 As at that time I did not know,
 One on this earthly ball below,
 That thus with me would join and go,
 I ask'd some brethren, they said No,
 We cannot join such Union.
- 3 My name is dear, said brother P ;
 And so is mine, said brother C ;
 Then loud spake out my brother B,
 My name's the dearest of the three,
 Away with such a Union.
- 4 Then brother F and M did say,
 Our hearts are join'd with you this day,
 The name is nothing, yet we may,
 Not throw our names out of the way,
 But still we'll join in Union.
- 5 But here's a number of my mind,
 Whose hearts I trust are truly join'd,
 To search the Scriptures for to find,
 The good old way, and leave behind,
 All things that hurt this Union.
- 6 So now my Christian brethren dear,
 In future let my name appear,
 To join in Christian Conference clear,
 Along the narrow way to steer,
 Straight in the Christian Union.
- 7 Dear Christian brethren who forsake,
 All party names, which still do make,
 Strive to increase and union break,
 The ancient word our Saviour spake,
 In me be of one Union.
- 8 My brethren of the Christian name,
 May you in heart all be the same,

Who round the region sound Christ's fame;
O may the gospel you proclaim
Through all the Christian Union.

9 In name and nature be the same,
Christians, and followers of the Lamb;
For if to live you have a name,
And still are dead, you are to blame,
And destitute of Union.

10 Keep Jesus, master of your school,
And take the Bible for your rule;
Shun vain philosophy, that tool,
Which makes the Christian play the fool,
And hurts this Christian Union.

11 Hold Jesus Christ the living Head;
By him be govern'd, by him led;
The sheep and lambs will then be fed
With living water, daily bread,
And grow in Christian Union.

12 Brother of ev'ry name to thee,
Who do inquire if good there be
In Christian Conference, come and see,
In Christ there is true liberty,
Enjoying Christian Union.

HYMN 202. P. M. *Friendship.*

1 **T**HE reason we love friendship
We'll deny to no man:
How can, how can, how can he,
Who is form'd for happiness,
Hate a loving brother;
Since Jesus, Jesus dy'd on the tree,
To rescue sinful man
From violence and treason,
'That we might love each other,
And seek our souls' salvation.

'Twas love that mov'd the mighty God
 For to redeem the nations,
 That happy, happy we might be.

On the feast day in ancient times,
 Jesus stood and cry'd,
 If any, any, any man
 Thirst, let him come and freely drink,
 And save his soul from dying.
 For nothing, nothing else surely can
 Quench the increasing thirst,
 That in your heart is glowing;
 Then come and taste the streams of grace,
 Which are so sweetly flowing;
 Saying, drink my love, my heavenly dove,
 It is for you now flowing;
 'Then happy, happy you shall be.

Let us, who have begun to trace
 The steps of our Redeemer,
 Follow, follow, follow on;
 Believing we shall overcome,
 Resisting all temptations:
 Since Jesus, Jesus, Jesus the Son
 With out-stretch'd arms,
 And voice that's inviting,
 To purling streams of purest joy
 Is thus our souls exciting.
 Let us impart to him our hearts,
 By faith and love uniting,
 Then happy, happy we shall be.

HYMN 203. P. M. *Invitation.*

1 COME all who spend your youthful days,
 In vice and folly's flow'ry maze,
 In search of happiness;

Attend a moment, and I'll show
That the broad way in which you go,
Is not the way to bliss.

2 Delusive pleasures lead you on,
Where folly's votaries meet and throng,
Some fleeting good to find ;
Though different objects you pursue,
Yet happiness is all your view,
To ease a restless mind.

3 Along the enchanted road I've walk'd,
And with the different parties talk'd,
Who all to me did say—
True happiness we ne'er have seen,
Though in pursuit we long have been
In this delusive way.

4 They told me she was farther on,
And if with them I'd go along,
This object might obtain ;
'Twas all a phantom soon I knew,
For as I follow'd, still she flew,
Or else transform'd to pain.

5 I rang'd the world, I cross'd the seas,
In hopes my trouble'd breast to ease,
By pleasures yet unknown :
To all amusements I have run,
That's found beneath the daily sun,
'Till weary I have grown.

6 I try'd the cards, I try'd the dice,
Among the higher class of life,
Here much depends on chance ;
I try'd th' enchanting viol's sound,
Where mirth and gaiety abound,
The song, the sprightly dance.

- 7 From vice to vice, through folly's train,
I sought and sought, but sought in vain
To find true happiness.
From ev'ry party where I went,
I still return'd with discontent,
And found 'twas all finesse.
- 8 Which way to look, which way to go,
Which way to turn I did not know,
So here I made a stand :
Then lo ! a heavenly guide appear'd,
My soul, my heart, my mind she cheer'd ;
And took me by the hand.
- 9 I ask'd her what her name might be ;
" My name is Wisdom," answer'd she,
" I lead in paths of peace :
" Soon as the dawn of time began,
" Or morning stars together sang,
" My voice did never cease.
- 10 " For here I stand, and cry all day
" To those who pass the dangerous way,
" Down the broad road to death.
" Turn ye at my reproof," she said,
" In ways of righteousness I lead
" To peace and happiness.
- 11 " But of your sins you must repent ;
" Believe in Him, whom God hath sent.
" To rescue sinful men ;
" Who left the bright abodes above ;
(" Mov'd by compassion and by love,)
" Has dy'd and rose again."
- 12 I follow'd those directions through,
And found her words were fully true
In every thing she said :

My mind enjoys a sweet repose,
While gratitude my heart o'erflows
To my benev'lent guide.

13 At home, abroad, by night, by day;
Alone, or if in company;
In sickness or in health;
Asleep, awake, in storms, or calms,
If fortune smiles, or if it frowns,
I'm happy in them all.

14 I love my God, I love his laws;
I love my Saviour and his cause;
I love the human race.
And whilst among them here I stay,
My prayer to God, both night and day,
Forever shall be this:

15 That all the sons of men may hear
The voice that bids them all beware
Of these delusive charms.
O may they walk in wisdom's ways,
Till years, and months, and weeks, and days,
Lock them in death's cold arms.

16 Then some kind angel from above,
Shall waft the soul on wings of love,
Beyond th' ethereal blue;
And there with saints and angels praise,
And strike the golden wires, to raise
The song that's ever new.

HYMN 204. P. M. *Sung by the Hottentots.*

1 **H**ERE we've no continuing city,
Where we may remain and dwell,
But like pilgrims onward journey
Through this dark and gloomy vale,
Till in heaven, our habitation,
We are brought to dwell above.

Where Christ leads and feeds his people,
Those who cleave to him in love.

If thou art indeed a pilgrim,
Why should earth thy soul embrace ?
This becometh not a Christian,
One who runs the heavenly race ;
Then consume thy time no longer,
(Precious time !) in worldly care,
But all vanities forsaking,
For eternity prepare.

Seek to God, you're reconciled
Through his Son, our Saviour dear,
That thy soul may be delivered
From the world's destructive snare.
O consider, death awaits thee,
Death which spares not rich nor poor ;
And whene'er he gives the summons,
Time with thee shall be no more.

Jesus, my almighty Saviour,
Turn my eyes and heart away
From the world's enchanting follies,
From the trifles of a day.
O reclaim my wandering spirit,
Let me ponder, pause, and think,
And renounce all carnal pleasures
Ere into the grave I sink.

HYMN 205. P. M. *The Pilgrim's Song.*

COME all ye christian pilgrims,
Who're bound to Canaan's land,
Take courage and fight manfully ;
Stand fast with sword in hand.

Our Captain's gone before us,
The Father's only Son ;

So pilgrims dear, pray do not fear,
But let us travel on.

3 We have a howling wilderness,
Beset with hail and snow ;
A land of drought and gloominess,
Where chilly winds do blow.

4 But Jesus will go with us,
And guide us in the way ;
If enemies examine us,
He'll teach us what to say.

5 Good morning, said the enemy,
Pray tell to me your name ;
And whither you are going,
Likewise from whence you came.

6 My name it is Bold Pilgrim ;
To Canaan I am bound ;
I'm from the howling wilderness,
From that enchanted ground.

7 But what is that upon your head,
That shines so clear and bright ?
Likewise that thing upon your arm,
That dazzles in my sight ?

8 What kind of shoes are those you wear ;
On which you boldly stand ;
Likewise that shining instrument
You hold in your right hand ?

9 'Tis glorious hope upon my head,
And on my arm my shield ;
With this bright sword I mean to fight,
Until I win the field.

10 My feet are shod with gospel grace,
On which I boldly stand ;
I mean to fight until I die,
And win fair Canaan's land.

- 11 You'd better stay with me young man,
And give your journey o'er;
Your Captain now is out of sight,
His face you'll see no more.
- 12 Although I'm call'd Apollyon;
This land belongs to me;
And for your arms and pilgrim's dress,
I'll give it all to thee.
- 13 O no, said the bold pilgrim,
Your offers I disdain,
For shining crowns of glory,
I shortly shall obtain.
- 14 If I but hold out faithful
To my dear Lord's command,
I surely shall reign with him
On Canaan's happy land.

HYMN 206. P.M. *THE GOOD SHEPHERD*

- L**ET thy kingdom blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarring cease;
Come, O come and reign forever,
God of love, and Prince of peace:
Visit now thy precious Zion,
See thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come good Shepherd feed thy sheep.
- Many follow men's inventions,
And submit to human laws;
Hence division and contentions,
Sully the Redeemer's cause:
Hence we suffer persecution,
While the foolish virgins sleep;
All is uproar and confusion,
Come good Shepherd lead thy sheep.

3 Some of Paul, some of Apollos,
 Some of Cephas, none agree ;
 Jesus let us hear thee call us,
 Help us Lord to follow thee :
 Then we'll rush through what incumbers,
 Ev'ry hindrance overleap ;
 Fearing not their force or numbers,
 Come good Shepherd feed thy sheep.

4 Lord in us there is no merit,
 We've been sinners from our youth :
 Guide us Lord by thy good Spirit,
 'That shall teach us all thy truth :
 On the gospel word we'll venture,
 'Till in death's cold arms we sleep ;
 Love's our bond, and Christ our centre,
 Come good Shepherd feed thy sheep.

5 Come good Lord, with courage arm us,
 Persecution we'll not fear ;
 Nothing Lord we know can harm us,
 While our loving Shepherd's near :
 Glory, glory be to Jesus,
 At his name our hearts do leap ;
 He both comforts us and frees us,
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

6 Hear the Prince of your salvation,
 Saying " Fear not little flock,
 " I myself am your foundation,
 " Ye are built upon this rock :
 " Shun the paths of vice and folly,
 " Lest you sink into the deep ;
 " Look to me and be ye holy,
 " I delight to feed my sheep."

- 7 Christ alone our soul shall rest on,
 Taught by him we own his name;
 Sweetest of all names is J  sus,
 How it doth our hearts inflame:
 Glory! glory! give him glory,
 Strong is he and he will keep;
 He will clear our way before us,
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

HYMN 206. L. M.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow, with sacred joy:
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His wond'rous power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay and form'd us men!
 And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heaven's our voices raise:
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command;
 Vast as eternity thy love;
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 207. P. M. *Comfort in Love to Jesus*

- 1 **O** HOW sweet it is to me,
 'Fore my gracious Lord to fall;

Talk with him continually,
Make my blessed Jesus all.

2 Other pleasures I have sought,
Try'd the world a thousand times;
Peace pursu'd, but found it not,
For I still retain'd my crimes.

3 Never could my heart be bless'd,
Till from guilt I found it freed;
Jesus now has me releas'd;
I in him am free indeed.

4 Saviour bind me to thy cross,
Let thy love possess my heart;
All besides I count but dross;
Christ and I will never part.

5 In his blood such peace I find.
In his love such joy is giv'n;
He who is to Jesus join'd,
Finds on earth a real heaven.

HYMN 208. P. M.

Excitement to duty: or, the Lord's Day morning.

1 **W**HENE'ER I look into thy word,
And read about my dearest Lord,
The friend of sinful man;
And trace my Saviour's footsteps there,
What humble love, what holy fear,
Through all his conduct ran!

2 If I regard the matchless grace
He shew'd unto the human race,
How he for them became
A poor sojourner here below,
Oppress'd by pain and sorrow too,
I can't but love his name.

- 3 And when I view his love to God,
 Those steps in which the Saviour trod,
 I long to tread them too;
 I long to be inspir'd with zeal,
 To execute my Father's will,
 As Jesus us'd to do.
- 4 I read that he, on duty bent,
 To lonely places often went,
 To seek his Father there:
 The early morn and dewy ground,
 Can witness they the Saviour found,
 Engag'd in fervent prayer.
- 5 And did my Saviour use to pray,
 Before the light unveil'd the day,
 And shall I backward be?
 No, dearest Lord, forbid the thought;
 Help me to fight as Jesus fought,
 Each foe that hinders me.
- 6 And you, my friends, who love his name,
 Who love to imitate the Lamb,
 And more of Jesus know;
 Come let us all surround his throne,
 And see what blessings on his own,
 Our Saviour will bestow.
- 7 Though fears be great, temptations strong,
 And though we oft have waited long,
 Perhaps he may design,
 This morn to give each soul to see,
 And say with Paul, "He dy'd for me,"
 And the Redeemer's mine.
- 8 Now cheerful we'll begin to pray,
 That he will wash our sins away
 In his all cleansing blood;

That he his blessing may bestow,
And give each sinner here to know,
That he's a child of God.

HYMN 209. P. M.

Plain dealing with a Backsliding Heart.

- 1 **S**TUPID soul to folly cleaving,
Why has God no more thy heart?
Why art thou thy mercies leaving:
Why must thou with Jesus part?
- 2 Is there in this world existing,
Aught with Jesus to compare?
Yea, can heaven itself produce one
Half so lovely, half so fair?
- 3 Ah! look back upon the season,
When thy soul the Saviour chose,
For thy portion and thy spirit,
Did with his salvation close.
- 4 Ah! remember thine espousal;
Didst thou not with Christ agree,
Leaving all thy former lovers,
His and his alone to be?
- 5 In his love thy pow'rs exulting,
What did all below appear?
Was there aught seem'd worth possessing,
Worthy of a hope or fear?
- 6 When thy heart, by grace instructed,
Learnt the world to disesteem,
And to Christ for all resorted,
Was there not enough in him?
- 7 Yes, thou know'st thy joyful spirit,
Knew no unfulfill'd desire;

Longing still, and still receiving
Fuel from the heavenly fire.

- 3 Why then tell me, now so lifeless,
Why this heavenly fountain leave;
Why to broken cisterns seeking,
Cisterns that no water give?
- 9 Doth not disappointment follow,
Ev'ry step that leads from God;
Have not piercing thorns and briers,
Shown their points through all the road?
- 10 Recollect, 'tis thus the Saviour,
Says he will thy soul reclaim,
Weep now and with supplication,
Humbly pray in Jesus' name.

HYMN 210. P.M. *On being prevented by Sickness from attending Public Worship.*

- 1 **T**HE fabrick of nature is fair,
But fairer the temple of grace;
To saints 'tis the joy of the earth—
Oh glorious, beautiful place!
- 2 To this temple I once did resort,
With crowds of the people of God;
Enraptur'd we enter'd its courts,
And hail'd the Redeemer's abode.
- 3 The Father of nature we prais'd,
And prostrated low at his throne;
The Saviour we lov'd and ador'd,
Who lov'd us and made us his own.
- 4 Full oft to the message of peace,
To sinners address'd from the sky,
We listen'd, extolling that grace,
Which set us, once rebels, on high.

- 5 Faith clave to the crucify'd Lamb ;
 Hope smiling, exalted its head ;
 Love warm'd at the Saviour's dear name,
 And vow'd to observe what he said.
- 6 What pleasure appear'd in the looks
 Of brethren and sisters around ;
 With transport all seem'd to reflect
 On the blessings in Jesus they'd found.
- 7 Sweet moments ! It aught upon earth,
 Resemble the joys of the skies,
 ' Tis thus when the hearts of the flock,
 Conjoin'd to the Shepherd arise.
- 8 But ah ! those sweet moments are fled,
 Pale sickness compels me to stay,
 Where no voice of the turtle is heard,
 As the moments are hasting away.
- 9 My God ! thou art holy and good,
 Thy ways are all righteous and wise ;
 O help me submissive to wait,
 Till thou bid'st thy servant arise.
- 10 If to follow thee here in thy courts,
 May it be with all ardour and zeal,
 With success and increasing delight,
 Performing the whole of thy will.
- 11 Or should'st thou in bondage detain,
 To visit thy temple no more,
 Prepare me for mansions above,
 Where nothing exists to deplore !
- 12 Where Jesus, the Sun of the place,
 Refulgent incessantly shines,
 Eternally blessing his saints,
 And pouring delight on their minds.
- 13 There—there are no prisons to hold
 The captive from tasting delight :

There—there the day never is clos'd
With shadows, or darkness, or night.

14 There myriads and myriads shall meet,
In our Saviour's high praises to join;
Whilst transported we fall at his feet,
And extol his redemption divine.

15 Enough, then my heart shall no more,
Of its present bereavements complain;
Since ere long I to glory shall soar,
And ceaseless enjoyments attain!

HYMN 211. C. M.

Light shining out of Darkness.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in th' unfathomable mines,
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his righteous will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are fill'd with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 212. C. M. *True and False Comforts.*

- 1 **G**OD, whose favourable eye,
The sin-sick soul revives,
Holy and heavenly is the joy,
Thy shining presence gives.
- 2 Not such as hypocrites suppose,
Who, with a graceless heart,
Taste not of thee, but drink a dose
Prepar'd by Satan's art.
- 3 Intoxicating joys are theirs,
Who while they boast their light,
And seem to soar above the stars,
Are plunging into night.
- 4 Lull'd in a soft and dang'rous sleep,
They sin and yet rejoice:
Were they indeed the Saviour's sheep,
Would they not hear his voice?
- 5 Be mine the comforts that reclaim
The soul from Satan's power;
That make me blush for what I am,
And hate my sins the more.
- 6 'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
At thy dear feet to lie;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly.

HYMN 213. P. M.

I will Praise the Lord at all times.

- 1 **W**INTER has a joy for me,
While the Saviour's charms I read,

Lowly, meek, from blemish free,
In the snow-drop's pensive head.

2 Spring returns, and brings along
Life invigorating suns :
Hark ! the turtle's plaintive song,
Seems to speak his dying groans !

3 Summer has a thousand charms,
All expressive of his worth ;
'Tis the sun that lights and warms,
His the air that cools the earth.

4 What has autumn left to say
Nothing of a Saviour's grace ?
Yes, the beams of milder day
Tell me of his smiling face.

5 Light appears with early dawn,
While the sun makes haste to rise ;
See his bleeding beauties drawn
On the blushes of the skies.

6 Ev'ning, with a silent pace,
Slowly moving in the west,
Shews an emblem of his grace,
Points to an eternal rest.

HYMN 214. L. M.

Freedom of the Human Will.

1 **K** NOW then that every soul is free,
To choose his life and what he'll be ;
For this eternal truth has given,
That God will force no man to heaven.

2 He'll draw, persuade, direct him right ;
Bless him with wisdom, love and light ;
In nameless ways be good and kind,
But never force the human mind.

- 3 Freedom and reason make us men ;
 Take these away, what are we then ?
 Mere animals, and just as well,
 The beasts may think of heaven or hell.
- 4 May we no more our powers abuse,
 But ways of truth and goodness choose ;
 Our God is pleas'd when we improve
 His grace, and seek the world above.
- 5 It's my free will for to believe ;
 'Tis God's free will me to receive :
 To stubborn willers this I'll tell,
 It's all free grace and all free will.
- 6 Those that despise grow harder still ;
 Those that adhere he turns their will ;
 And thus despisers sink to hell,
 While those that hear, in glory dwell.
- 7 But if we take the downward road,
 And make in hell our last abode ;
 Our God is clear, and we shall know,
 We've plung'd ourselves in endless woe.

HYMN 215. P. M.

Dialogue on Death and Judgment.

- 1 COME think on death and judgment ;
 Your time is almost spent :
 You've been a wretched sinner ;
 'Tis time that you repent.
- 2 " I know I've been a sinner,
 And wicked all my days ;
 But when I'm old and feeble,
 I'll think upon my ways."
- 3 But hath not God commanded,
 By the loud voice of truth,

Remember your Creator,
While in the days of youth?

4 And yet the Lord hath promis'd,
“(And surely I believe,)
He that comes in at the last hour,
His penny shall receive.”

5 O is there not a bounty
For all who do obey?
I'm sure you'll not be sorry,
If you repent to day.

6 “I know there is a bounty
But still I do disdain
To leave a world of honour,
And wear a Christian's name.

7 As yet I am determin'd,
My youthful days to spend,
In sporting and in pleasure,
Till I draw near my end.”

8 But what if death should meet you,
Now in your youthful days,
And call for you to judgment,
While in your wicked ways?

9 “When I am on a sick bed,
I think I shall have time,
To ask for pard'ning mercy,
Though I am in my prime.”

10 But what if God arrest you
By his Almighty power,
And send you to eternity
Before another hour?

11 “I might be thus arrest'd,
But it is seldom known;

And others risk their souls like me,
So I will still go on."

12 But if you should lie down this night,
Supposing all is well,
And should your eyes be clos'd in death,
Your soul awake in hell.

13 Would not your conscience tell you,
When in that dreadful place,
You've liv'd a life of honour,
And lost the day of grace?

14 That time is now no longer;
Your days in sin you've spent;
Your body laid in the cold grave,
Your soul to hell is sent:

15 There you must be tormented
In awful pains extreme:
The Saviour you've offended!
How dreadful must it seem!

16 "My case would then be awful,
I now begin to see;
I pray the Lord have mercy;
Have mercy Lord on me.

17 I've been so vile a sinner,
And vex'd my Saviour so,
Damnation is my portion;
I sure to hell must go."

18 Look yonder, see the Saviour,
Hang on the cursed tree:
Behold him there now bleeding,
For rebels just like thee.

19 "I see, I see him dying,
Bleed gushing from his side;

"But such was my rebellion,
 "'Twas not for me he died."

20 O hark, and hear him crying
 To those with sin opprest,
 Come all ye heavy laden,
 And I will give you rest.

21 He purchas'd free salvation
 For all who do him fear;
 Now he is calling for you;
 Poor soul arise and hear.

22 Begin the life of wisdom,
 In Jesus' steps move on;
 March to the heavenly Canaan,
 Where Jesus Christ is gone.

23 "Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,
 "I now begin to sing;
 "For Jesus is my Captain,
 "My Everlasting King.

24 "Who help'd me out of misery,
 "When I had prostrate fell;
 "Loud hallelujah to the Lord,
 "He sav'd my soul from hell.

25 "O come, all you that fear the Lord,
 "Come join with me and sing,
 "The everlasting praises
 "Of Jesus Christ our King.

26 "We'll praise him here together,
 "Our Jesus we'll adore;
 "And when we go to glory,
 "We'll praise him evermore.

27 "And now to Him who sav'd us
 "From everlasting death;

"Let our exalted praises,
 "Sound forth with ev'ry breath :

28 "Loud hallelujah to the Lord!
 "We'll praise him all we can:
 "Sing glory, glory, glory,
 "Forevermore, Amen."

HYMN 216. L. M.

Invitation to thirsty Souls, &c.

1 **T**HE Lord of Life exalted stands,
 Aloud he cries and spreads his hands
 He calls ten thousand sinners round,
 And sends a voice to every wound!

2 Attend ye thirsty souls, draw near
 And satisfy your wishes here;
 Behold! the living fountain flows
 In streams as various as your woes!

3 An ample pardon here I give,
 And bid the sentenc'd rebel live!
 Shew him my Father's smiling face,
 And lodge him in his dear embrace!

4 I purge from sin's detested stain,
 And make the crimson white again!
 Lead to the glorious world above,
 Where all my Saints are fill'd with love!

5 Must I anew my pity prove?
 Witness the words of melting love!
 The gushing tear, the lab'ring breath,
 And all the scars of bleeding death!

6 Bless'd Saviour, I can doubt no more;
 I hear, and wonder, and adore;
 Panting I seek that Fountain Head,
 Whence waters so divine proceed.

- 7 Clear Spring of Life! flow on and roll,
 With growing swell from pole to pole,
 Till flowers and fruits of Paradise
 Round all thy winding current rise!
- 8 Still near thy stream may I be found,
 Long as I tread this earthly ground;
 Cheer with thy wave death's gloomy shade.
 Then through the fields of Canaan spread.

HYMN 217. C.M. *The Excellency of Scripture.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice.
 My lasting heritage;
 There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
 And keep thy laws in sight,
 While through the promises I rove
 With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise;
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
 It makes our sorrows bless'd;
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest.

HYMN 218. P.M. *Election.*

- 1 **E**LECTION, what a glorious plan,
 To save the rebel creature, man,
 And glory bring to God;
 For motives in the Father's breast,
 The precious Lamb elected is
 To bear the heavy load.

- 2 The Father so has lov'd the world,
To give his Son, our blessed Lord,
To save our souls from sin ;
That he might shed his precious blood,
And open the door that leads to God,
And call us sinners in.
- 3 Elected he a Prophet is,
To teach us, and to make us wise
To everlasting life.
Elected he a Priest become,
Aton'd for crimes that we have done,
That we might pardon have.
- 4 Elected he the victory won,
And rose triumphant from the tomb,
And conquer'd death and hell ;
Election, yes ; this song we'll sing,
(He's Lord of lords, and King of kings,)
While we this name can spell.
- 5 I read my Bible, this is plain,
Christ Jesus is elect, Amen,
And blessed be the Lord.
But no Election I can find,
Of enemies to God in mind,
Who hate his blessed word.
- 6 When we repent and turn to God,
Believe and love his blessed word,
And hate our former sin ;
Then we're elect in Jesus Christ,
Who groan'd and dy'd upon the cross,
That we the prize might win.

HYMN 218. S. M. *God all, and in all*

- 1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call ;

I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer,
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis Paradise when thou art here:
If thou depart 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The Angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above,
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

HYMN 219. C. M.

Pride goeth before Destruction. Prov. xvi. 18.

1 **L**ORD, search and try this heart of mine,
Put every sin to death;
I long to see my pride resign,
Its pestilential breath.

- 2 I dread its power, I hate its name,
Its sad effects I fear ;
Extinguish, Lord, this dang'rous flame,
Nor let one spark appear.
- 3 Hide it forever from my eyes,
Its hellish rage control ;
Lest wrath destructive from the skies,
Consume my guilty soul.
- 4 In dust and ashes I would lie,
As less, or worse than nought,
And mourn that such a wretch as I,
Should have one lofty thought.
- 5 Form, Lord, each motion of my heart,
Obedient to thy will ;
In thee the humble soul has part,
My breast let meekness fill.

HYMN 220. L. M. *If ye will not believe, surely
ye shall not be established.* Isa. vii. 9.

- 1 **A**T TEND my soul and trembling hear,
This awful truth demands your fear ;
Persisting still to disbelieve,
No hope nor grace can you receive.
- 2 Attend to what th' Eternal saith,
And pray incessantly for faith ;
Lest in an awful, hast'ning hour,
You fail to be restor'd no more.
- 3 Pray for that faith which stands sincere,
Which strives till death to persevere ;
That faith which treads the tempter down,
Which apprehends the heavenly crown.
- 4 That faith which gladdens all the heart,
Gleamsing the soul through every part:

- That faith which justifies, which draws
The will t' obey Jehovah's laws.
- 3 That faith which works inspir'd by love,
Shed by the Spirit from above;
That faith which can the cross sustain,
And sing in poverty and pain.
- 6 Faith which can Satan's schemes destroy
And fill the soul with constant joy,
Which sees its path in darkest night,
And keeps the heavenly port in sight
- 7 O precious faith!—May I be found,
Establish'd on its happy ground:
Instruct me, Jesus, from above,
And build me up in faith and love.
- 8 Then let the rising billows roll,
Faith is the anchor of my soul;
I'm well secur'd on every side,
Fix'd firm in Christ, my rock, my guide.

HYMN 221. L. M.

God thundereth marvellously with his voice. Job 37. 5

- T**HE rain descends, the tempests rise,
My soul, his Majesty adore!
Jehovah's voice sounds through the skies,
While light'nings flash and thunders roar.
- I sit becalm'd while others fear,
The God of thunder is my all;
It is my Father's voice I hear,
Nor shall I by his thunder fall.
- No, while his light'nings flash around,
Although the earth's foundations move,
I stand secure on faith's firm ground,
I rest in his unchanging love.

- 4 Nothing shall fright my soul from God,
Should he the skies this moment rend,
He is my only safe abode,
My rock, my refuge, and my friend.

HYMN 222. P. M.

The fear of the Lord is to hate evil. Prov. viii. 13.

- 1 **N**OW whilst I try my heart,
By this unerring word,
My conscience can assert
I truly fear the Lord :
I cannot tread the paths of sin,
I long for holiness within.
- 2 Yes, holiness of heart,
I would more largely share ;
I mourn with inward smart
The evils that are there ;
I hate my thoughts because they're vain,
I would from ev'ry sin abstain.
- 3 I hate this wretched pride,
These covetous desires ;
I'd have them crucify'd,
For God my heart requires :
Jesus, do thou these foes subdue,
Makes me still more sincere and true.
- 4 I'd live alone to thee,
I love t' obey thy word,
Well pleas'd that thou should'st be,
My Saviour and my Lord :
To thee I now resign my heart,
Renew it, Lord, in ev'ry part.

HYMN 223. C. M.

Thou knowest my down sitting and mine uprising: Thou understandest my thoughts afar off. Psalm cxxxix. 2.

- 1 **T**HOU art acquainted with my heart,
O thou omniscient God!
Thou know'st my ev'ry wand'ring thought,
What devious paths I've trod.
- 2 O 'tis in vain for me to try,
My num'rous thoughts to screen:
No sin escapes thy searching eye,
Unnotic'd or unseen.
- 3 Then let me call my follies o'er,
And mourn before the Lord,
That I have liv'd to him no more,
No more obey'd his word.
- 4 Lord, smite the flinty rock within,
And let my sorrows flow;
And whilst I mourn and hate my sin,
Do thou thy mercy show.
- 5 O bring a pardon to my hand,
A pardon bought with blood:
And may I never more offend,
Nor sin against my God.

HYMN 224. L. M.

Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength. Isa. lxiii. 1.

- 1 **W**HO is this heavenly person, who,
In garments dy'd methinks I see,
That comes from Edom drest in woe,
That comes from Bozrah unto me?

- 2 Glory his blood-stain'd robe adorne,
His body torn with stripes severe,
His sacred head beset with thorns,
His soul in agonies appear.
- 3 'Tis my Redeemer from above,
Jesus the Saviour;—yes, 'tis he!
Great is his strength, and great his love:
He groan'd, he bled, he dy'd for me.
- 4 New life his blood and wounds afford,
My sins have made his sorrows bleed,
I'll go and meet my dearest Lord,
And tell him how I hate the deed.
- 5 His dying love my soul constrains,
While thus I view his sufferings o'er,
To hate the cause of all his pains,
To love his precepts more and more.
- 6 Now I'm engag'd by sacred ties,
I charge my heart no more to stray,
From him who dwells above the skies,
Nor grieve nor tempt my Lord away.

HYMN 225. C. M. *O my God, I am ashamed
and blush to lift up my face to thee.*—Ezra ix. 6.

- 1 **L**ET me lie prostrate on the ground,
And veil my blushing face,
So deep, so dreadful is my wound,
I seek a hiding place.
- 2 'Twas sin that made this wound in me,
Then let me hate its name;
'Twas sin, O whither shall I flee?
I lie consum'd in shame.
- 3 Asham'd to lift my face to God,
So great my crimes appear?

I dread the vengeance of his rod,
His furious wrath I fear.

4 What am I in Jehovah's hand?
The sacred page will tell:
He can at once my soul command,
And sink it down to hell.

5 Well may I tremble at his power,
He's holy, just, and wise:
Why has he spar'd me to this hour,
Whose guilt for vengeance cries?

6 Let his long-suffering love and grace
Each grateful thought employ,
Which far more willingness displays,
To save than to destroy.

7 Jesus yet stands before the throne,
And pleads for sinners there:
Then let me lean on him alone
Till he subdues my fear.

8 By faith in him I now will come,
And lift my eyes to heaven;
He will my secret groans perfume,
And shew my sins forgiv'n.

HYMN 226. C. M.

I will speak in the bitterness of my soul.—Job

IN this extreme distress of soul,
How can I but complain!
I can no more my speech control,
No more from tears refrain.

Great is my anguish and my grief,
O whither shall I flee?
Far is my soul from all relief,
No help on earth I see.

3 My spirits and my strength are gone,
And I from day to day
Sit quite disconsolate alone,
And sigh my hours away.

4 O grievous lot ! O heavy woe !
Must I this cross sustain,
So long as I a feeling know,
So long as life remain ?

5 Why do my sorrows yet increase,
And flow on every side ?
Why is my soul depriv'd of peace ?
Of comfort, why denied ?

6 Why am I chasten'd every day ?
My nights why spent in pain ?
Why should deliverance longer stay ?
Are all my prayers in vain ?

7 Why so mysterious are thy ways,
And dreadful in my sight ?
Shew me, that I may lisp thy praise,
And serve thee with delight.

8 O chase this darkness from my mind,
And raise my thoughts above,
That I may full salvation find,
And celebrate thy love.

HYMN 227. L. M. *The cup which my Father
hath given me, shall I not drink it ?*

1 **I**S this unpleasing cup now given,
By thee, my Father, Lord of heaven ?
O let me then in silence stand,
And meekly take it at thy hand.

2 If thou wilt help me to believe,
I can this bitter draught receive ;

Though mix'd with wormwood and with gall,
My soul in faith can drink it all.

- 3 Thou know'st I am but feeble dust,
Too apt thy goodness to distrust;
But let not darkness veil my mind,
Let me not think my God unkind.
- 4 Still, Saviour, let me see thy face,
And rest my soul in thine embrace;
Send down fresh cordials from above,
And mix this woe with signs of love.
- 5 Dost thou not bear thy children's grief?
Then I from thee shall gain relief;
Yes, by thy grace and love divine,
Though all unworthy, I am thine.
- 6 Vengeance is not prepar'd for me,
My cup of wrath was drank by thee;
O let my soul forbear to frown,
And drink this milder mixture down.
- Lord, while its bitter flavour last,
Let thy rich love be my repast;
Oft, as the taste return again,
Let heavenly joys absorb the pain.

YMN 229. 1. M. *Against thee, thee only, have
I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight. Ps. li. 4.*

'GAINST thee, thou holy, just and wise,
'Gainst thee, how high my crimes arise!
'Gainst thee, whom angels bow before!
'Gainst thee, whom saints with awe adore!
'Gainst thee, thou good and gracious God!
'Gainst thee, my only safe abode!
'Gainst thee, on whom my all depend!
'Gainst thee, my Father, and my Friend!

- 3 'Gainst thee, who made thy richest grace
To shine so bright before my face!
Who gave thy Son my soul to save
From hell, from sin, and from the grave!
- 4 Why did I let my Saviour go?
Why did I grieve his Spirit so?
Why did my heart so stubborn prove,
To sin against such wond'rous love?
- 5 Why did I so forget the Lord?
Why did I so neglect his word?
Why scorn to bow the stubborn knee,
To him who bow'd the heavens for me?
- 6 Why am I not in deep despair?
Why does one gleam of hope appear?
Was ever creature so deprav'd?
Was ever such a sinner sav'd?
- 7 O let me now in dust repent,
And mourn my will to evil bent:
Weep on mine eyes, relent my heart,
And let my conscience feel the smart!
- 8 While Jesus shows his pard'ning blood,
I'll mourn my vile ingratitude:
Lord, take this wand'ring heart of mine,
And set it as a seal on thine.

HYMN 230. C. M.

Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe. Ps. cxix. 117

- 1 **T**HOU thee again, my gracious God,
I lift my heart and eyes?
Thou art my only safe abode,
Thou only just and wise.
- 2 In thee, for every needful grace,
My drooping soul confide;

Keep me O Lord, in ev'ry place,
Secure on ev'ry side.

3 Be thou my guardian ever near,
Thy presence I entreat ;
Keep me, O keep me in thy fear,
Uphold my sliding feet.

4 The paths I tread are strew'd with snares,
In mercy take my part ;
Let not applauses wound my ears,
Nor censures vex my heart.

5 Lest I should once disgrace thy cause,
Make me O Lord to grow,
Deaf both to censure and applause,
And dead to all below.

6 I'd seek the honour of thy name,
And leave my own to die ;
Help me to sink with humble shame,
And raise thy praises high.

HYMN 231. P. M. *The Gospel Trumpet.*

1 **A**LL hail ! all hail methinks I hear,
The gospel sound the jubile year ;
Behold the great Messiah's come ;
He comes with pity in his eyes,
And bows, and groans, and bleeds, and dies,
To bring poor wand'ring sinners home.

2 Rouse all ye careless souls, attend
The call of your Eternal Friend ;
His bleeding hands are stretch'd for you,
He'll wash you in his precious blood,
And bring your wretched souls to God,
Heal all your wounds, and love you too.

- 3 Now is the time the Prince of Peace
 From chains and darkness gives release,
 And sets the guilty pris'ner free;
 O sinners hear the Saviour's voice,
 Rejoice, ye mourning souls, rejoice,
 Come and believe he dy'd for thee.
- 4 O think he dy'd that you may live,
 His liberal hand free pardons give,
 To every poor returning soul:
 Sinners awake why will ye die?
 Fly to the blest Redeemer, fly,
 Before your moments cease to roll.

HYMN 232. C.M. *Met for Worship.*

- 1 **H**ERE in the presence of our God,
 We've met to seek thy face;
 O let us feel th' eternal word,
 And feast upon thy grace.
- 2 O may this be a happy hour,
 To ev'ry mourning soul;
 Display thy love, make known thy power,
 And make the wounded whole.
- 3 O may a spark of heavenly fire,
 Each stupid soul inflame,
 And sacred love our tongues inspire
 To praise thy worthy name.
- 4 Let ev'ry soul the Saviour see,
 And taste his love divine;
 And ev'ry heart forever be
 United Lord, with thine.

HYMN 233. L.M. *Sinners invited to Christ.*

- 1 **S**INNERS, behold the Saviour stands,
 With pardon in his bleeding hands,

- To court you from the jaws of hell,
That you in perfect bliss may dwell.
- 2 His Spirit, with its healing power,
Stands knocking, pleading at your door;
He'll bind the wounds that sin has made,
And heal the sick, and raise the dead.
- 3 O stifle not the heavenly voice,
But hear and in his name rejoice;
Attend the call, his love embrace,
And taste the sweetness of his grace.
- 4 He'll be your Father and your Friend,
Your heart shall sing, your sorrows end;
He'll feed you with immortal love,
And bring you to his courts above.

HYMN 234. L. M. *A call to the Careless.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, unfeeling souls awake!
Your dang'rous bed of sloth forsake;
And fly to Jesus while there's hope,
Or soon in endless death you'll drop.
- 2 The Saviour's come, his bowels yearn,
And bids your dying souls return;
He bleeds, he groans, he dies for you;
His name and nature calls you too.
- 3 O think before you lose your breath,
How can you bear eternal death?
Just on a precipice you dwell,
And all beneath is death and hell.
- 4 Jesus the Lord yet waits to give
Eternal life, O turn and live;
There yet 'remains, an *who can tell*,
But you may yet in glory dwell.

HYMN 235. C. M.

A Reproof for Profane Swearers.

- 1 **H**OW daring is the wretch profane,
Whose tongue doth heaven defy,
To give a lose his hellish reign,
In oaths of blasphemy!
- 2 Soon would destruction be their state,
And they among the dead,
If only what they imprecate,
Should fall upon their head.
- 3 Where will those daring wretches flee,
Their guilty souls to hide,
When that eternal God they see,
Whom they so long defy'd?
- 4 Spare them O God, nor let them fall
On the dire sword they draw,
Or soon those weighty sins will gall,
And loss forever gnaw.
- 5 O turn, ye wretched souls, return,
And to the Saviour fly,
Before in your own sins you burn,
Where you will surely die.

HYMN 236. S. M. *On the name of Jesus.*

- 1 **J**ESUS we love thy name,
And thee we will adore;
And when we feel this heavenly flame,
We long to love thee more.
- 2 Thy name is all our trust;
Thy name is solid peace;
Thy name is everlasting rest,
When other names shall cease,

3 There ravish'd with thy name,
We never more shall rove ;
There sound thine everlasting fame,
And solace in thy love.

4 Thy name shall be our praise ;
Thy name shall be our joy ;
Thy name, through everlasting days,
Shall countless throngs employ.

HYMN 237. L. M.

The Prince of Peace riding Victoriously.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy gospel armour gird,
To spread abroad thy gracious fame,
Ride in the chariot of thy word,
And teach the dying world thy name.
- 2 Triumph in mercy through our land,
And cause the poor dry bones to move ;
Display thy love, make bare thy hand,
And teach poor wretched men thy love.
- 3 Here's some immers'd in shades of night,
And some involv'd in deep distress ;
O send some rays of sacred light,
And ev'ry mourning sinner bless.
- 4 Here's some that's deaf, and some that's blind
And some that's wounded with their sins,
They mourn and rove, some help to find,
Yet do but more increase their pains.
- 5 Here's some that feel their heavy chain,
And others senseless of their woe ;
Some captive souls where Satan reigns,
Some lost, and know not where to go.
- 6 Some much in debt, with naught to pay,
Condemn'd and into prison cast,

And wallowing in their filth they lay,
All hope and help but thee is lost.

- 7 Here's some that mourn a stupid mind,
And some that's lame, and some that's dead,
Some sick, and can no comfort find,
While others beg for crumbs of bread.

PAUSE.

- 8 Come in thou great Physician, come,
Thou that delight'st to help the poor ;
Get to thyself a glorious name,
At thy expense work ev'ry cure.

- 9 I come, saith Jesus, lo I come,
To help the poor is my delight ;
Love is my nature, love my name ;
My help is free both day and night.

- 10 Come without money now to me,
Both weak, and wounded, bond and poor ;
Rebels and pris'ners I will free,
The worst of all diseases cure.

- 11 I'll labour at my own expence,
Cancel all debts and pay the cost ;
And give my bond for their defence,
That not one patient shall be lost.

- 12 I'm bound by my own love to be
Physician and a father too,
A friend to all eternity,
What more can I propose to do.

- 13 Enough O Lord, and we adore
Thy wisdom, pity, and thy love ;
Thou giv'st thyself, we ask no more ;
Now we may reign with thee above.

- 4 Let all the sons of men rejoice,
And join to learn thy precious name.

And ev'ry heart, and ev'ry voice,
The wonders of thy love proclaim!

- 15 Let saints and angels join above,
The glory of thy name to sing,
While the sweet wonders of thy love,
Make all the heavenly arches ring.
- 16 Let all creation join as one,
Through endless years thy love proclaim;
While sacred echoes cry, Amen!
Amen! all worthy is the Lamb!

HYMN 238. C. M. *When met for Worship.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, let not thy grace delay
To meet us with thy love.
Drive interposing clouds away,
And make our guilt remove.
- 2 Come in with power to ev'ry soul,
O thou immortal Dove;
Make ev'ry wounded spirit whole,
With thy redeeming love.
- 3 We long to meet our God to day,
And taste thy grace divine,
That ev'ry soul with joy may say,
My Lord my God is mine.
- 4 What do we here without thy grace,
O blessed Lamb of God!
'Twill be a dark and tiresome place,
Unless we feel thy word.
- 5 Here's some that pant, O God, to see
Thy face, and taste thy love;
O speak, and bring us near to thee,
And make our doubts remove.

- 6 Jesus inspire each heart and tongue
 To learn thy precious name ;
 Redeeming love shall be our song,
 And we thy love proclaim.

HYMN 239. C. M.

Christ inviting Sinners to his Grace

- 1 **A** MAZING sight the Saviour stands,
 And knocks at ev'ry door ;
 Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
 For to supply the poor.
- 2 Behold, he saith, I bleed and die,
 To bring poor souls to rest ;
 Hear sinners, while I'm passing by,
 And be forever blest.
- 3 Will you despise such bleeding love,
 And choose the way to hell ;
 Or in the glorious realms above,
 With me forever dwell ?
- 4 Not to condemn your sinking race,
 Have I in judgment come ;
 But to display unbounded grace,
 And bring lost sinners home.
- 5 May I not save your wretched soul
 From sin, from death and hell ?
 Wounded or sick I'll make you whole,
 And you with me shall dwell.
- 6 Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
 And have your sins forgiven ?
 Or will you make a wretched choice,
 And bar yourselves from heaven ?
- 7 Will you go down to endless night,
 And be forever slain,

O dwell in everlasting light,
Where I in glory reign?

- 8 Come now dear soul before I go,
While I am passing by;
Say, will you bow to me or no?
Say, will you live or die?

HYMN 240. L. M.

The Mourning Soul answered by Christ.

- 1 **W**HERE, saith the mourner, is this Christ;
That calls the hungry to a feast,
Where is that grace proclaim'd so free?
Say herald, point the way to me.
- 2 If as you say he spilt his blood,
To bring poor wand'ring souls to God;
Then tell me, tell me where I'll go,
To find if this be true or no?
- 3 Well saith the Saviour, here I be,
Where is the soul enquires for me;
I by my Spirit now declare
My grace is free, and you may share.
- 4 O saith the soul, I would receive;
Speak Lord, and help me to believe;
Since thou declar'st thy grace is free,
O give one precious drop to me.
- 5 I wait, saith Jesus, at your door,
With love that knows no bound nor shore;
And far more free I am to give,
Than you are willing to receive.
- 6 Freely I die, I mourn, I bleed,
I weep, I wait, promise and plead;
Lab'ring for you, all dress'd in gore,
What can I do or offer more?

- 1 Say will you now my love abuse,
And all the joys of heaven refuse?
Must I now leave you, must I go?
And will you choose eternal woe?
- 2 O be besought to hear my voice,
And make eternal life your choice;
Say will you choose to sink in hell,
Or else with me in glory dwell?

HYMN 241. L. M. *A call to Sinners.*

- 1 SINNERS arise, the Saviour's come,
And bleeds for wretched souls like you;
His mercy calls the rebels home,
Forgives their sins, and loves them too.
- 2 Come to the feast without delay,
Before the gospel call is o'er:
Embrace the blessed Lord to day,
Lest he should go and call no more.
- 3 Ten thousand souls have enter'd in,
And found a feast of love divine;
Come then poor souls, with all your sin,
And the Redeemer will be thine.
- 4 Those happy souls who're gone before,
Were once in sin as vile as you;
O doubt the Saviour's love no more,
But come and taste his goodness too.

HYMN 242. L. M. *Prophecy and Inspiration.*

- 1 'T WAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient Prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought,
Confirm'd the messages they brought;

The Prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

- 3 Great God ! mine eyes with pleasure look,
On the dear volume of thy book ;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me ;
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind :
Here I can fix my hope secure ;
This is thy word, and must endure.

HYMN 242. C. M.

Imperfection of Men, and Perfection of Scripture.

- 1 **L**ET all the heathen writers join,
To form one perfect book ;
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look.
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;
But thine conduct to heaven.
- 3 I've seen an end to what we call
Perfection here below ;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought ;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.
- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

- 6 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
 Fall far below thy word ;
 But perfect truth and righteousness
 Dwell only with the Lord.

HYMN 242. S. M.

The Blessedness of Gospel Times.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Zion's hill ;
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !
 How sweet their tidings are !
 " Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
 " He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ,
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.
- 4 The Lord makes bare his arm
 Through all the earth abroad !
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 243. L. M. *Free Grace Proclaimed.*

- 1 **C**OME trembling soul, forget your fear,
 For your eternal Friend is near ;
 O bow your souls before his face,
 And share in his redeeming grace.
- 2 Long time he's call'd your souls in vain,
 And yet behold he calls again ;
 Once more in love he's come to try ;
 Say sinners, will you live or die ?
- 3 Though long you have his grace abus'd,
 And all his calls of love refus'd ;

Yet even now he will forgive,
O sinners, hear his voice and live.

- 4 Or will you crowd him from your door,
That he may never call you more?
Then think, O souls, how can you bear,
To sink in death and long despair?
- 5 O sinners hear, he calls again,
And do not linger on the plain;
Leave all and fly to Jesus' arms,
And taste, O taste his heavenly charms.

HYMN 244. L. M.

The strong Persuasions of Free Grace.

- 1 **O** SINNERS fly to Jesus' arms,
Enjoy his everlasting charms;
He calls you to a heavenly feast,
O come poor starving souls and taste.
- 2 Say, will you be forever blest,
And with the heavenly Jesus rest?
He'll save you from all sin and pain,
And shall in his full glory reign.
- 3 Say now poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
Make now the choice and halt no more,
For Christ is waiting at your door.
- 4 He waits, he woos, he's loth to leave,
And will you not his word believe?
Why will you let this Jesus go,
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
- 5 Once more I'll ask you in his name,
(I know his love is still the same.)
Will you be sav'd from dreadful woe?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

HYMN 245. P. M. *The birth of Christ*

- 1 **W**HAT good news the Angels bring,
 What glad tidings of our King;
 Christ the Lord is born to-day,
 Christ who takes our sins away;
 He who rules in heaven and earth,
 Had in Bethlehem his birth;
 Him shall all his people see,
 And rejoice eternally.
- 2 Lift your hearts and voices high:
 With hosannas fill the sky:
 Glory be to God above!
 God, the infinite in love,
 Now reveals his glorious plan!
 Peace on earth, good will to man!
 Angels join with us in praise,
 Join to sing redeeming grace.
- 3 Now the wall is broken down,
 Now the gospel is made known;
 Now the door is open'd wide,
 Christ for Jew and Gentile dy'd;
 All who feel the weight of sin,
 All who languish to be clean,
 All who for redemption groan,
 Must be sav'd by faith alone.
- 4 Jesus is the lovely name,
 This the Angels do proclaim;
 He shall all Believers save,
 They in him remission have;
 When they see themselves undone,
 They take refuge in the Son;
 They shall all be born again,
 And with him in glory reign.

- 5 Shout, ye nations of the earth,
Sing the triumphs of his birth;
All the world by him is blest;
Sound his praise from east to west;
Jews and Gentiles jointly sing,
Christ our common Lord and King!
Christ our life, our hope, our joy,
Shall our endless praise employ.

HYMN 246. L. M. *Christ's Passion.*

- 1 **Y**E that pass by, behold the man,
The man of grief condemn'd for you;
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.
- 2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood;
His sacred limbs expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 3 See there his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide;
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.
- 4 Oh, thou dear suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move;
Help us to catch thy precious blood,
Help us to taste thy dying love.
- 5 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd while her Deliv'rer dy'd;
O may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucify'd.
- 6 At thy last gasp, the graves display'd,
Their honours to the upper skies;
O that our souls might burst the shade,
And quicken'd by thy death, arise.

- 2 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
 And tremble, and asunder part;
 O rend with thy expiring breath,
 The harder marble of our heart.

HYMN 247. P. M. *Christ's Ascension.*

- 1 **C**LAP your hands ye people all,
 Praise the God on whom ye call;
 Lift your voice and shout his praise,
 Triumph in his matchless grace.
- 2 Jesus is gone up on high,
 Takes his seat above the skies;
 Shout ye Angel choirs aloud,
 Echoing to the trump of God.
- 3 Sons of men the triumph join,
 Praise him with the hosts divine;
 Emulate the heavenly pow'rs,
 Their victorious Lord is our's.
- 4 Shout the God enthron'd above,
 Loud proclaim his conqu'ring love;
 Praises to our Jesus sing,
 Praises to our glorious King.
- 5 Pow'r is all to Jesus given,
 Pow'r o'er hell, o'er earth and heaven;
 Jesus, power to us impart,
 Then we'll praise with all our heart.

HYMN 248. S. M. *Praising Christ.*

- 1 **A**WAKE and sing the song,
 Of Moses and the Lamb;
 Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising pow'r;

Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs

4 Sing till we hear Christ say,
"Your sins are all forgiven;"
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
Till we meet all in heaven.

HYMN 249. P.M. *Worship Song*

1 **Y**E Servants of God,
Your Master proclaim;
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
'The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have;
The great congregation,
His triumphs shall sing;
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son;
Our Jesus' praises
The Angels proclaim,

Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

- 4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right ;
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might ;
All honour and blessing,
With Angels above ;
And thanks never ceasing ;
And infinite love.

HYMN 250. P. M. *The Brazen Serpent.*

- 1 **W**ITH fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
When *Israel's* mourning tribes complain'd,
And sigh'd to be reliev'd ;
A serpent straight the Prophet made,
Of molten brass to view display'd ;
The patients look'd and liv'd.
- 2 But oh, what healing to the heart,
Does Jesus' greater cross impart,
To those who seek a cure !
Israel of old, and we no less,
The same indulgent grace confess,
While life and breath endure.
- 3 To reason's view so strange effect,
Self-righteous souls will still reject,
And perish in their pride ;
Not so the stung with sin and law,
These all their rich salvation draw,
From Jesus' bleeding side.
- 4 May we then view the matchless cross,
And other objects count but loss,
No other gain explore ;

Here still be fix'd our feasted eyes,
 Teeming with tears of glad surprise,
 And thankfully adore.

- 5 Hail great Immanuel, balmy name !
 Thy praise the ransom'd will proclaim,
 Thee we Physician call ;
 We own no other cure but thine,
 Thou the Deliverer divine,
 Our health, our life, our all.

HYMN 251. P.M.

Glorifying God in Christ. A Dialogue.

- 1 **B**RETHREN sing : 'tis right you should ;
 Sing our Saviour's precious blood ;
 Daughters of Jerusalem,
 Join we willingly the theme.
- 2 Shout for joy ye happy men ;
 Lo for you the Lamb was slain !
 Highly favour'd women, praise
 Jesus in celestial lays.
- 3 Hail redeeming Lamb, who late
 Suffer'd death without the gate,
 Hail ! for by thy death and cross,
 Thou hast purchas'd heaven for us.
- 4 None but Jesus will we sing,
 None but Jesus, Israel's King ;
 None but Jesus will we laud,
 None but Christ the Son of God.
- 5 Worthy, holy Lamb art thou,
 Praise to have and honour too ;
 Worthy thou of bliss and pow'r,
 Now henceforth, forever more

HYMN 252. C. M. *The Pilgrim. A Dialogue.*


- 1 **H**O Pilgrims, (if ye Pilgrims be,) We wish to join with you :
Poor Christian travellers are we,
To Canaan's land we go.
- 2 No peace nor happiness we find,
In any country here ;
'Twas therefore we left all behind,
Wealth, name and character.
- 3 We ne'er such pleasure knew before,
As now in him we know ;
Peace, since our Saviour's cross we bore,
Like rivers in us flow.
- 4 Let others then delight them here,
Their pleasures we despise :
The heavenly kingdom we prefer,
The joys of Paradise.
- 5 Then joyful let us journey on,
To peace and rest above ;
Singing to Him on yonder throne,
Of free, unbounded love.

HYMN 253. P. M. *Victory over the World.*

- 1 **T**ELL me no more of this world's vain store ;
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.
- 2 A country I've found where true joys abound ;
To dwell I'm determin'd on this happy ground.
- 3 No mortal doth know, what Christ can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort, *Go after him, go.*
- 4 Lo onward I move, and, but Christ above,
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will prove.
- 5 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell & sin ;
Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within.

- 6 Perhaps for his name, poor dust as I am;
Some works I shall finish with glad loving aim;
7 I still, which is best, shall in his dear breast,
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.
8 And when I'm to die, "Receive me" I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.
9 But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind.

HYMN 254. L. M. *Look again.* Jonah ii. 4.

- 1  EE a poor sinner, dearest Lord,
Whose soul encourag'd by thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And there would look, and look again.
2 How oft deceiv'd by self and pride,
Has my poor heart been turn'd aside!
And Jonah like, has fled from thee,
Till thou hast look'd again on me.
3 Ah! bring : wretched wanderer home!
And to thy footstool let me come;
And tell thee all my grief and pain,
And wait, and look, and look again.
4 Take courage then, my trembling soul,
One look from Christ will make thee whole?
Trust thou in him, 'tis not in vain;
But wait and look, and look again.
5 Do Satan's darts thy soul molest?
Does dark desertions fill thy breast?
Art thou almost with sorrows slain?
Yet wait and look, and look again.
6 Do fears and doubts thy soul annoy?
And thund'ring tempests drown thy joy?

And canst thou not one smile obtain?
Yet wait and look, and look again.

7 Look to the Lord his word, his throne;
Look to his grace, and not your own:
There wait and look, and look again,
You shall not wait and look in vain.

8 Ere long that happy day will come,
When I shall reach my blissful home;
And when to glory I attain,
O then I'll look, and look again.

HYMN 255. L. M.

I know that my Redeemer lives.

- 1 **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this sweet sentence gives?
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my everlasting Head.
- 2 He lives, triumphant from the grave,
He lives, eternally to save;
He lives, all glorious in the sky,
He lives, exalted there on high.
- 3 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.
- 4 He lives and grants me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 5 He lives to crush the pow'rs of hell,
He lives that he may in me dwell,
He lives to heal and make me whole,
He lives to guard my feeble soul.

- 6 He lives to silence all my fears ;
He lives to stoop and wipe my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.
- 7 He lives my kind, my heavenly friend,
He lives and loves me to the end ;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives my Prophet, Priest and King.
- 8 He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death,
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.
- 9 He lives all glory to his name,
He lives my Jesus still the same ;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives.

HYMN. 256. L. M. *Him.* Acts v. 31.

- 1 **J**OIN all who love the SAVIOUR's name,
And sing his everlasting fame :
Great God, prepare each heart and voice,
In Him forever to rejoice.
- 2 Of Him what wond'rous things are told !
In Him what glory I behold !
For Him I gladly all things leave ;
To Him, my soul, forever cleave.
- 3 In Him my treasure's all contain'd ;
By Him my feeble soul's sustain'd ;
From Him I all things now receive ;
Through Him my soul does daily live.
- 4 With Him I daily love to walk ;
Of Him my soul delights to talk ;
On Him I cast my daily care ;
Like Him one day I shall appear.

- 5 Bless Him my soul, from day to day;
 Trust Him to bring thee on thy way;
 Give Him thy poor weak, sinful heart;
 With Him O never, never part.
- 6 Take Him for strength and righteousness;
 Make Him thy refuge in distress;
 Love Him above all earthly joy,
 And Him in ev'ry thing employ.
- 7 Praise Him in grateful, cheerful songs;
 To Him your highest praise belongs;
 Bless Him who does your heaven prepare,
 And Him you'll praise forever there.

HYMN 257. C. M. *Christ Lord of All.*

- 1 **A**LL hail! the great Immanuel's name;
 Let Angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Let high born seraphs tune the lyre,
 And, as they tune it fall
 Before his face, who tunes the choir,
 And crown him, Lord of all.
- 3 Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from the altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
 Who fix this floating ball:
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransom'd from the rail;
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him, Lord of all.

- 6 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call,
The Son where God's rich grace doth shine,
The crowned, Lord of all,
- 7 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go Spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him, Lord of all.
- 8 Let ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue,
That bound creation's ball,
Now shout in universal song,
The crowned, Lord of all.

HYMN 258. C. M. *The name of Christ.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the troubled soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place ;
My never failing treas'ry fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart.
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

- Till then I would thy love proclaim,
 With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of thy name,
 Refresh my soul in death.

• HYMN 259. P.M. *Dismissian.*

- 1 **I** ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace.
 O refresh us, O refresh us,
 Trav'ling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation,
 In our hearts and lives abound.
 May thy presence, may thy presence,
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on Angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey.
 May we ever, may we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

HYMN 260. P.M. *Address to a Young Person.*

- 1 **W**HEN your rosy cheeks are pale,
 When your sparkling eyes grow blind,
 You must leave this mournful vale,
 And your sinful joys behind.
- 2 Then if Christ is not your friend,
 You must sink forever down

Into death, which has no end,
Under God's eternal frown.

3 O then hear the Saviour's voice,
"Come ye wretched, come and live;
Make my name your only choice;
Endless happiness I'll give."

4 Precious youth, obey the Lord,
Seek him while he may be found,
Hear the threat'nings of his word,
Ere the last loud trumpet sound.

HYMN 261. L. M. *Sung at the Designation
of the Missionaries to India, Dec. 1, 1803.*

FAREWELL TO THE MISSIONARIES.

1 FROM Indian plains, on Albion's shore
See gold and gems and fragrance smile;
But Britain, in a richer store,
Returns it from our native isle.

2 Lo! with the gospel's glorious prize,
With truth irradiant as the sun,
In vain the sparkling treasure vies;
We send the pearl of price unknown!

3 The nations feel the pangs of war,
And wrath with boundless tumult reigns;
And gallic fury waves from far,
And British armies fill the plains:

4 But Zion's gentler hosts engage,
Impatient for a nobler fight,
Through every land the war to wage,
And put confederate worlds to flight.

5 Yes, hell shall mourn th' eternal loss,
And earth with captive souls abound;
Before the soldiers of the cross,
With unensanguin'd laurels crown'd.

- 6 For this embosom'd prize we spare,
 Dear to the Church's glowing heart;
 For this with unreluctant tear,
 We bid our well belov'd depart.
- 7 Go then dear missionary train,
 Go, bless the distant eastern shore;
 Ye shall not hear our lips complain,
 That we behold your forms no more.
- 8 Great God of nature! to whose sight
 Unfathom'd ocean open lies!
 Bid every blessing on them light,
 In prosperous gales, and peaceful skies.
- 9 Ah! let them not to death be hurl'd,
 But guide them o'er the buoyant wave,
 Save them thyself—and teach the world
 By them, thy power, thy will to save.

HYMN 262. C. M. *The Missionaries' Farewell.*

- 1 **K**INDRED, and friends, and native land,
 How shall we say farewell?
 How, when our swelling sails expand,
 How will our bosoms swell!
- 2 Yes nature, all thy soft delights,
 And tender ties we know:
 But love more strong than death, unites
 To him that bids us go.
- 3 Thus, when our every passion mov'd
 The gushing tear-drop starts;
 The cause of Jesus, more belov'd,
 Shall glow within our hearts.
- 4 The sighs we breath for precious souls,
 Where he is yet unknown,
 Might waft us to the distant poles,
 Or to the burning zone.

- 5 With the warm wish our bosoms swell,
 Our glowing powers expand;
 Farewell, then we can say farewell!
 Our friends, our native land!

HYMN 263. L. M. *On the Departure of the
 Missionaries—by a Bristol Student.*

- 1 **R**ULER of worlds display thy pow'r,
 Be this thy Zion's favour'd hour;
 Bid the bright morning star arise,
 And point the nations to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
 On Afric shores, on India's plains;
 On wilds and continents unknown,
 And be the universe thine own!
- 3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice;
 Speak, and the deserts shall rejoice!
 Scatter the shades of mortal night;
 Let worthless idols flee the light!
- 4 Trusting in him, dear brethren, rear
 The gospel standard, void of fear:
 Go seek with joy your destin'd shore,
 To view your native land no more.
- 5 Yes, Christian Heroes! go, proclaim
 Salvation through Immanuel's name!
 To India's clime the tidings bear,
 And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
- 6 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
 With flaming zeal your breasts inspire;
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,
 And hush the tempests into peace.
- 7 And when our labours all are o'er,
 Then we shall meet to part no more;

Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus, Lord of all!

HYMN 264. L. M. *Sinners and Saints in the wreck of Nature.* Isaiah xxiv. 18—20.

- 1 **H**OW great, how terrible that God,
Who shakes creation with his rod;
He frowns—earth, sea, all nature's frame
Sink in one universal flame.
- 2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the general wreck;
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down.
- 3 In vain for mercy now they hope!
The day which comes, shall burn them up;
There on the flaming billows tost,
Forever—O forever lost.
- 4 But saints, undaunted and serene
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;
Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
- 5 Jesus, the helpless creature's friend,
To thee, my ail I dare commend:
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When light'nings blaze from pole to pole.

HYMN 265. L. M. *The books opened.* Rev. xx. 12.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the pris'ners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command:

- Both small and great now quit their dust;
And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 3 Behold the awful books display'd,
Fill'd with th' important states of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.
- 4 To every soul the book assign,
The joyous or the dread reward:
Sinners in vain lament and pine,
No pleas the Judge will here regard.
- 5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve;
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

HYMN 264. L. M.

Desiring to depart, and be with Christ. Phil. i. 23.

- 1 **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
And fains my much-lov'd Lord to see;
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.
- 3 Come ye angelic envoys, come
And lead the willing pilgrim home!
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys and of your own.
- 4 That blissful interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet;
Rais'd by his arm, to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace!

- 5 As with a Seraph's voice to sing!
 To fly as on a cherub's wing!
 Performing with unweary'd hands,
 The present Saviour's high commands;
- 6 Yet with these prospects full in sight,
 We'll wait thy signal for the flight;
 For while thy service we pursue,
 We find a heaven in all we do.

HYMN 267. C. M.

Victory over Death through Christ. 1 Cor. xv. 57.

- 1 **W**HEN death appears before my sight;
 In all his dire array,
 Unequal to the dreadful fight,
 My courage dies away.
- 2 But see my glorious Leader nigh!
 My Lord, my Saviour lives;
 Before him death's pale terrors fly,
 And my faint heart revives.
- 3 He left his dazzling throne above,
 He met the tyrant's dart;
 And (O, amazing power of love,)
 Receiv'd it in his heart.
- 4 No more, O grim destroyer boast
 Thy universal sway;
 To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost,
 Thy night, the gates of day.
- 5 Lord, I commit my soul to thee,
 Accept the sacred trust;
 Receive this nobler part of me,
 And watch my sleeping dust.
- 6 Till that illustrious morning come,
 When all thy saints shall rise;

And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.

7 When thy triumphant armies sing
The honours of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring;
With glory to the Lamb.

8 O let me join the raptur'd lays,
And with the blissful throng,
Resound salvation, power and praise,
In everlasting song.

HYMN 268. P. M.

1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Saviour stands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
With his redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood was spilt for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive they cry!
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

3 To God I'm reconcil'd,
 His pard'ning voice I hear;
 He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear:
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba Father! cry.

HYMN 269. P. M. *At parting.*

1 **F**OR a season call'd to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend,
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever present Friend,
 2 Jesus hear our humble prayer!
 Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
 Let thy mercy and thy care
 All our souls in safety keep.
 3 In thy strength may we be strong,
 Sweeten every cross and pain;
 Give us, if we live; ere long
 In thy peace to meet again.
 4 Then if thou thy help afford,
 Ebenezers shall be rear'd,
 And our souls shall praise the Lord,
 Who our poor petitions heard.

HYMN 270. C. M.

Room at the Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 22.

1 **T**HE King of heaven his table spreads,
 And dainties crown the board;
 Not paradise, with all its joys,
 Could such delight afford.
 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
 And endless life are given;
 Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
 To raise the soul to heaven.

- 3 Ye hungry poor, who long have stray'd,
 In sin's dark mazes come ;
 Come from your most obscure retreats,
 And grace shall find you room,
- 4 Millions of souls in glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here ;
 And millions more, still on the way,
 Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come,
 Nor could the whole assembled world,
 O'er fill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready, come away,
 Nor weak excuses frame ;
 Crowd to your places at the feast,
 And bless the Founder's name.

HYMN 271. L. M.

*Set Him above all Principalities and Powers—Worship
 thy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive Glory and
 Blessing. Eph. i. 21. Rev. v. 12.*

- 1 **N**OW far above the starry skies,
 Our Jesus fills his brighter throne,
 Invisible to mortal eyes,
 But not to humble faith unknown.
- 2 [The countless hosts that round him stand,
 The subjects of his glorious power,
 Fly through the world at his command,
 Or prostrate at his feet adore.
- 3 Satan and all his rebel crew,
 Who rag'd to pull his kingdom down,
 Crush'd by his hand, in ruin now,
 Lie trembling at his awful frown.

- 4 His name above all creatures great,
 He all sustains and all controuls;
 Yet, from his high exalted state,
 Looks kindly down on humble souls.]
- 5 Though in the glory he possest,
 Long ere this world or time began;
 He shines the Son of God confest,
 Yet owns himself the Son of man.
- 6 Here once in agonies he dy'd
 Now in the heavens he ever lives;
 Of joy there pours th' eternal tide,
 Here saves the sinner who believes,
- 7 All hail! thou great Immanuel, hail!
 Ten thousand blessings on thy name!
 While thus thy wond'rous love we tell,
 Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.
- 8 Come, quickly come, immortal King!
 On earth thy legal honours raise,
 The full salvation promis'd bring,
 Then every tongue shall sing thy praise.

HYMN 243. C. M. *After Baptism.*

- 1 **P**ROCLAIM, saith Christ, my wond'rous
 grace
 To all the sons of men;
 He that believes and is baptiz'd,
 Salvation shall obtain.
- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
 Who, hoping in thy word,
 This day have publicly declar'd
 That Jesus is their Lord.
- 3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
 And run the Christian race;

And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

HYMN 273. C. M.

Morning before Baptism ; or, at the water sign.

- 1 **H**OW great, how solemn is the work,
Which we attend to day !
Now for a holy, solemn frame.
O God, to thee we pray.
- 2 O may we feel as once we felt,
When pain'd and griev'd at heart ;
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Reliev'd our every smart.
- 3 Let grace which then was exercis'd,
Be exercis'd again ;
And, nurrur'd by celestial power,
In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy ;
Vain world begone ; let things above,
Our happy thoughts employ.
- 5 Whilst thee, our Saviour and our Lord,
To all around we own ;
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
Each traitor from the throne.
- 6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heaven our passions raise ;
That hence our lives, our all may be
Devoted to thy praise.

HYMN 274. P. M.

The Increase of the Messiah's Kingdom.

- 1 **A**LL hail, exalted Lord !
The wond'rous things foretold

Of thee in sacred writ,
 With joy our eyes behold;
 Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
 And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee, the hoary head,
 Its silver honours pays,
 To thee, the blooming youth
 Devotes his brightest days;
 And every age their tribute bring,
 And bow to thee, all-conquering King!

3 O haste, victorious Prince,
 That happy glorious day,
 When souls, like drops of dew,
 Shall own thy gentle sway;
 • may it bless our longing eyes,
 And bear our shouts beyond the skies.

4 All hail, triumphant Lord!
 Eternal be thy reign!
 Behold the nations sue
 To wear thy gentle chain;
 When earth and time are known no more,
 Thy throne shall stand forever sure.

HYMN 275. P. M.

May the Grace, &c. Cor. xiii. 14.

1 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.
 Thus may we abide in union,
 With each other, and the Lord;
 And possess in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMN 276. L. M. *At Dismission.*

- 4 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy word;
 All that has been amiss, forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty thou art good,
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
 Give every fetter'd soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN 277. P. M. *A Blessing requested.*

- 1 **C**OME thou soul transforming Spirit,
 Bless the sower and the seed;
 Let each heart thy grace inherit,
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
 From the gospel,
 From the gospel,
 Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 O may all enjoy the blessing,
 Which thy words design'd to give;
 Let us all, thy love possessing,
 Joyfully the truth receive;
 And forever,
 And forever,
 To thy praise and glory live.

HYMN 278. P. M. *I will not let thee go, except
 thou bless me. Gen. xxxii. 21.*

- 1 **L**ORD I cannot let thee go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow:
 Do not turn away thy face,
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am,
 Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name!

Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee.

- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy,
That poor rebel, Lord was I.
- 4 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now,
Who could hold me up but thou?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in every need,
This emboldens me to plead
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?
- 7 No, I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold,
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus sake.

HYMN 279. C. M. *Secret Prayer.*

- 1 **F**ATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There may that piercing eye survey,
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.
- 3 O let thy own celestial fire,
The incense still inflame,

- While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love,
My soul in secret bless ;
So shalt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.
- 5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum ;
Mercy through Christ, is all my suit,
Lord, let thy mercy come.

HYMN 280. L M. *The Christian Warfare.*

- 1 **M**Y Captain sounds th' alarm of war,
Awake ! the powers of hell are near ;
To arms ! to arms ! I hear him cry,
Tis your's to conquer or to die.
- 2 Rous'd by the animated sound,
I cast my eager eyes around ;
Make haste to gird my armour on,
And bid each trembling fear begone.
- 3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,
Thy word, my God, the sword I wield ;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.
- 4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight,
Resolv'd to put my foes to flight ;
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.
- 5 In him I hope, in him I trust ;
His bleeding cross, is all my boast ;
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on
To vict'ry and the victor's crown.

HYMN 281. C. M. *Fear not.*

- 1 **Y**E trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.
- 2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell,
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 Fear not the want of outward good,
He will for his provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside,
- 4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.
- 6 You in his wisdom, power and grace,
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, his power protects,
His grace rewards the just.

HYMN 282. S. M. *Christian Love.* Gal. iii. 28.

- 1 **L**ET party names no more,
The Christian world o'er spread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;

Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

Let envy, child of hell !
Be banish'd far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

HYMN 283. L. M.

The Excellency of the Priesthood of Christ.

AMONG all the priests of Jewish race,
Jesus the most illustrious stands ;
That radiant beauty of his face,
Superior love and awe demands.

Not Aaron or Melchizedek,
Could claim such high descent as he ;
His nature and his name bespeak
His unexampled pedigree.

Descended from the eternal God,
He bears the name of his own Son ;
And dress'd in human flesh and blood,
He puts his priestly garment on.

The mitred crown, th' embroider'd vest,
With graceful dignity he wears ;
And in full splendour in his breast,
The sacred oracle appears.

Lo he presents his sacrifice,
An off'ring most divinely sweet ;
While clouds of fragrant incense rise,
And cover o'er the mercy-seat.

- 6 The Father with approving smile,
Accepts the off'ring of his Son ;
New joy the wond'ring Angels feel,
And haste to bear the tidings down.
- 7 The welcome news their lips repeat,
Give sacred pleasure to my breast :
Henceforth my soul, thy cause commit
To Christ thy Advocate and Priest.

HYMN 284. P.M. *High Priest,*

- 1 **A** GOOD High Priest is come,
Supplying Aaron's place,
And taking up his room,
Dispensing life and grace :
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
But grace and truth by Jesus' name.
- 2 My Lord a Priest is made,
As sware the mighty God,
To Israel and his seed
Ordain'd to offer blood :
For sinners who his mercy seek,
A Priest, as was Melchizedek.
- 3 He once temptation knew,
Of every sort and kind,
That he might succour show
To every tempted mind :
In every point the Lamb was try'd,
Like us, and then for us he dy'd.
- 4 He dies, but lives again,
And by the altar stands ;
There shews how he was slain,
Op'ning his pierced hands.
Our Priest abides and pleads the cause
Of those who have transgress'd his laws.

5 I other priests disclaim,
 Their laws and offerings too,
 None but the bleeding Lamb
 The mighty work can do :
 He shall have all the praise, for he
 Hath lov'd, and dy'd, and lives for me.

HYMN 285. C. M. *The Christian Farewell.*

- 1 **F**AREWELL my brethren, all farewell;
 I leave you with the Lord ;
 O may you shun the paths of hell,
 By cleaving to his word.
- 2 You are most near and dear to me :
 I have you in my heart ;
 Yet the best friends must sever'd be !
 So you and I must part.
- 3 Although I leave you for a while,
 I'll meet you once again,
 And if it be not in this world,
 'Twill be on Canaan's plain.
- 4 There we shall meet and never part,
 And see the King most glorious !
 With harp in hand we all shall stand,
 And strike one note melodious.
- 5 My counsel unto you I give,
 That you do all stand fast,
 In the sweet doctrine you've receiv'd,
 Of being sav'd by grace.
- 6 In holiness of life and word,
 And evidence of this,
 Walk in the road the Lord hath said,
 And you shall never miss.
- 7 For morning clothes put ye on those,
 Faith and Hope, with Charity,

Next unto this the garment is,
The soft and blest Humility.

- 3 And for the sword the word of God,
With the helmet of salvation;
You need not fear, but persevere
To heaven your habitation.

HYMN 286. C. M. *The Misery of being without God in this world; or vain Prosperity.*

- 1 **N**O! I shall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely great,
Though they increase their golden store,
And rise to wond'rous height.
- 2 They taste of all the joys that grow,
Upon this earthly clod;
Well—they may search the creature through;
For they have ne'er a God.
- 3 Shake off the thought of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes hast'ning on to you,
To mow your glory down.
- 4 Yes—you must bow your stately head;
Away your spirit flies,
And no kind Angel near your bed,
To bear it to the skies.
- 5 Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright they shine;
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are your's,
And my Redeemer's mine!

HYMN 287. C. M. *The Hopes of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth.*

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,

- I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wide deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my All.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 288. C. M.

A State of Nature and of Grace. 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

- 1 **N**OT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor sland'ers shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.
- 2 Surprising grace! and such were we
By nature and by sin,
Poor in a world of misery,
Unholy and unclean.
- 3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd through his name;
And the good Spirit of our God,
Has sanctify'd our frame.
- O for a persevering pow'r
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

HYMN 289. S. M.

Christ Unseen and Beloved. 1 Peter i. 8.

- 1 **N**OT with our mortal eyes,
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight,
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

HYMN 290. L. M.

Believers Buried with Christ in Baptism. Rom. vi. 3

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,
That we are bury'd with the Lord;
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign,
Over our mortal flesh again!
The various lusts we serv'd before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN 291. C. M. *Love to God*

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where love doth reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet,
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan does not love.
- 4 This is that pow'r that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
Let wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

HYMN 293. C.M. *Warning to the Youth.*

- 1 **R**EMEMBER 'sinful youth, you must die,
you must die,
Remember sinful youth, you must die,
Remember sinful youth, you must die,
Remember sinful youth, who hate the way of truth,
And in your pleasures boast, you must die, &c.
- 2 Uncertain are your days here below, &c.
Uncertain are your days here below ;
Uncertain are your days, for God has many ways,
To bring you to your graves here below, &c.
- 3 And if you travel down the broad road, &c.
And if you travel down the broad road,
And if you travel down, to darkness you are bound,
Eternally around, the broad road, &c.
- 4 To a dreadful judgment day you are bound, &c.
To a dreadful judgment day you are bound

To a dreadful judgment day, be your thoughts
whate'er they may,

Nor can you it delay—you are bound, &c.

5 The God who built the skies, great I AM, &c.

The God who built the skies, great I AM, [lie,

The God who built the sky, has said, and cannot
Impenitents must diē, and be damn'd, &c.

6 And O my friends, don't you, I entreat, &c.

And O my friends, don't you, I entreat,

And O my friends, don't you your carnal mirth
pursue,

Your guilty souls undo—I entreat, &c.

7 Unto the Saviour flee, escape for life, &c.

Unto the Saviour flee, escape for life,

Unto the Saviour flee, lest death eternal be,

Your final destiny—escape for life, escape for life;

HYMN 293. C. M. *Address to all.*

1 I SING a song which doth belong,

To all the human race,

Concerning death, which steals the breath,

And blasts the comely face.

2 Come listen all unto my call,

Which I do make to day,

For you must die as well as I,

And pass from hence away.

3 No human power can stop the hour,

Wherein a mortal dies;

▲ Cæsar may be great to day,

Yet death may close his eyes.

4 Though some do strive and do arrive,

To riches and renown;

Enjoying health, and swim in wealth;

Yet Death will bring them down.

- 5 Though beauty grace your comely face,
 With roses white and red,
 A dying fall will spoil it all,
 For Absalom is dead.
- 6 Though you require the best attire,
 Appearing fine and fair,
 Yet Death will come into the room,
 And strip you of them there.
- 7 For princes high, and beggars die,
 And mingle with the dust ;
 The rich the brave, the poorest slave,
 The wicked and the just.

HYMN 294. P.M. *By Mr. Fountain.*

- 1 **S**INNERS, now we call upon you,
 In the name of Christ our Lord ;
 We have brought a message from him,
 Pay attention to his word.
 He hath sent us, &c. &c.
 Pay attention to his word.
- 2 Think what you have all been doing ;
 Think what rebels you have been ;
 You have spent your lives in nothing
 But in adding sin to sin :
 All your actions, &c. &c.
 One continued scene of sin.
- 3 Yet your long abused Saviour,
 Sends to you a message mild ;
 Loth to execute his vengeance,
 Prays you to be reconcil'd.
 Hear him woo you, &c. &c.
 Sinners now be reconcil'd.
- 4 Pardon now is freely publish'd,
 Through a Mediator's blood,

He is now the true atonement,
 Through him you may come to God:
 Wond'rous mercy, &c. &c.
 See! it flows through Jesus' blood.

- 5 In his name we now entreat you,
 To accept this act of grace;
 This the day of your acceptance,
 Listen to the terms of peace:
 We beseech you, &c. &c.
 Listen to the terms of peace.
- 6 Having thus proclaim'd our message,
 All with heavenly mercy fraught,
 We shall now inform our Master,
 Whether you accede or not.
 Give an answer, &c. &c.
 Will you now accede or not?

HYMN 295. C. M. *Perfect Love.*

- 1 **Y**ES, perfect love is perfect bliss,
 Proof rises all around;
 Nor can felicity like this,
 Through earth or heaven be found.
- 2 This is the joy, if joy I know,
 That can delight impart;
 Warm as the ruby tides that flow,
 Incessant from my heart.
- 3 This is the joy that Angels feel,
 Where harps celestial move;
 And the fierce anguish known in hell;
 Is perfect want of love.
- 4 Say, is not this the dazzling light,
 That decks the seraph's crown;
 What is perdition's tenfold night,
 But love's eternal frown?

HYMN 296. C. M. *Address to a Child.*

- 1 **F**AIN, Oh my babe, I'd have thee know,
The God whom Angels love :
And teach thee feeble strains below,
A kin to their's above.
- 2 Oh ! when thy lisping tongue shall read,
Of truth divinely sweet ;
May'st thou a little child indeed,
Sit down at Jesus' feet.
- 3 I'll move thine ear, I'll point thine eye,
But ah ! the inward part—
Great God the Spirit, hear the sigh,
That trembles through my heart.
- 4 Break with thy mortal beam benign,
O'er all the mental wild !
Bright on the human chaos shine,
And sanctify my child !

HYMN 297. S. M.

A broken heart and a bleeding Saviour.

- 1 **U**NTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring ;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing ?
- 2 To Christ the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes ;
Thou may'st reject that worthless thing.
But not his sacrifice.
- 3 When he gave up the ghost,
The Lord was satisfy'd ;
And now to its most righteous claims,
I answer—Jesus dy'd.

HYMN 298. P. M.

*An Imitation of a Hymn composed by a Hindoo, in the
Bengal language, in 1788.*

- 1 **W**HO besides can man recover,
Or who else restore to light !
Who but Christ that heavenly lover,
Save from everlasting night ?
Who besides him,
Save from sin's eternal night ?
- 2 Lo ! that Lord the Son of God is ;
Through him saving blessings flow ;
And the sinner that adores him,
Will get o'er eternal woe :
Who besides him,
Can redeem from endless woe ?
- 3 In this world with sin defiled,
There is none exempt from blame ;
He who saves the world excepted,
Jesus is the Saviour's name :
Jesus, Jesus,
Is the mighty Saviour's name.
- 4 That dear Lord from heaven descended,
Rebels to redeem like me :
Whosoe'er hath faith t' adore him,
That's the man that can get free.
Who but Jesus,
Can set captive sinners free ?
- 5 He the Author of Salvation,
With an heavenly form, we own
As the universal Saviour ;
As the way to heaven alone :
Jesus, Jesus,
Is the way to heaven alone.

6 Hear, O sons of men, his sayings,
 For his words are very true;
 "Come to me, whoso is thirsty;
 Living streams, I'll give to you."
 Who besides him,
 Living streams can give to you.

7 Having found the Friend substantial;
 Therefore, O my soul, adore,
 Saviours! there are none beside him,
 Vain 'twill be to seek for more.
 None but Jesus,
 Can a ruin'd soul restore.

HYMN 299. S. M. *Forgiveness of Sin.*

1 **O** BLESSED souls are they,
 Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
 Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
 Imputes their guilt no more!

2 They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care;
 Their lips and lives without deceit,
 Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
 I felt the fest'ring wound;
 Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
 And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
 Let saints keep near the throne;
 Our help in times of deep distress
 Is found in God alone.

HYMN 300. L. M. *A Penitent pleading for pardon.*

1 **S**HEW pity Lord. O Lord forgive,
 Let a repenting rebel live;
 Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?

- 2 My crimes are great, but not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found,
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean :
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

HYMN 301. C. M. *The morning of a Lord's day.*

- 1 **E**ARLY my God without delay,
I haste to seek thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power,
Through all thy temple shine ;
My God repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine !

- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast,
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste.
And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

HYMN 302. S.M. *An Hosanna for the Lord's
Day; or, a New Song of Salvation by Christ.*

- 1 **S**EE what a living stone,
The builders did refuse,
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The scribe and angry priest,
Reject thine only Son:
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord is thine,
And wond'rous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day,
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;

Bless him, ye saints ! he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

- 6 We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays ;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

HYMN 303. P. M. *The Heavenly Union.*

- 1 **F**ROM whence doth this Union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love ;
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in the Paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.
- 4 O why then so loth for to part,
Since we shall e'er long meet again,
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And when we shall see that bright day,
United with angels above,
No longer confin'd to our clay,
O'erwhelm'd in the ocean of love.
- 6 O then with our Jesus we'll reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
And sing alleluia, amen,
Amen, even so let it be.

HYMN 304. L. M. *The love of Christ shed abroad
in the Heart.* Eph. iii. 16, &c.

- 1 COME dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know, and taste and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess;
And learn the height, and breadth and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose power can do,
More than our thoughts and wishes know;
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the Church, through Christ his Son.

HYMN 305. C. M.

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey,
Their bodies to the tomb;
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all the saints he bless'd;
And soften'd ev'ry bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And shew'd our feet the way :
 Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
 At the great rising-day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise :
 Awake ye nations under ground ;
 Ye saints ascend the skies.

HYMN 306. S. M.

The Lord's-Day : or, Delight in Ordinances.

- 1 **W**ELCOME sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise ;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes !

- 2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day ;
 Here we may sit and see him here,
 And love, and praise and pray.

- 3 One day amidst the place,
 Where my dear God is seen,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.

- 4 My willing soul would stay,
 In such a frame as this ;
 And sit and sing herself away,
 To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 307. S. M. *Heavenly joy on Earth*

- 1 **C**OME we who love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.

- 2 Let sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place ;
Religion never was design'd,
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those now learn to sing,
Who never knew our God ;
And fav'rites of the heavenly King,
Should speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The God who rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas.
- 5 This powerful God is ours,
Our Father and our love ;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.
- 6 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes and before we rise,
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create.
- 8 The men of grace have found,
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
- 9 The hill of Zion yields,
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 10 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;

We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 308. L. M.

The Operations of the Holy Spirit.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, through the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day:
Thine inward teachings make us know,
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy pow'r and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN 309. S. M. *Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.*

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand,
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sins.

- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN 310. L. M. *Few saved; or, the almost Christian, the Hypocrite, and Apostate.*

- 1 **B**ROAD is the road that leads to death;
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shews a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself, and take the cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command!
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN 311. C. M. *The Invitation of the Gospel; or, Spiritual Food and Clothing. Isa. lv. 1, 2.*

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

- 3 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind.
- 5 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites,
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away, and die ;
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join :
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 Ye perishing, and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin ;
- 7 Come naked, and adorn your souls,
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood.
- 8 Dear God ! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins !
- 9 The happy gates of gospel grace,
Stand open night and day ;
Lord we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 312. S. M.

Spiritual Birth. 1 John iii 1. &c. Gal. iv. 6.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, what wond'rous grace,
The Father has bestow'd,
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son:
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear,
How great we must be made,
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine,
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN 313. P. M. *Enlisting Orders.*

- 1 **O**DON'T you hear the alarm!
Hark! how the trumpet sounds;
It is the God of glory,
He sends his gospel round;
Come and accept the offer
Before it is too late;

For Jesus is now calling you
Into a happy state.

- 2 Come let us walk together
And join both heart and hand,
For Jesus is our Captain.
'Tis he who leads the band.
The trumpets are now blowing,
For all the volunteers,
Come be a valiant soldier,
And cast away your fears.
- 3 O don't you remember, how
The Israelites were fed,
When from the hand of Pharaoh,
By Moses they were led.
The pillar went before them,
And Moses with his rod,
No fear but we shall win the day,
If we but trust in God.
- 4 Our enemies are many,
And thick in battle stand,
Then let us march together,
With weapons in our hand;
Let us begin the battle,
Like David with his sling,
Take courage and fight manfully,
For Jesus Christ our King.
- 5 O who will list for Jesus,
A soldier for to make,
And like a faithful subject,
His armour on you take;
Here's food and raiment plenty,
Enough and for to spare,
And all things else provided,
Which you shall need to wear.

- 1 And when the war is ended,
 We'll lay our weapons by,
 And soar aloft with Jesus,
 To reign above the sky ;
 There we shall wear the laurel,
 When all our foes are slain,
 And take the large possession, where
 Our Jesus ever reigns.

HYMN 314. P. M.

- 1 **B**RETHREN while we sojourn here,
 Fight we must, but should not fear,
 Foes we have, but we've a friend,
 One who loves us to the end ;
 Forward then with courage go,
 Lòng we shall not dwell below ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—Come home.
- 2 In the world a thousand snares,
 Lay to take us unawares ;
 Satan with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded heart ;
 But from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—Come home.
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
 None so apt to turn our feet ;
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes we have within ;
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ will also conquer these ;
 Then the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—Come home.

HYMN 315. L. M. *The Christian Soldier.*

- 1 **A** SOLDIER, Lord, thou hast me made,
 Thou art my Captain, King and Head;
 And under thee I still will fight,
 The fight of faith will all my might.
 The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
 The ensign of our conquering Lord;
 The Christian soldier's standard is,
 And I will fight for King Jesus.
- 2 **O** make me, Lord, what I should be,
 To boldly face the enemy;
 That when alarm'd to call the Lord,
 And pass the word to all the guard;
 Grant me the weapons of thy word,
 The Spirit's pow'rful two-edg'd sword,
 To slay my foes where'er they be,
 And own the victory won by thee.
- 3 Thou art my Lord, keep me I pray,
 That I may run the heavenly way;
 Nor from my duty e'er depart,
 But live to Christ with all my heart.
 Help me to walk in humbleness,
 March in the way of holiness,
 O make me pure and spotless too,
 And fit to stand the grand review.
- 4 That when our General shall come,
 With sound of trumpet, not of drum,
 'Tis then our well dress'd ranks shall stand;
 In full review at God's right hand;
 And when our foes shall get the rout,
 And Jesus wheels them left about:
 Then we'll march up the heav'nly street,
 And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

5 The war is o'er, and we are free
 To join the blood-wash'd company ;
 Our wages shall be harps of gold,
 And joys of heaven which can't be told.
 There we shall drink full draughts of wine,
 The band of music we shall join ;
 And hallelujah's highest key,
 Shall be our theme eternally.

HYMN 316. P. M. *An Address to Sailors.*

1 **Y**E sons of the main, ye that sail o'er the flood,
 Whose sins big as mountains, have reach'd
 up to God,

Remember the short voyage of life soon will end,
 Now come, brother sailor, make Jesus your friend.

2 Look astern on your life ! see your wake mark'd
 with sin ; [der in ;
 Look ahead ! see what sorrows you'll soon foun-
 The hard rocks of death soon will beat out your
 keel,

Then your vessel and cargo will all sink to hell.

3 Lay by your old compass, 'twill do you no good,
 It ne'er will direct you the right way to God ;
 Mind your helm, brother sailor, and don't fall
 asleep,

Watch and pray night and day, lest you sink in
 the deep.

4 Spring your luff, brother sailor, the breeze
 now is fair ;

Trim your sails to the wind, and those sorrows
 you'll clear.

Your leading star, Jesus, keep full in thy view,
 You'll weather the danger, he'll guide you safe
 through.

5 Renounce your old captain, the devil, straight-
way ;

The crew which you sail with will lead you astray ;
Desert their black colours, come under the red,
Where Jesus was Captain, to conquest he led.

6 His standard's unfurl'd, *see it wave through the air,*
And volunteers coming from far off and near ;
Now's the time, brother sailor, no longer delay,
Embark now with Jesus, good wages he'll pay.

7 The bounty he'll give when the voyage doth
begin,

He'll forgive your transgressions and cleanse you
from sin ;

Good usage he'll give while you sail on the way,
And shortly you'll anchor in heaven's broad bay.

8 In the harbour of glory forever you'll ride,
Free from quicksands and dangers, and sin's rapid
tide ;

Waves of death cease to roll, and the tempest be
o'er,

The hoarse breath of Boreas dismast thee no more.

9 A tarpolin jacket no longer you'll wear,
But robes sent from heaven, all white, clean & fair ;
A crown on thy head that would dazzle the sun,
And from glory to glory eternally run.

HYMN 317. P. M. *Soul longing for Christ.*

1 **L**OVE divine all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.

2 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

- 3 Breathe, O! breathe thy loving spirit,
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.
- 4 Take away the power of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith as it's beginning,
 Set our souls at liberty.
- 5 Come Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy grace receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more, thy temples leave.
- 6 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy host above;
 Love and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love.
- 7 Finish now thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted may we be;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd by thee.
- 8 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

HYMN 318. P. M. *The Pilgrim's Farewell.*

- 1 **L**ET us rise and go to Zion's hill,
 Where all the peace and glory dwells,
 And set and sing to God our King,
 And praise his name forevermore.

CHORUS.

I'll march to Canaan's land,
 I'll land on Canaan's shore,

O

Where pleasures never end,
And troubles come no more;
I'll go and see what joys are there.

- 2 Fare you well, my friends, I must be gone,
I have no home nor stay with you,
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world can view.

I'll march, &c.

Farewell my loving friends, farewell.

- 3 Happy soul, just gone from earth to heaven,
He flies to distant worlds above,
No more in this poor house of clay,
He dwells with God around the throne.

I'll march, &c.

Where pain and death can never come.

- 4 We will go, like him to see our God,
And change this earth for heaven above,
Come dry your tears, Christ is your friend;
He came to save poor sinful men.

I'll march, &c.

In him our sorrows soon will end.

- 5 Travel on to blest eternity,
Where Jesus waits for us to come,
In death's dark gloom shout victory,
And rise to your eternal home.

I'll march, &c.

Where fear and change shall be no more.

- 6 Golden joys above, where Jesus dwells,
His love is full for every saint,
Fountain of life immortal flows,
Through heavenly worlds without restraint.

I'll march, &c.

All's mine if faithful here below.

HYMN 319. P. M.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to Jesus on high !
 Another has enter'd his rest,
 Another has 'scap'd to the sky,
 And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast ;
 'The soul of our brother is gone,
 To heighten the triumph above;
 Exalted to Jesus' throne,
 And clasp'd in the arms of his love.
- 2 What fulness of rapture is there,
 While Jesus his glory displays,
 And purples the heavenly air,
 And scatters the odours of grace !
 He looks and his servants in light,
 The blessings ineffable meet ;
 He smiles and they faint at his sight,
 And fall overwhelm'd at his feet.
- 3 How happy the angels that fall
 Transported at Jesus' name ;
 The saints whom he soonest shall call
 To share in the feast of the Lamb !
 No longer imprison'd in clay,
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly,
 When first shall be summon'd away—
 My merciful God—is it I ?
- 4 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy council of mercy reveal,
 And whisper the call in my heart :
 O give me a signal to know,
 If soon thou would'st have me remove,
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions above.

HYMN 320. L. M.

The Glory of Christ described by Similitudes.

- 1 **G**O worship at Emmanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet;
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.
- 3 Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed:
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.
- 4 Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.
- 5 Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lily he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.
- 6 Is he a vine? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ the living vine!
- 7 Is he a head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital power he gives!
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his spirit and his love.
- 8 Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death:
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

- 9 Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross :
But the true gold sustains no loss :
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.
- 10 Is he a rock? How firm he proves !
The rock of ages never moves ;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.
- 11 Is he a way? He leads to God :
The path is drawn in lines of blood :
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.
- 12 Is he a door? I'll enter in :
Behold the pastures large and green :
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.
- 13 Is he design'd the corner stone,
For men to build their heaven upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.
- 14 Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and power ;
And still to his most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.
- 15 Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light ;
I know his glory from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.
- 16 Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness :
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.
- 17 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise ;

There he displays his power abroad,
And shines and reigns the Son of God:

- 18 Nor earth nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears;
His beauty we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN 321. P. M. *The Jewels of the Lord.*

- 1 **Y**E jewels of my Master,
Who shine with heavenly rays,
Amid the beams of glory,
Reflect immortal blaze.
Ye diamonds of beauty,
With pleasing lustre crown'd;
Of heavenly extraction,
To Zion's city bound.

- 2 Ye lambs of my Redeemer,
The purchase of his blood,
Who feed among the lilies,
Beside the purple flood;
Go on ye happy pilgrims,
Your journey still pursue;
And at a humble distance,
I'll sing and follow too.

- 3 When I beheld your order,
And harmony of soul,
And heard divinest numbers,
In pure devotion roll,
And gems immortal glowing,
With such enlivening grace,
I view'd the Saviour's image,
Imprest on ev'ry face.

- 4 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind;

And often be your voices
 In pure devotion join'd ;
 Though trials may await you,
 The crown before you lies ;
 Take courage, brother pilgrims,
 And soon you'll win the prize.

5 Ye shall be mine says Jesus,
 In that auspicious day,
 When I make up my jewels,
 Releas'd from cumb'rous clay ;
 He'll polish and refine you,
 From worthless dross and tin,
 And to his heavenly kingdom,
 Will bid you enter in.

6 On that important morning,
 When bursting thunders sound,
 And nimble lightnings waving,
 Shall wing the gloom profound ;
 Lift up your heads rejoicing,
 And clap your joyful hands ;
 Lo you're redeem'd forever,
 From death's corrupted bands.

7 As Aaron with his girdle,
 In shining jewels drest,
 Bore all the tribes of Israel,
 Inscrib'd upon his breast ;
 So will the Priest of Zion,
 Before the Father's throne,
 Present the heirs of glory,
 And God the kindred own.

8 The golden bells will echo,
 Around the sacred hill ;
 And sweet immortal anthems,
 The vocal regions fill ;

In everlasting beauty,
The shining millions stand,
Safe on the Rock of ages,
Amid the promis'd land.

- 9 We'll range the wide dominion,
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving raptures
Be lost in love profound ;
While all the flaming harpers
Begin the lasting song,
With hallelujahs rolling,
From the unnumber'd throng.

HYMN 322. P. M. A DIALOGUE.

Brethren and Sisters.

- 1 **W**E'RE on our journey home,
We're on our journey home,
We're on our journey home,
To the New Jerusalem.
Then rise and give him glory,
Then rise and give him glory,
Then rise and give him glory,
For glory is his due.

Sisters.

- 2 O Brethren do you know him,
O Brethren do you know him,
O Brethren do you know him,
To be precious to your souls ?

Brethren.

- 3 Yes Sisters we all know him,
Yes Sisters we all know him,
Yes Sisters we all know him,
To be precious to our souls.

Sisters.

- 4 Then rise and give him glory,
 Then rise and give him glory,
 Then rise and give him glory,
 For glory is his due.

Brethren.

- 5 O Sisters do you know him,
 O Sisters do you know him,
 O Sisters do you know him,
 To be precious to your souls?

Sisters.

- 6 Yes Brethren we all know him,
 Yes Brethren we all know him,
 Yes Brethren we all know him,
 To be precious to our souls.

Brethren.

- 7 Then rise and give him glory,
 Then rise and give him glory,
 Then rise and give him glory,
 For glory is his due.

Brethren and Sisters.

- 8 We're on our journey home,
 We're on our journey home,
 We're on our journey home,
 To the New Jerusalem.
 All rise and give him glory,
 All rise and give him glory,
 All rise and give him glory,
 For glory is his due.

HYMN 323. P. M. *Hope.*

- 1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,
 Which lifts my heart to things above!
 It bears on Eagle's wings ;

It gives my ravi^{sh}'d soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast,
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view,
Of those who basely pant,
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

4 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart is there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest:
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

HYMN 324. L. M. *Separation.*

1 COME we that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed;
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk this narrow, happy road.

2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon you'll walk the golden street;

- Tho' hell may rage and vent her spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
- 3 The happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear,
Sound thro' the earth, yea, down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.
- 4 Behold the skies in burning flame,
The trumpet louder still proclaim,
The world must hear and know their doom,
The separation now is come.
- 5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come;
While Christ the Judge their joy proclaims,
Here comes my saints, I own their names.
- 6 Ye everlasting doors fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride;
Ye harps of heaven come sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood.
- 7 In grandeur see the royal lines,
Whose glitt'ring robes the sun outshines;
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendour round the throne.
- 8 They stand in wonder and look on,
And join in one eternal song;
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their hearts on fire.

HYMN 325. P. M. *Mourning Souls.*

- 1 **P**POOR mourning souls in deep distress,
Making sad lamentation,
Find themselves lost in wickedness,
And under condemnation;
While thunderbolts from Sinai's mount,
Do sound with loudest terror,

And they as naught in God's account,
Are drown'd in grief and sorrow.

2 Ah! woe is me that I was born,
Or ever had beginning;
I would have had untimely birth,
Or had no future being;
Or else had dy'd when I was young,
I might have been forgiven,
I might, like babes, with harmless tongue,
Been praising God in heaven.

3 But here I am in deep distress,
Most worn away with trouble;
Day after day I seek for peace,
But find my sorrows double.
Saith Satan, fatal is your state,
Time past you might repented,
But now you see it is too late,
So make yourself contented.

4 How can I live, how can I breathe,
Under this sore temptation,
Conclude my day of grace is o'er;
Lord, hear my lamentation;
For I am weary of my life,
Of pains and bitter crying;
My wants are great, my mind's in strait,
My spirit's almost dying.

5 But who is he that looketh forth,
Sweet as the blooming morning,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun,
'Tis Jesus Christ adorning.
Jesus can clothe my naked soul;
Jesus for me hath died;
And now I can with pleasure sing,
My wants are all supplied.

6 How can I stay, God calls away,
 And I must now be holy;
 See Jesus comes to close my eyes,
 Soon I shall go to glory
 My Jesus calls and I must go,
 Farewell to all things earthly;
 I must be gone, God calls me home,
 To sing to him more sweetly.

7 Farewell vain world. I bid adieu,
 My Jesus is most holy;
 Fain would I be with Christ above;
 Singing to him in glory.
 My trust is now in Jesus' name,
 And in his arms is pleasure;
 Say, will you trust in Jesus' name,
 When he's the only Saviour?

HYMN 326. P. M. *Heavenly Union.*

1 **O**UR souls in love together knit,
 Cemented, join'd in one,
 One heart, one voice, one faith, one mind,
 'Tis heaven on earth begun.
 Our hearts did burn while Jesus spake,
 And glow'd with sacred fire;
 He stoop'd and talk'd, and kindly bless'd,
 And fill'd our large desire.

CHORUS.

A Saviour! let creation sing,
 A Saviour! let all heaven ring,
 He's all with us, we feel him ours,
 His fulness in our souls he pours;
 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er;
 We're following those who've gone before,
 We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
 There we shall meet to part no more.

2. We're soldiers fighting for our God,
 Let trembling cowards fly ;
 We'll stand unshaken, firm and bold,
 For Christ to live and die.
 Let devils rage and hell assail,
 We'll fight our passage through ;
 Though foes increase, and friends desert,
 We'll seize the crown in view.
 A Saviour, &c.

3 The little cloud increases fast,
 In heaven are signs of rain ;
 We wait to feel the heavenly shower,
 And all its moisture drain.
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
 'Till glides a heavenly flood ;
 The earth awake, the nations shake,
 'Till all shall praise our God.
 A Saviour, &c.

4 When thou thy jewels shall make up,
 And set the starry crown,
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaim'd by thee thine own ;
 May we, a little band of love,
 Be children sav'd by grace ;
 From glory into glory chang'd,
 Behold thee face to face.
 A Saviour, &c.

HYMN 327. P. M. *Song, by a Young Lady.*

1 **M**Y soul's full of glory, which fires my
 tongue,
 Could I meet with angels, I'd sing them a song ;
 I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,
 And call them to bear me to his loving arms.

2 Methinks they're assembling to hear what I sing,
Well pleas'd to hear mortals all praising their
King!

Oh angels! Oh angels! my soul's in a flame,
I sing in sweet rapture's of Jesus' name.

3 Sweet Spirit attend me till Jesus shall come,
Protect and defend me till I'm convey'd home,
Tho' worms my poor body may claim as their
prey,
'Twill outshine when rising, the sun at noon-day.

4 The sun shall be darken'd, the moon turn'd as
blood,
The world all on fire with the vengeance of God,
While lightnings are flashing, & thunders do roar,
Undaunted, I'll triumph, on fair Canaan's shore.

5 The smiles of bright glory appear on my soul,
I sink in bright visions, I view the bright goal;
My soul while I'm singing, is leaping to go;
This moment for heaven, I'd leave all below.

6 Farewell my dear brethren, the Lord bids me
come;
Farewell my dear sisters, I'm now going home;
Bright angels are whisp'ring so sweet in my ear,
Away to my Saviour the spirit shall steer.

7 I'm going, I'm going, but what do I see?
'Tis Jesus in glory appears unto me;
To heaven, to heaven, I'm going, I'm gone;
All glory, Oh glory! 'tis finish'd, 'tis done.

8 To the regions of glory the spirit has fled,
And left the frail body inactive and dead,
With angelic armies in glory to blaze,
On Jesus' fair beauty forever to gaze.

9 When the seals are all open'd, the trumpet
shall sound,
And awake God's dear children that sleep under
ground,
Their souls and their bodies shall all join in one,
And each from their Saviour receive a bright
crown.

HYMN 328. P. M. *Nativity.*

1 **F**ROM the regions of love, -
Lo! an angel descended,
And told the strange news,
How the babe was attended;
Go shepherds, and visit
This wonderful stranger,
With wonder and joy,
See your Christ in the manger.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Through whom we've obtain'd pardon,
We'll praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Glad tidings I bring
To you and each nation;
Glad tidings of joy,
Now behold your salvation;
When sudden a multitude
Raise their glad voices,
And shout the Redeemer
While heaven rejoices.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Now glory to God
In the highest is given,
Now glory to God
Is re-echo'd through heaven;

Around the whole earth,
 Let us tell the glad story,
 And sing of his love,
 His salvation and glory.
 Hallelujah, &c.

4 Enraptur'd I rise
 With delight and desire,
 Such love so divine
 Sets my soul all on fire;
 Around the bright throne
 Hosannahs are ringing,
 O when shall I join them
 And ever be singing!
 Hallelujah, &c.

5 Triumphantly ride
 In thy chariot victorious,
 And conquer with love
 O Jesus all glorious!
 Thy banner unfurl,
 Let the nations surrender,
 And own thee their Saviour,
 Their King and defender.
 Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 329. L. M. *Tranquillity.*

1 **A**WAY my doubts, begone my fear,
 The wonders of the Lord appear,
 The wonders which my Saviour wrought;
 O how delightful is the thought!

2 The wonders of redeeming love,
 When first my heart was drawn above;
 When first I saw my Saviour's face,
 And triumph'd in his pard'ning grace.

3 Pursue my thoughts, this pleasing theme,
 'Twas not a fancy nor a dream;

'Twas grace descending from the skies,
And shall be marvellous in my eyes.

- 4 Long had I mourn'd like one forgot,
Long had my soul for comfort sought,
Jesus was witness to my tears,
And Jesus sweetly calm'd my fears.
- 5 He cleans'd my soul, he chang'd my dress,
And cloth'd me with his righteousness;
He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And I rejoic'd as if in heaven.
- 6 How was I struck with sweet surprise,
While glory shone before my eyes!
How did I sing from day to day,
And wish'd to sing my soul away!
- 7 The world with all its pomp withdrew,
'Twas less than nothing in my view;
Redeeming grace was all my theme,
And life appear'd an idle dream.
- 8 I gloried in my Saviour's grace;
I sung my great Redeemer's praise;
My soul now long'd to soar away,
And leave her tenement of clay.
- 9 The powers of hell in vain combin'd,
To tempt or interrupt my mind,
I saw and sung in joyful strains,
The monster Satan held in chains.
- 10 These are the wonders I record,
The marv'lcous goodness of the Lord,
O for a tongue to speak his praise,
To tell the triumphs of his grace!

HYMN 330. P. M. *Salvation to our King.*

- 1 **C**OME all ye mourning pilgrims now,
The joyful news I'll tell,

The Lord hath sent salvation down,
 To save our souls from hell.
 The Angels brought the tidings down;
 To Shepherds in the field,
 On earth is peace, to men good will,
 Through Christ the Prince reveal'd.

CHORUS.

Sing glory, honour, to the Lord,
 Salvation to our King,
 Let all that's wash'd in Jesus' blood,
 His glorious praises sing.

2 Come all ye poor despised souls,
 Unto his fold repair,
 Where God his boundless love unfolds,
 And says he'll meet you there.
 His glorious presence fills our souls,
 With songs of loudest praise,
 Let all that want a Saviour dear,
 Their hearts and voices raise.
 Sing glory, &c.

3 There's glory, glory in my soul,
 It came from heaven above,
 Which makes me praise my God so bold;
 And his dear children love.
 I'll serve the bleeding Lamb of God,
 I love his ways so well,
 Because his precious blood was spilt,
 To save my soul from hell.
 Sing glory, &c.

4 When weeping Mary came to seek,
 Her Lord with a perfume,
 The napkin and the shroud she found
 Together in the tomb.

The Angel said he is not here,
 He's risen from the dead ;
 And streams of grace to sinners flow,
 As free as did his blood.

Sing glory, honour to my God,
 He's now upon his throne,
 And bringing foreign strangers home,
 And claims them for his own.

HYMN 331. P. M.

The Young Convert's Invitation.

- 1 **O** CARELESS sinners come,
 Pray now attend,
 This world is not your home,
 It soon will end :
 Jehovah calls aloud,
 Forsake the thoughtless crowd,
 Pursue the road to God,
 And happy be.
- 2 No happiness you'll find,
 While thus you go,
 No peace unto your mind,
 But pain and woe ;
 Attend you every day,
 While far from God you stray,
 O sinner come away,
 And ever live.
- 3 How many calls you've had,
 I call again,
 How can you be so bad,
 So full of sin,
 As to refuse that voice
 Which calls you to rejoice,
 In making heaven your choice,
 And shunning hell.

Nor do I call alone,
 The Saviour too,
 Even with his dying groans,
 Cries bid adieu,
 To all your lovers now,
 And to his sceptre bow,
 And he will tell you how,
 To live anew.

But if you will refuse,
 Down, down you'll go,
 And with the wicked choose;
 The road to woe;
 Alas how can you slight,
 The rays of gospel light,
 And sink in endless night,
 Where silence reigns.

I bid you all farewell,
 With aching heart,
 And in deep sorrow tell,
 That we must part,
 While on to heaven we go,
 And you are bound to woe,
 Alas it must be so
 If you rebel.

I look on you again,
 And hoping say,
 Why wont you leave your sin,
 And come away,
 From Satan's cruel power,
 And live forevermore,
 And bless the joyful-hour
 That life begun.

All hail we welcome then
 Your happy flight;

From Kedar's tents of sin,
 To glory bright ;
 We'll travel on with you,
 And bid this world adieu,
 And endless joys pursue,
 Till all is ours.

9 There we will range around,
 The blissful plains,
 Where pleasure has no bound,
 And glory reigns ;
 We'll fall at Jesus' feet
 Where joys are all completè;
 And blissful raptures meet,
 Forevermore.

HYMN 332. P. M. *The Thousand Years of Christ's
 Reign, or the New Jubilee.*

1 **W**HAT sound is this salutes my ear ?
 'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear,
 Th' expected day is come ;
 Behold the heaven, the earth, and sea,
 Proclaim the year of Jubilee,
 Return ye exiles home.

2 Behold the fair Jerusalem,
 Illuminated by the Lamb,
 In glory doth appear ;
 Fair Zion's rising from the tomb,
 To meet the bridegroom now he's come,
 Which hails the Jubile year.

3 Transported with his bleeding charms,
 King Jesus takes her in his arms,
 She thus begins to sing ;
 From pits of woe and fiery chains,
 Through floods of grief, exquisite pains,
 Behold the rising spring.

- 4 As larks and linnets sweetly sing,
All round the hills and valleys ring,
Safe from the fowler's snare ;
A thousand years our souls shall dwell,
And sing while Satan's bound in hell,
Which ends the jubile year.
- 5 The dragon is let loose once more,
All round the earth his legions roar,
He is for war again :
But he who sits upon the throne,
Drives Satan and his army down,
To darkness, fire and pain.
- 6 The Archangel's trumpet you shall hear,
A great white throne shall then appear,
To unfold an awful scene :
An Angel turns the moon to blood,
Blows out the sun, consumes the flood,
And burns the broad terrene.
- 7 Depart ye cursed down to hell,
From all my saints to bid farewell,
Never to see my face :
My calls of love you have withstood,
And trampled on my precious blood,
And spurn'd at offer'd grace.
- 8 See parents and their children part,
Some shout for joy, some bleed at heart,
Never to meet again ;
In fiery chariot Zion flies,
And quickly gains the upper skies,
And Canaan's dazzling plain.
- 9 My soul is striving to be there,
I long to rise and wing the air,
And trace the sacred road ;

Adieu ! adieu, all mortal things,
 O ! that I had an angel's wings,
 I'd quickly see my God.

- 10 Fly ! gracious moments, fly, O fly !
 I thirst, I pant, I long, I try,
 Angelic joys to prove ;
 Soon I shall quit this house of clay,
 Clap my glad wings and soar away,
 And shout redeeming Love,

HYMN 333. P. M. *The happy Pilgrim's Song.*

- 1 COME away to the skies
 My beloved arise,
 And rejoice in the day thou wast born,
 On that festival day,
 Come exulting away,
 And with singing to Zion return.
- 2 We have laid up our love,
 And our treasure above,
 Though our bodies continue below ;
 The redeem'd of the Lord,
 We remember his word,
 And with singing to Paradise go.
- 3 With singing we praise
 The original grace,
 By our heavenly Father bestow'd ;
 Our being receive
 From his bounty and live,
 To the honour and glory of God.
- 4 For thy glory we were
 Created to share,
 Both the nature and kingdom divine !
 Created again
 That our souls may remain,
 In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve,
 The design of thy love,
 Which hath join'd us in Jesus' name ;
 So united in heart,
 That we never can part,
 Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, there at his feet,
 We shall suddenly meet,
 And be parted in body no more ;
 We shall sing to our lyres,
 With the heavenly choirs,
 And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Halleluia we sing,
 To our Father and King,
 And his rapturous praises repeat ;
 To the Lamb that was slain,
 Halleluia again,
 Sing all heaven and fall at his feet !

8 In assurance of hope,
 We to Jesus look up,
 Till his banner's unfurl'd in the air,
 From our graves we shall see,
 And cry out it is he,
 And fly up to acknowledge him there.

HYMN 334. L. M. *The happy Convert.*

1 COME brethren, and rejoice with me,
 For Jesus Christ hath made me free,
 From that which did defile my heart,
 And made me from my God depart.
 When I by faith embraced him,
 He fill'd my soul up to the brim,
 With streams of grace and love divine,
 Which proves the promises are mine ;

How good it is, how sweet to me,
O that mankind would all be free.

2 I was much plagu'd with outward sin,
But more with that which dwelt within,
Which always barr'd my Saviour out,
And kept me in distressing doubt ;
But all my fears are driven away,
By brilliancy of gospel day,
Which shines so clear, I must believe,
That I do in my Saviour live
A life of love, a heaven below,
I've not a doubt I feel it so.

3 If more you wish to know of me,
I'm happy now, and wish to be,
While I do in the flesh remain,
'Till I return to God again ;
For I do feel his love most sweet,
When Mary-like I at his feet,
Do claim my portion of his love,
Which lifts my heart to things above ;
He gives to me a heavenly flame,
Which makes me praise his holy name.

4 How grateful then ought I to prove,
For the sweet tokens of his love,
Which cheers my heart and makes me whole
And stamps his image on my soul.
A debtor great, I surely be,
To him whose power hath saved me ;
A heaven of love he hath bestow'd,
Which stays my mind on him my God ;
And what doth much increase the score,
When I thank him, he gives me more.

5 A happy soul indeed am I,
My mind is fix'd above the sky.

On things divine, at God's right hand,
 Where I shall see that friend of man,
 Who pleads my cause in courts above,
 And gives to me his heavenly love,
 'To fit me for that blessed place,
 Where I'll enjoy his fullest grace;
 What holy joy, what heavenly bliss,
 To dwell where loving Jesus is!

6 Come brethren dear, whose joys abound,
 By hearing precious gospel sound,
 Cheer up your hearts, and strong believe
 In Jesus Christ who ever lives;
 For though your race is not quite run,
 You feel your heaven is now begun,
 Then let us raise a holy song,
 And praise him as we pass along,
 To joys above where we shall be,
 Happy in vast eternity.

7 We're happy now in clogs of clay,
 But what is this to open day,
 Of glory beaming all around,
 Where sin and grief can ne'er be found;
 How happy we shall be that day,
 To think that we did watch and pray,
 And kept our garments clean and white,
 Fit to appear with saints in light;
 Quite free O then our joys shall be,
 And so remain eternally.

HYMN 335. P. M. *The Christian Church.*

1 **A**LTHOUGH despis'd by men,
 A little feeble band,
 Protection we obtain.
 From the Redeemer's hand.

Though oft our foes would us devour,
We stand upheld by Jesus' power.

2 While on him we depend,
And truly fear his name,
He'll prove a faithful friend,
And ne'er put us to shame ;
He'll guard us safe through all the way,
To the fair climes of endless day.

3 Our Shepherd leads us on,
While we obey his voice ;
He guides us to his throne,
And in him we'll rejoice :
Though strait the way we need not fear,
If to the end we persevere

4 Christ is our leader call'd,
The Christian name we bear ;
This name we will extoll,
While in his grace we share :
All party names we will disdain,
The glorious name of Christ maintain.

5 His doctrine too we'll prize,
This, as our rule observe,
It is our only guide,
Therefrom we must not swerve ;
This doctrine will arise on high,
When all the works of men shall die.

6 Ourselves we must deny,
And daily take our cross ;
From every evil fly,
Or we shall suffer loss.
Till vict'ry we completely win,
We will maintain the war with sin.

7 Lord when our hearts shall fail,
And earthly comforts die,

May thy rich grace prevail,
And bear our souls on high :

There, while our glowing love shall flame,
Our deathless tongues shall praise thy name.

HYMN 336. P. M. *The Birth of Christ.*

1 **H**ARK ! whence that voice,
Hark ! hear the joyful shouting,
See ! see what splendour
Spreads its beams around us,
Turning dark midnight
Into noon-tide glory,
As it approaches.

2 With pomp majestic,
See the heavenly vision
Swiftly descending,
While attending angels
Pour acclamations,
And celestial chanting,
Wake our attention.

3 Fear not ye shepherds,
'Tis the Prince of peace comes;
Full of compassion,
Full of love and pity,
Bringing salvation,
For the lost of mankind,
For ruin'd nations.

4 Go pay your homage,
To your infant Saviour,
Laid in a manger,
See the Lord of glory,
Meanly attended,
Yet the great Redeemer,
Yon star shall guide you:

- 5 Give God the glory,
 All ye hosts celestial,
 Peace dwell on earth,
 And man enjoys the favour ;
 Rais'd from death's dungeon,
 Heirs to life eternal,
 Through a Mediator.
- 6 O ! may impressions
 Of his boundless mercy,
 Ever remind us
 Of our grateful duty,
 Sweet the employment,
 To proclaim his goodness,
 And sing his praises.

HYMN 337. C. M. *The Birth of Christ.*

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay ;
 Joy, love and gratitude combine
 To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining regions ran,
 And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
 And loud the echo roll'd ;
 The theme, the song, the joy was new,
 'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky,
 Th' heavenly torrent ran :
 And angels flew with eager joy,
 To bear the news to man.
- 5 Wrapt in the silence of the night,
 Lay all the eastern world,

When bursting, glorious, heavenly light,
The wond'rous scene unfurl'd.

- 6 Hark the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.
- 7 O for a glance of heavenly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise;
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays.
- 8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
Glory to God on high;
Good will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die.
- 9 Hail Prince of life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth and time and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

HYMN 338. P.M. *The New Jerusalem.*

- 1 **W**ITH pleasure behold,
That city of gold,
How beautiful lovely and bright;
Coming down from above,
In its glory and love,
Adorned with glory and light,
Prepar'd as a bride,
For Immanuel's side;
Let angels rejoice at the sight,
Jerusalem New,
Its glory doth shew,
The wisdom of God and his might.
- 2 Its wall great and high,
Behold it with joy.

- Think of it ye saints with delight ;
 Behold its foundation,
 With great admiration,
 With precious stones garnished bright ;
 It lieth four square,
 A golden reed there,
 And angels to measure it right ;
 Consider with pleasure,
 It's equal in measure ;
 Its length, breadth, and height are alike.
- 3 'Twelve angels there wait,
 At each holy gate,
 The righteous rejoice when they enter ;
 For they will behold,
 A city of gold,
 'The tree of life in the centre ;
 'Then proceeds from the throne
 Of the King whom they own,
 A river of water of life,
 As crystal it's clear,
 As wine it doth cheer
 The heart of the bride, the Lamb's wife.
- 4 There those who do well,
 With Jesus shall dwell,
 Forever and ever in peace,
 'They need not the moon,
 Nor the bright shining sun,
 In so glorious and holy a place :
 God's glory will shine,
 And give light divine,
 'Therefore it will never be night,
 What raptures are there !
 All heaven doth share,
 It's perfectly filled with light.
- 5 The saints shall there reign,
 With the Lamb that was slain,

The face of their King they will see,
 There standing before him,
 To love and adore him,
 His name in their foreheads will be,
 Great joy will be there,
 The righteous will share,
 While angels their voices are raising,
 How pleasant the singing,
 Melodiously ringing,
 While saints are in harmony praising.

HYMN 339. P.M.

Christian Fellowship and Union.

- 1 COME, my Christian friends and brethren,
 Bound for Canaan's happy land,
 Come unite and walk together,
 Christ the Saviour gives command.
- 2 Lay aside this party spirit,
 Slight your Christian friends no more,
 Come unite through Jesus' merit,
 Zion's peace again restore.
- 3 We'll not bind our brother's conscience,
 This to God alone is free,
 Nor contend for non-essentials,
 But in Christ united be.
- 3 Here's the word, the grand criterion,
 This shall all our doctrine prove;
 Christ the centre of our union,
 And the bond is christian love.
- 4 Here's my hand, my heart and spirit,
 Now in fellowship I give;

Now we'll love, and peace inherit,
Show the world how Christians live.

5 Now we're one in Christ our Saviour,
Male nor female, bond nor free,
Christ is all, in all forever,
And we're happy, Lord in thee.

6 Now we'll preach and pray together,
Praise, give thanks, and shout and sing;
Now we'll strengthen one another,
And adore our heavenly King.

7 Now we'll join in sweet communion,
Round the table of our Lord,
Lord confirm our Christian union,
By thy spirit and thy word.

8 Now the world will be constrained,
To believe in Christ our King;
Thousands, thousands, be converted,
Round the earth his praises ring.

9 Happy day! O joyful hour,
Thank the Lord, his name we bless;
Send thy word, my Lord with power,
Fill the world with righteousness.

HYMN 340. P. M. *Invitation.*

1 **F**LY ye sinners to yon mountain,
There a purple stream doth flow,
There you'll find an open fountain,
That will wash you white as snow.

2 Never ponder o'er your meanness,
But to Calvary repair,
There's a fountain for uncleanness,
And the worst is welcome there.

- 3 Come ye souls by sin distressed,
Plunge by faith beneath this flood,
Then you'll surely be released,
From the painful pond'rous load.
- 4 Richly flow'd the crimson river,
Down Immanuel's lovely side,
And that blood will you deliver,
Whensoever 'tis apply'd.
- 5 Christ is ready to receive you !
See his bloody cross appear,
From your sins he will relieve you,
And remove your every fear.
- 6 O believe the Lord expiring,
See the suff'ring Lamb of God,
And that love be much admiring,
Which appears in streams of blood.

HYMN 341. P. M. *My Heart's Experience.*

- 1 **O** HOW I have long'd for the coming of God
And sought him praying and searching
his word,
By watching and fasting, my soul was oppress'd;
Nor would I give over till Jesus had blest.
- 2 The tokens of mercy at length did appear,
According to promise he answer'd my prayer ;
And glory was open'd in floods on my soul,
Salvation from Zion beginning to roll.
- 3 The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,
And sinners come weeping & praying to God ;
The noise of their weeping is heard very loud,
And many's found pardon through Jesus' blood.

4 There's more my dear Saviour who fall at thy
feet,

Oppress'd with a burden enormously great :
O raise them my Saviour to tell of thy love.
And shout hallelujah in heaven above.

5 We'll sing and we'll shout, and we'll shout
and we'll sing,

O God make the nations with praises to ring ;
With loud acclamations of Jesus' love,
And carry us all to the city above.

6 We'll wait for thy chariots they seem to draw
near,

O come my dear Saviour with glory appear ;
We long to be singing and praising above,
With angels o'erwhelmed with Jesus' love.

7 The taste that we have it does ravish our heart,
Which makes us rejoice, & we long to depart ;
To praise thee more sweetly where angels do
sing,

And with that bright army make heaven to ring.

8 To sin and to sorrow we'll then bid adieu,
And fly where afflictions can never pursue ;
With life, health and comfort, to wear a bright
crown,

And with our dear Saviour forever sit down.

HYMN 342. P. M.

WE happy children who follow Jesus,
Into the house of prayer and praise,
Who are join'd in union while love increases,
Resolv'd this way to spend your days ;

Although we are hated by the world and Satan,
 And flesh and such as know not God,
 Yet happy moments and joyful seasons,
 We oft times find on Canaan's road.

2 Whilst we've been waiting on lovely Jesus,
 We've felt some streams coming from above;
 Our hearts have burned with holy raptures,
 We long to be absorb'd in love;
 Then let us hold fast what is given,
 And trust in God for time to come,
 Sure we shall find our way to heaven,
 So farewell brethren, I'm going home.

3 But as we go let us praise our Jesus,
 And pray for those who spurn his grace;
 Lest they should loose love's richest treasure,
 And ne'er enjoy God's smiling face.
 Now here's my hand, and my best wishes,
 In token of my Christian love,
 In hopes with you to praise my Jesus,
 So farewell brethren, we'll meet above:

HYMN 343. P. M.

1 **H**OSANNA to the King,
 Of David's ancient blood;
 Behold he comes to bring,
 Forgiving grace from God:
 Let old and young attend his way,
 And at his feet their honours lay.

2 Glory to God on high,
 Salvation to the Lamb;
 Let earth, and sea, and sky,
 His wondrous love proclaim.
 Upon his head shall honours rest,
 And every age pronounce him blest.

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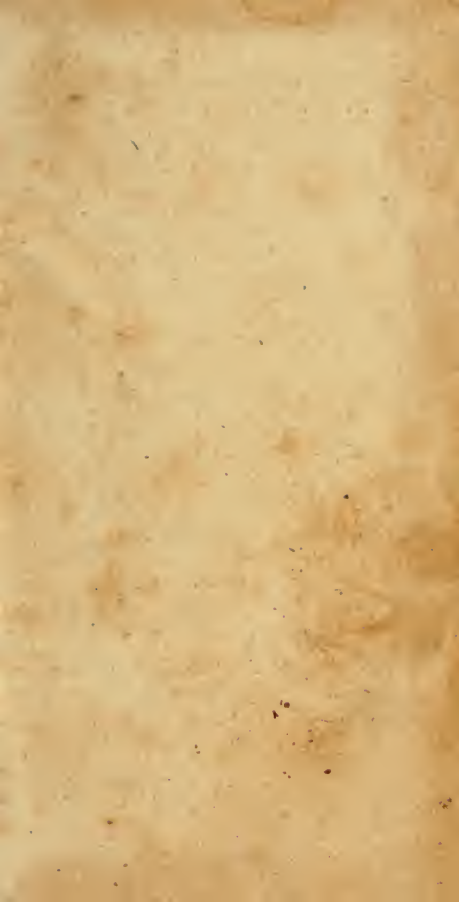
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